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Choice Poetry.

A HOUSEHOLD DIRGE.

"A six year's loss to Paradise,—
And ne'er on Earth the child grew older."
T. B. Read.

I've lost my little May at last!
She perished in the spring,
When earliest flowers began to bud,
And earliest birds to sing;
I laid her in a country grave,
A green and soft retreat,
A marble tablet o'er her head,
And violets at her feet.

I would that she were back again,
In all her childish bloom;
My joy and hope have followed her,
My heart is in her tomb!
I know that she is gone away,
I know that she is fled,
I miss her everywhere, and yet—
I cannot think her dead!

I wake the children up at dawn,
And say a simple prayer,
And draw them round the morning meal,
But one is wanting there!
I see a little chair apart,
A gentle form it bore,
And Memory fills the vacancy,
As Time will—never more!

I sit within my quiet room,
Alone, and write for hours,
And miss the little maid again
Among the window flowers.
And miss her with her toys beside
My desk in silent play;
And then I turn and look for her,
But she has flown away!

I drop my idle pen, and list
To catch the faintest sound;
She must be playing hide-and-seek
In shady nooks around;
She'll come and climb my chair again,
And peep my shoulders o'er;
I hear a stifled laugh—but no,
Sweet May will come no more!

I waited only yesternight,
The evening service read,
And lingered for the loving kiss,
To which the heart was wed:—
Forgetting she had gone before,
In slumbers soft and sweet,
A monument above her head,
And violets at her feet!

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "KATE CLARENDON," "TRAITOR," ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BURNING ARROWS.

With the two negroes dead, and himself badly wounded, Major Hargrave felt it would be useless at this time for him to go forth and attempt to stand guard for the purpose of warding off the next deadly blow of his enemies; for should the Indians again rush to the attack, he knew they would carry the exterior defences of his premises, in spite of anything he could do; and therefore he judged it best to remain now with his family, and trust to Providence—his only hope. Besides, he was not now in a condition to make a strong resistance, even if close pressed. He was worn down with grief, excitement, exertion, and want of rest—suffering with pain, and weak from the loss of blood—and so he kept to his bed, in that state of apathetic despair which renders one almost regardless of what may follow.

In this condition of mind and body he gradually fell asleep, and slept for several hours; and when he awoke, he was surprised to find that all the rest of the household had imitated his example. His children had crawled upon his bed, and were slumbering by his side; Gertrude, seated near, with her arms resting on the table, and her head bowed upon them, was asleep also; Chloe, overcome by grief and fatigue, was stretched out by the remains of Cuba, unconscious of her sorrow; and the simpleton, motionless as a rock, sat doubled up in the chimney corner, his hands clasped over his knees, and his head buried between them. It was some moments ere Hargrave could realise his terrible situation, and the horrible scenes through which he had passed; and then he almost wished that his late sleep had been the sleep of death.

Unwilling to disturb the sleepers, whom Heaven had so kindly relieved of their misery for a short period, he crept softly from the bed, and, stealing to the window, looked out. Everything appeared to be quiet, and there was no evidence that the foe had entered the enclosure, or was in the vicinity. The gate was fastened; the Indian with whom he had fought, and who had been directly killed by the simpleton, still lay where he had fallen, a hideous spectacle; and some two or three of the horses were lying down in sight.

While standing at the window, the Major felt a gentle touch on his arm; and looking around, he found Gertrude by his side. Her features were very pale, her eyes swollen and red, her hair dishevelled, and her appearance generally that of one who had endured a long vigil, and suffered mentally all that nature could bear without destroying consciousness.

"Well, Edward?" she said, in a low, timid voice, accompanied with a look of the most painful anxiety.

"I see no signs of the enemy, Gertrude," he replied.

"Oh! do you think the savages have gone? and will not again molest us?" she cried, clasping her hands.

"I cannot say—pray God it be so!"

"Oh! God grant it be so indeed!" she rejoined. "Oh! Edward, these words of hope infuse new life into me! I already feel like another being."

"Yet our hopes may not be anchored on a certainty," returned Hargrave, thoughtfully. "The Indian mode of warfare is so unlike that of the European, that we never know when we are safe; for when danger is least apparent to his enemy, the savage often strikes his deadliest blow."

"But consider, in this case, Edward, how many hours have elapsed since their last attack! Surely, if our foes had designed to renew the bloody contest, they would not have left us so many hours of rest!"

"The last does not follow from the first, Gertrude," rejoined Hargrave. "You must bear in mind, that, in every stratagem and attack, the savages were detected and defeated; and that, first and last, they must have lost at least ten of their men, which would naturally make them very cautious. Besides, not one who entered the enclosure returned to tell our numbers to his fellows; and from the fact that none who scaled the wall escaped, they cannot be aware of our weakness, and must suppose us to be much stronger than we are. And, furthermore, you must consider that it is now broad day; that our position is on a cleared knoll, which has no cover to enable them to steal up to us unseen; and that it is reasonable for them to conclude, from what has passed, that we have a watch set, so that we cannot be approached unawares."

"And will not these very facts that you have mentioned, be sufficient to deter them from attacking us again at all?" inquired Gertrude.

"I hope so," was the reply; "but I have my doubts. Without knowing our exact force, they must know it is inferior to their own; and a desire to conquer us, and take revenge for their slain, will be likely to keep them prowling about us, waiting to catch us off our guard."

"Then you really think they have not left the vicinity, Edward?"

"I do not know—I fear they have not."

"And if not," groaned Gertrude, with a renewed feeling of despair, "we are certainly lost."

"We will hope for the best, at all events. Heaven has so far preserved us, and we know not what Heaven may have in store for us. Hope is the one great blessing which seldom leaves us till the breath leaves the body; and while we have it, we should not too much despond; and even when it is lost, as it was in my case a few hours since, you see it sometimes returns. When, after my struggle with the Indian, I sunk down on the earth, I did not think I should ever rise again; that I should even be living now; and yet, you perceive, I am not only still alive, but comparatively strong."

"Pardon me, Edward, for not sooner inquiring!" returned Gertrude, anxiously; "but how do you feel now?"

"As one who has taken a new lease of life. Should we not be molested again, I think I shall get along very well. My wounds pain me some—but I am now satisfied that none are mortal, and that all combined will not confine me to my bed. The only thing I now fear is, that the Indians will renew the attack—in which case they will, without doubt, be successful."

"And you think, then, the attack will be renewed, sooner or later, Edward?"

"I cannot say I do not, Gertrude. They may not molest us while day lasts—but I dread the coming night."

"Oh! may God save us!" ejaculated the other.

"Amen!" returned the Major, solemnly. "It is barely possible that, if they leave us alone to-day, succor may arrive; though the disturbed state of the whole frontier gives me no reason to hope for such an event; and yet hope does not always have reason on its side, and so I venture to hope. On further consideration, as I am somewhat rested after last night's fatigue, I think I will break my fast, and resume my watch outside; for, in doing so, I may be able to ward off danger in some shape; and, situated as I am, I feel I have no right to neglect any thing which may tend to the safety of those under my protection; and besides, I must try and bury these bodies, ere putrifaction renders them as destructive dead as they were living."

"Oh! Edward, I feel almost afraid to let you venture forth again; and yet it may be for the best. Are you sure your wounds are not more serious than you have represented?"

"Quite sure, my fair trembler," returned Hargrave, with a feeble attempt at a smile.

"But perhaps they require dressing again?"

"Not yet, Gertrude; I will let you know when I need your assistance. Come, now, think more of yourself, and less of me. Suppose you lie down and get some rest, while there is an opportunity; you are worn out, and need sleep; and should we live through the coming night, it is altogether probable the enemy will give us no chance for slumber."

Gertrude, who stood looking out of the window, while the Major was speaking, suddenly started, and exclaimed:

"Ha! what is that, Edward?"

"What do you see, Gertrude?"

"Something passed overhead, that looked like a ball of fire. Perhaps the enemy——" She broke the sentence short, and added, in the next breath: "There! see! the same thing again."

The Major, startled at her words, eagerly looked out; but after standing a few moments, said:

"I see nothing, Gertrude; you are excited, and your fancy deceived you."

"No! there! look!"

This time Hargrave beheld the object to which Gertrude had twice alluded; and exclaimed, in a tone of despair:

"God save us! our foes are near—they are shooting burning arrows upon the roof!"

"Then we are lost indeed!" cried Gertrude.

"The clap-boards are not dry, and perhaps they may not take fire; but still the burning missiles should not remain on the roof, and I will take the ladder and go out and try to keep them off. I may lose my life—but the risk is scarcely greater than remaining where I am."

"No! no!" exclaimed Gertrude, detaining him, as he was moving away; "you must not go, Edward!"

"Then we may all perish together, Gertrude."

"Let Roley go; he can do all that is required as well as you, and he appears to be bullet-proof," said Gertrude, hurriedly.

"No! no! I must risk none where I go not myself, Gertrude; it is not right—it is cowardly."

"But you are needed here; think of your children!"

"God save them!" groaned the Major.

"And besides," pursued Gertrude, "it was he that put out the fire."

"Indeed! I thought you did that—I believe my senses were wandering then. I know that he shot the Indian with whom I was contending; but—"

"But did not know that he put out the fire," interrupted the simpleton, who, hearing the conversation, had stolen up to the speakers unperceived. "Well he did put out the fire, Major—I—me—the fool: and it was made of dry wood too."

"And stood a target for two volleys," said Gertrude.

"And escaped unharmed, you may add, Mistress Gerty. Well, what next?"

"The Indians are shooting burning arrows upon the roof, Roley," replied Gertrude, hurriedly. "Oh! for my sake, Jacob, take the ladder, ascend, and throw them off."

"For your sake, Mistress Gerty, I would do anything," rejoined the moonling. "So! the Indians are putting dry wood to green again, are they? but firing the dry wood first? Well, there is some philosophy in that, at all events."

"Oh! Jacob, will you go?" cried Gertrude.

"No! no! let him stay here—I will go," said Hargrave; and he ran and got the ladder.

"Major," said the simpleton, intercepting him on his way to the door, "I seldom take upon myself the responsibility of dictation—of command—but I do so now. You must not go—you shall not go. Give me the ladder!"

"But you will be killed, Jacob!"

"So Mistress Gerty said, when I insisted on going up to put out the fire at the gate; but I wasn't, you see—or else this is not me." He said this with a kind of idiotic laugh; but immediately added, with a grave, sorrowful, melancholy expression: "And suppose I am killed, Major—what of it? I am of no account in the world, and why should I live? No! no! let me die, if die I must—there will be one fool the less to live on the hard gains of others."

"Jacob!" said Hargrave, reproachfully.

"No reflections on you, Major—you have been very kind to me—very kind;" and the poor fellow's eyes filled with tears. "But give me the ladder, and let me go!" he continued, with unusual energy. "I claim it as my right; and unless you yield to my solicitation, I will not live with you another day—not another day, Major—mark my words!"

"Oh! do let him go, Edward!" urged Gertrude, as she saw that Hargrave still hesitated.

"Well, go, Jacob," returned the Major, reluctantly yielding to the desires of both; "and may God preserve you!"

Simple Roley seized the ladder with the same joyful eagerness that a child does a toy; and as the Major cautiously opened the door, he darted out. By the time the door was again closed and securely fastened, he had placed the ladder against the eaves, and began his ascent. On reaching the roof, he found two burning arrows lying in such a position, that, unless removed, they would communicate fire to the building. Creeping up to these, he picked them up, examined them attentively, and cast them down into the enclosure. He then cautiously continued his ascent; and, gaining the ridge-pole, sat himself astride of it, and looked around him, with the air of a person perfectly at his ease. For some time he could see no signs of the enemy in any direction; but at length his eye fastened upon a cluster of bushes, that grew upon the verge of the clearing, in a south-eastern direction; and looking long and steadily, he thought he saw the bushes move.

"So you are there, Mr. Savages?" he soliloquized; "keeping your bodies concealed, while mine is exposed. I think if I had a rifle here, I could make some of you wish you had kept yourselves further off—I do indeed. Suppose I get one and try! Why not? I will."

As he said this, he began to descend, and soon reached the ground. Going to the window, he requested the Major to hand him a rifle.

"I think it will do better in my hands," replied Hargrave; and cautiously opening the door, he came out, loaded with weapons. "Where are they, Roley? where are they?" he said, in an eager whisper.

At this moment another burning missile passed over their heads and lodged on the roof. The shaft seemed spent of its force, as if having come from a distance.

"Give me a rifle—quick!" exclaimed the simpleton.

"No!" returned Hargrave—"leave the weapons with me, Roley—I can use them best. Hasten up the ladder, and see that the building does not take fire. Go, Jacob," he pursued, as the moonling hesitated, "and tell me what you see, you will thus do me a greater service than in attempting to shoot an Indian."

The simpleton said no more, but quietly returned to the roof; while Hargrave advanced to one of the loop-holes, cautiously withdrew the block, and looked out upon the knoll. He had noted the direction whence the arrow came; and taking this as a guide for his observation, his eye settled upon the very cluster of bushes which had attracted the attention of Simple Roley. After looking at them steadily, for perhaps a minute, he placed all his weapons conveniently to his hand, and, raising his favorite piece to his eye, took a deliberate aim, and fired.

Whether the discharge proved fatal to any of his foes or not, Hargrave never new; but ere the report had died away to silence, the bushes became violently agitated, loud and furious yells were heard in that direction, and some six or eight savages, bursting from the thicket, began to run up the knoll toward him. This he had expected, and for this he had prepared himself. Snatching up another rifle, he took a deliberate aim at the foremost, and fired again. This time he felt certain he had not missed his mark; for the Indian suddenly stopped, staggered, and fell; but immediately got upon his feet again, turned, and ran back with all his might. His frightened companions imitated his example; but ere the thicket was gained, the Major fired once more, and had the satisfaction to perceive that another of the party limped out of sight. He then caught up two other pieces, and discharged them at random, merely for the purpose of making the savages believe that his little fortress was well garrisoned. These several discharges at least produced one much desired result—not another Indian showed himself throughout the day—nor was there another burning missile sent on its mission of destruction.

For something like half an hour, the Major kept his position at the loop-hole; loading his rifles, meantime, so as to be ready for a new assault. Seeing no further signs of the enemy in that quarter, he visited all the other loop-holes, and scanned the knoll in every direction—but saw nothing to excite further apprehension. Bidding the simpleton remain on the roof, and keep a good look out, he next fed and watered his horses, and then proceeded to dig a trench for the dead bodies.

The further events of the day, unimportant in themselves, we will not detail. Suffice it to say, that the bodies of the two blacks, as well as the remains of the savages killed within the stockade, were consigned to the earth, and buried forever from the sight of the living—Cuba being followed to his last home by his wife, whose lamentations for his loss were truly heart-rending.

For the approaching night the Major strove to nerve himself, fearing it was destined to be the last that either himself or family would ever behold.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

From one of the western loop-holes the Major saw the sun go down; and he gazed upon it with a melancholy air, believing he would never behold it again. He was now fixed in the belief, that the next attack would be fatal to himself; for should the savages again assail him, he nothing doubted they would do it in such numbers as to carry everything before them. He had now entirely lost the faint hope of succor which he had mentioned to Gertrude in the morning, and his only remaining hope, if hope it could be called, was that the enemy had gone to seek victims in another quarter.

At length he closed the loop-hole, and commenced pacing to and fro in the deepening twilight. His step was slow and heavy—for a terrible weight now seemed pressing upon his spirit—a presentiment that his end was drawing near. He tried to shake it off, but could not. He reasoned that he had once of late thought himself dying, and that his fears having in that instance deceived him, they might do so in the present case. But it was in vain his intellectual powers did battle against his secret conviction. The more he struggled to overcome the latter, the more firmly was he convinced that he was doomed to a speedy and bloody death. He strove to reconcile his mind to his fate—but the effort was futile. He thought of Gertrude and shuddered—of his motherless children, and wept. It was a terrible idea; but it haunted him—he could not get rid of it. Death soon, speedy and bloody, like so many words, seemed ringing in his ears—ringing like the knell which tells of one already gone. He fervently prayed that the bitter cup might pass from him; but it seemed as if his prayers were not heard—or heard only to be answered—

"Mortal! presume not to hope that the great fiat of God can be changed!"

With cold drops of prespiration standing on his face, he advanced to the door of his lonely dwelling, and called Gertrude to him. His voice had a strange, almost unearthly sound, as he said:

"Gertrude, I have come to take my leave of you, and my dear children; there is something within, that tells me I shall never behold another sun."

Poor Gertrude, alarmed, bewildered, was scarcely able to make a reply.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE BLACK SEA.—BATTERY AND LIGHT-HOUSE.—ENTRANCE TO THE BOSPHORUS.

"What means this strange language, Edward?" she rather gasped than said.

"I feel that I am doomed," he replied. "I have a presentiment, that the night of death, like the night of day, is closing around me."

Gertrude endeavored to reason this conviction away—but did not succeed; although the Major, in order not to distress her, finally said that perhaps it might be nothing more than an unusual depression of spirits, caused by his wounds, over excitement, and fatigue. He then called his children to him, kissed them fondly, and prayed Heaven to bless them: after which, he returned to his solitary watch and walk.

While moving slowly around his dwelling, listening for any sounds that might indicate the presence of his foes, his mind occupied with the same melancholy reverie, he heard a voice, outside the stockade, utter words in the English language.

"Who is there?" he inquired.

"Me, Squire—me—Gibbs: just open the gate, and let me in, afore the —— varmints smell me out."

Hargrave hurried to the gate, and undid the fastenings; and as it swung back on its hinges, Tomahawk Gibbs darted into the enclosure. The moment the gate was again shut and fastened, he grasped the Major's hand, and wrung it hard.

"I'm powerful glad to see ye, Squire," he said—"though I hoped you mought be further off. Did you see the boy—young Zane?"

"I did, Gibbs; and the fearful tidings he gave me, have since been awfully confirmed," replied the Major, in a tone of deep sadness.

"I see the red varmints haint got you yit," rejoined Gibbs; "though you do look as ef you'd had a right smart chance of a fight. What's the matter with your head?"

"We had a hard struggle last night; and in contending, single handed, with one of the enemy, I was seriously wounded."

"Indeed, Squire? Anybody else hurt? How's the good woman, Miss Gertrude, the children, and the niggers? I hope none of them's come to harm."

Hargrave grasped the arm of the hunter, with a grip of iron, and, in a low, husky tone, said:

"Come with me, Gibbs—come with me."

He led the wondering woodsman to the rear of the cabin; and pointing to a small rise of earth, continued, in a choking voice:

"Do you see that, Gibbs?"

"Wall, yes—rayther."

"My wife lies there."

"Good heavens, Squire!"

"Here!" continued Hargrave, almost dragging him along a few feet; "You see here is another fresh mound?"

"Yes."

"The two faithful blacks lie there."

"No, Squire!" cried Gibbs, in astonishment.

"And here, you see, is another mound, Gibbs!"

"Don't tell me that's more dead, Squire! don't!"

"You see this mound is larger than the others!" the Major continued, in a tone that now had something of bitter satisfaction in it. "Under the earth here lie the bodies of six Indians—two of whom I killed myself, and four of whom were killed by the negroes and the simpleton. I dug the graves to-day, excepting that of my wife, and buried them with my own hands."

Gibbs ripped out an oath, and exclaimed:

"Them thar dead Injuns is the only good news you've told me, Squire; but 'stead o' six, I wish thar was six hundred a-rotting here. You've had a most powerful time on't, that's no mistake about it. The wife dead! and the niggers!" he continued, in a thoughtful, sympathetic tone. "Wall, wall—this here is hard—powerful. Any more, Squire?"

"No more of my friends, thank Heaven! but we killed some five or six more of the savages, outside the stockade."

"No! did ye, though? You're a hoss, Squire, by thunder! Gin us your fist." He seized the Major's hand, and shook it hard. "How's the rest?" he inquired.

"The rest are in the dwelling, unhurt, but nearly worn out with grief, excitement, and fatigue."

"Yes, I expect. How war she killed?" pointing to the grave of Mrs. Hargrave.

"She was not killed—she died a natural death," the Major replied, in a low, tremulous tone; and he proceeded to give the woodsman, in as few words as possible, a sketch of all that had occurred.

"Squire, I feel for ye—I do indeed!" rejoined the other, drawing his hand across his eyes. "But you're not the only one that's suffered. I tell you it's terrible times for them as haint got into a fort! The Injuns hev been quick this time; and they're spread over the hull country, doing thar devilish work in every direction. I've seen the ashes of ten cabins this very day; and more'n one dead white man alongside: I hev, Squire."

"And how did you escape? and why are you here alone? the boy said you were at the fort when he left."

"So I war; and didn't 'spect to come then, Squire; for I thought the Injuns war further off, and that you'd hev plenty time to git to a fort. But arter he left, a scout come in, and said as how a big body of savages had crossed the Ohio in the night, and he 'spected they'd spread out all over the country, this here way, to murder the settlers afore they knowed thar danger. I thought o' you, Squire, and wanted to do you a good turn—for I'd tuk a liking to you, like—and so I tell'd 'em at the fort I war going to make a ventur' for a friend, and put out. Sence yesterday forenoon, I've been on the tramp—'cept a little while last night, when I clim' a tree, to sleep—and here I is, arter some powerful close dodging o' the varmints."

"God bless you!" cried the Major, warmly: "a friend in need, is a friend indeed! how can I repay you for thus perilling your life for me and mine, who are little better than strangers to you?"

"Now don't say that, Squire! you don't seem as ef you war strangers to me; and I tell'd you last year, ef I could do you a service, I'd do it. Now as to pay—you oughter know by this time, Squire, that I don't do everything for pay."

"Pardon me, Gibbs! I did not mean that I would insult you, by offering you money for an act like this; I only meant that it would be beyond my power to do an act in return which might counterbalance yours."

"Wall, wall—we'll talk 'bout that thar arter the danger's over."

"Ere then, Gibbs, I shall be numbered with the dead!" replied Hargrave, in a tone of mournful solemnity.

"Poh! poh! don't talk that thar way, Squire! you're good for twenty year yit."

"No, Gibbs, my end is near. I feel it—I know it; there is a something that tells me so."

"A little skeer like, Squire," returned the other. "I've had a tech of that thar same feeling, afore to-day—but nothing come on't."

"I only hope you may be right, Gibbs; but I cannot shake off my impression, nevertheless," rejoined Hargrave, gloomily. "Well, let that pass; though, should anything happen to me, Gibbs, and you and my family escape, will you endeavor to guide them to a place of safety?"

"I will, Squire—I'll do my best for 'em all—Heaven help me!"

"Thank you! thank you! and may Heaven reward you!" returned the other, in a tone of deep feeling. "Were it not for them, my friend, I believe I could meet death as a man should; but when I think of them, I feel unnerved."

"But how'd you git the notion in your head that you're going to die first?" asked Gibbs.

"I have such a presentiment; but let us say no more about it. Pray tell me—did you see any signs of the enemy near here?"

"Not a sign. I reckon you've skeered the varmints off."

"Heaven grant it be so! But come! you must be hungry, after your long journey."

"A lettle, Squire—a lettle—I must own. I swallowed the last feed I had this morning; and I didn't like to shoot nothing, for fear I'd hev the Injuns arter me. It war powerful close dodging 'em I had, without letting off my rifle to tell 'em whar they mought find another scalp."

"Well, come in—I will try and find something for you—though I fear our fare is now reduced to corn-bread."

"Wall, once when I war here," said Gibbs, as the Major led the way to the door, "it war reduced to cl'ar meat—but feed changes as well as times."

As the two entered the dwelling, Hargrave explained to Gertrude how that Gibbs had braved the dangers of the wilderness to come to their assistance.

"Heaven bless and reward you, generous sir!" returned Gertrude, her eyes filling with tears of gratitude, as she offered the woodsman her hand.

"Don't say no more!" rejoined Gibbs, not a little confused; "I'd do twice as much right over agin, for sich a speech as that thar, from sich lips as yourn;" and in his hearty earnestness, he almost crushed the little hand that Gertrude placed in his huge palm.

"I trust you remember me, sir?" said the simpleton, sidling up to the hunter, and thus relieving Gertrude from a rather unpleasant situation.

"Oh, yes, I know you like a book," said Gibbs, as he took the moonling's proffered hand.

"The recognition is mutual," returned Simple Roley, with ludicrous dignity. "How do you do, Mr. Gibbs?"

"Wall and hearty, my lad—how's yourself?"

"Somewhat fatigued, sir—somewhat fatigued," replied the simpleton, with a condescending air. "We've had something to do here lately, Mr. Gibbs."

"Well, yes—rayther," rejoined the hunter, scarcely able to keep his countenance. "The Squire tells me you helped kill some of the —— savage varmints."

"The Major you mean, doubtless," said the moonling, with a grave air; "Major Hargrave: he's no Squire, sir—at least not to my knowledge, and I've known him several years."

"Wall, I call him Squire, 'cause it's the shortest cut, and I hate most powerful to be bothered with names," answered Gibbs, humoring the simpleton.

"There is no rule by which a Major can be changed into an Esquire," rejoined Simple Roley, with the same grave, condescending air. "Every person and thing should have a name, and by that name be called. However, sir, you meant well enough, no doubt—and so let that pass. Speaking of killing Indians, Mr. Gibbs—I may say I shot three—only three, sir."

"Only three!" said Gibbs, slowly, with a look of surprise: "only three! Wall, —— me, but you're a hoss, too."

The Major now invited the hunter to partake of some food, which he had himself placed on the table; for Aunt Chloe was so overcome with her recent affliction and terrors, that no one thought of calling on her for anything.—Having satisfied his hunger, and said a kindly word to each of the children, Gibbs reprimed his rifle, and, accompanied by Hargrave and Simple Roley, went out into the enclosure, the Major cautioning Gertrude to keep the door fastened.

The last signs of day had now departed, and the pale quarter-moon was riding in the heavens above a somewhat hazy atmosphere. By the dim light, Hargrave and Gibbs looked out upon the knoll through the different loop-holes, but saw nothing of the foe.

"They did not make their appearance last night till after the moon went down," said the Major; "and they may not do so to-night."

"Wall, ef they shouldn't come at all, I 'spect nobody about these here diggins 'ud cry for their company," returned Gibbs, dryly.

Hargrave and the hunter now entered into a desultory conversation—but which, as it has no direct bearing on our story, we need not record. In this manner an hour or two glided away; when Simple Roley, who, for the most of the time, had remained apart, communing with himself, softly approached the speakers, and whispered:

"Hush! I hear a noise."

"Where?" demanded Hargrave, in an eager whisper.

"Yonder!" and the simpleton pointed to the northern wall.

The Major grasped the arm of Gibbs, and, still speaking in a whisper, said:

"Remember, my friend, what I have told you!"

Accompanied by the hunter, he then, in the most stealthy manner, advanced to the part of the stockade indicated by the moonling, and, putting his ear against the logs, listened. In this position he remained for perhaps a minute; and then motioning to the hunter to keep silence, he began to remove the block from the nearest loop-hole—using the utmost care, so as not to make the least noise. Having done this, he cautiously put his face to the aperture; but immediately started back, with an exclamation of alarm. At the same moment there came a flash, a report, and Major Hargrave sunk down dead, pierced through the brain by a ball from a musket in the hands of a savage.

His presentiment had been awfully realized, and his spirit was now in the eternal world.

Instantly the welkin rung with demoniac yells of exultation, and some six or eight dark forms were seen to rise above the stockade and drop into the enclosure. Gibbs, taken wholly by surprise, and knowing it would be folly carried to madness to contend against such odds, immediately sprung to the door of the cabin, and shouted to Gertrude to open it, quick, in the name of Heaven!

Gertrude removed the bars as fast as her trembling hands would let her; but ere the door swung back on its hinges, two fierce savages turned the angle of the building, and, with yells of triumph, rushed upon the hunter. Gibbs, who had prudently reserved his fire, instantly shot one, and, clubbing his rifle, struck the other a blow on the head, which staggered him, but did not bring him to the ground. He then, without waiting to repeat the blow, bounded into the house, and closed the door; but had barely done so, when not less than six savages reached the threshold; who, finding their white foe had killed one of their number and made a temporary escape, gave forth such yells of rage as fairly caused the blood of those within the cabin to curdle in their veins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A fellow who chopped off his hand the other day, while cutting wood, sent to an apothecary for a remedy for "chopped hands."

Selected Sketch.

A PREDICAMENT, AND HOW I GOT OUT OF IT.

Perhaps few of the British colonies are so little known as Guiana. Its very name, ten years ago, was seldom either heard or seen, except in the counting-houses and ledgers of the comparatively few merchants trading to one of its three great divisions—Demarara, Essequibo, and Berbice. It is better known amongst us now, by name at least, as the home of the Victoria Regia; to say nothing of the impetus given to its trade by the fine collection of its woods shown in the Great Exhibition. Perhaps I may just say, that Guiana is the north-eastern portion of South America, extending from the Orinoco southward to the Amazon. It is divided amongst the British, Dutch, and French. British Guiana is the most northern portion, extending on the sea-board from the Orinoco to the Corentyn, and inland to the sources of the last mentioned river and the Essequibo—an area of perhaps 50,000 square miles. Dutch Guiana, or Surinam, extends from the river Corentyn to the Marony, and between them inland to their sources—the area being not much less than 30,000 square miles. French Guiana, or Cayenne, extends coastwise from the Marony to the Oyapock which separates it from Brazil. Its extension inland is uncertain, but the area is supposed to be 14,000 square miles. With all these divisions of Guiana, I have had occasion to become more or less acquainted, though chiefly resident at George Town, the capital of Demarara—indeed, of the whole colony, there being perhaps as many whites in George Town as in the whole of Essequibo and Berbice together.

My business in Guiana was an odd one. It was the collecting of skins—alike of beasts, birds, and reptiles—and such other specimens of natural history as could be dried and transmitted to Europe, to become reanimated in the hands of the professional stuffer. Perhaps I do not overestimate my success, if I say that for some years, two thirds of the specimens exported from the colony were the produce of my expeditions. These were, of course, undertaken only in the dry seasons, of which, in Guiana, there are two—the long dry season, from August to November, and the short, February and March. The course of proceeding was this:—My Indian scout, an Arawak, named Barra, got his corial ready, and laid in a supply, according to the time we purposed being absent, of Indian corn, cassava, &c. For the meat to accompany this, we depended on my double-barrelled gun, or rifle, as the case might be. As to clothes, Barra's course was the reverse of that usually adopted by travellers. Instead of adding to his stock, he discarded the decent suit he used to wear in town, and contented himself with a single strip of cotton cloth bound tightly around his loins, and serving to hold a large knife. My own wardrobe was somewhat of the scantiest, but we each had a bag slung around us—Barra's to hold provisions when we left the corial for the forest; and mine to receive such feathered or other spoil as we might be able to collect. One part of our equipment must not be forgotten—a strong but not thick rope, about eighty feet long, knotted at intervals of half a yard; and having at one end a two pound iron ball. This was used when, by good luck, we came on a bush-hog, or other animal, and did not wish to scare the forest with our firearms. It was of still more essential service in another way, to be described presently.

It was a lovely morning in August, when Barra and I stepped into the little corial, and paddled leisurely up the noble Essequibo. As we landed at two or three islands on our way, we had not made above twenty miles when evening drew in; soon after which we pulled ashore to an Arawak encampment for the night. The next day and night were spent in the same way, and on the third morning we paddled a few miles higher up still, to the foot of the rapids, some fifty miles from the river's mouth, where we secured the corial. Having slung our bags, I took the rifle, Barra the fowling-piece, and we started for the forest—which indeed came down to the water's edge—carrying the coil of rope by turns. As my object was to secure birds, we did not care to fire until we should see something worth firing at. We had been tracking the mazes of the forest, assisted by Barra's knife, for about two hours, when we came upon a small patch of savanna, at the further side of which stood a noble greenheart (*Nectandra Rodiæi*) of large girth, and without a branch for perhaps fifty feet. The tree, however, might have been passed unnoticed, had it not been crowned by an unusually fine group of toucans. Had I fired at them from the ground, I must have used shot that would have commercially damaged them; while, if we could only get up the tree pretty near them, small-shot would secure them almost uninjured.

Uncoiling the rope, Barra tied to the end opposite the ball a long piece of string, and then taking the ball in his right hand, retreated some twenty paces from the tree, measuring with his eye the distance from the ground to the lowest limb. Poising himself, the ball flew from his hand and fell over the limb, round which by a dexterous jerk at the same instant, the rope was coiled some five or six times. He had hit the distance so nicely, that the end of the rope now dangled down to within a couple of feet or so of the ground. The string was therefore not needed, and was untied; the object in affixing it being to have a means of readily recovering the rope from the underwood if, as was sometimes the case, it overshot the mark, or became entangled in the branches. Resting my rifle against the trunk, I prepared to ascend, taking with me the string and my game-bag, with the ammunition contained in it. Barra now laid hold of the knotted rope, and kept it as steadily to the ground as possible, while I climbed it hand over hand, and was soon on the limb to which it had been fastened. By means of the string, I now drew up my gun, and proceeded along the limb to the fork of the main trunk. In a minute or two, Barra had joined me, with the provision-bag still around him, there being too many monkeys about, he said, for him to think of risking it below.

We now, as quietly as possible—and that was very quietly indeed, for we were both almost in a state of nature—crept towards the top of the tree, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the light dancing through the topmost boughs, and our covey of toucans, still quietly preening their feathers, their brilliant breasts glittering in the sun. Barra now took off his waistcloth, and went immediately beneath the birds, some fifteen feet below them, and made ready to spread the cloth, so as to catch the game with the least possible damage, the moment I had fired. All being ready, I gradually, inch by inch, advanced the muzzle to within perhaps twenty feet of the toucans, and let fly with both barrels. The shot was one of my best. Five first-rate birds fell into Barra's cloth, three only getting away.

As the provision-bag was so handy, we thought we could not now do better than lunch in our leafy retreat, and so spent perhaps half-an-hour. So luxurious a bower can scarcely be imagined in any but a tropical country. The surpassing richness of the forest scenery was seen to great advantage from our lofty perch; and had there been but a few songsters to relieve the silence, nothing would have been wanting. These, however, were in the thickest shade for an hour or two, to say nothing of my gun having driven them beyond us.

Descending, which required more care than the ascent—not only because it is always easier to climb than to return, but because I was burdened with my toucans, and had to guard them from injury—we came in sight of the limb to which our rope was affixed. Well might we start dismayed! A grave-looking araguato, one of the howling monkeys (*Mycetes ursinus*,) was coolly seated on the limb, with the ball in his hand, he having unwound the rope in order more leisurely to inspect it. The weight, as I afterwards remembered, seemed greatly to astonish him, as he passed it from one hand to the other, balancing it as he did so. On the impulse of the moment, a shout burst from me at the unprecedented sight—more shame for me!—as a hunter I should have had more presence of mind; but perhaps, after all, nothing could have averted what followed: the monkey, dropping the ball, leaped in an instant to a neighboring tree, and disappeared. Never did any sound so smite upon my ear, as the sound of that ball bounding on the ground. Even Barra's unconcern in ordinary forest dangers was overcome, and he stood behind me grave and almost trembling. We were, in fact—I did not joke then—a pair of tree'd 'coons.

It was some minutes before we fully realised our position—on the lowest limb of the tree, some fifty feet from the ground, and without any means of reaching it but the string which had drawn up my gun, and which was almost as great a weight as it would bear. It was therefore quite useless so far as we were concerned. On taking counsel together, no way of escape suggested itself, for our scanty clothing, cut into such shreds as would bear us, could not reach, when tied round the limb, above ten feet down. Our bags added would scarcely have diminished the certainty of a broken neck, and as the trunk was almost too smooth for a jaguar, we were fairly at our wit's end.

We now took a narrower survey of the tree itself. There did not seem to be anything to fear—no cougar or jaguar marks were visible, nor was there much probability of snakes being found in it, as none but the very largest could compass such a trunk, and they generally prefer a tree overlooking a stream or pool, their prey being thus attracted within an easy distance for the fatal spring. Should anything approach us, however, we had both arms and ammunition. As to food we were well enough off even for some days, Barra having brought the bag with him, to say nothing of my dearly-bought toucans; but water we had none, nor was there the smallest probability of a drop falling. Our chance of being observed by any passing Indians was small indeed, in a forest the nearest footpath through which was a mile distant; and as to attracting attention by firing, that seemed equally hopeless, as we were known to be out on business, and the report of our arms would, therefore, be thought nothing extraordinary. Time had passed during these cogitations; and it became unpleasantly certain that the night, at least, must be spent in the tree.

As evening drew on, we made a sparing meal and prepared for such rest as we might be able to obtain. Barra's knife was of good service in cutting some of the smaller branches, which we so disposed in a fork a little above the main one, as to render us tolerably secure from falling if either of us should doze—sleep we hardly expected. Darkness now came on apace—a darkness that might almost be felt. Even in the day, these forests are sombre enough, though pleasantly so, as they shield one from the rays of a blazing sun. Looking towards the patch of savanna, the outlines of our tree could, after we had become used to the "dim obscure," be faintly traced; but, towards the forest, all was solid blackness. While coming on, indeed, the darkness seemed more as if it were something tangible being poured into the forest from above, filling up the spaces between the trees, and the smaller interstices between their branches—more like this, than a simple deprivation of light. It was oppressively, terribly grand. Soon after night had thus set in, nocturnal sounds began to greet our ears. They were, of course, not new to us, but in our present situation, they seemed invested with double significance. A jaguar came moderately near—to the opposite edge, we thought, of the savanna; on the look-out, probably, for some hog-deer in the open space. Upon the whole, however, the most striking feature was the deep silence that prevailed, except when invaded by these sounds. It made us both, at first, almost afraid to break it by a word, as if we should in some sort be committing sacrilege in thus aggressing upon Night's domain. How strange that this dead silence and darkness, and the ceaseless roar and brightness of Niagara, should affect the mind exactly in the same way! It was so at least with me.

Man's power of adaptation to circumstances is a benign provision. If our misfortune had come upon us at the close instead of in the middle of the day, the probability is that we should not have slept a wink. But having brooded over it for some hours, it was scarcely, I should judge, past midnight, when, in spite of the chilly though calm atmosphere, and our scanty protection from it, we both began to doze, and at length fell asleep. I awoke once or twice afterwards, but Barra slept on as though he was swinging in his hammock at home. About an hour before dawn, which I could somehow *feel* was coming, apart from the warning-cries of nocturnal birds and beasts, I became thoroughly aroused, and awoke Barra just as the first streak of light cut like a knife into the forest gloom. He was more rigid than I, not having changed his position for some hours, but soon roused himself, throwing a wondering glance round our nest. A frugal dip into the bag was followed by renewed consultation as to how we should get down. We at length agreed that by the aid of Barra's knife, the string, and our clothes, we should try to make some kind of ladder, by which to release ourselves from our leafy prison. The prospect was not an inviting one, greenheart being one of the heaviest and hardest woods of the colony; and Barra's being the only knife, only one of us could be employed—unless, indeed, that one could tie what the other cut.

This plan was again revised, at length we commenced making a pole intended to reach the ground, down which we could slide without further damage than perhaps some slight laceration. It was agreed to join the pieces of which our pole must necessarily be composed by a peg and socket—the latter foreshadowing an uncomfortable amount of difficulty and enforced patience. We had not long commenced chopping off a branch, pretty high up, as the first length of our pole, when the three toucans, as I verily believe they were, which had the day before escaped, again settled on the topmost bough. Speedily hearing, however, the noise below them, they flew off, and we saw them no more. From morning to night, with the exception of a short visit to the bag, we worked away, and after all, had not been able to complete more than eighteen feet at most, in three lengths. The two joints, however, answered admirably, having been made sufficiently tight to require some force in screwing home the peg. We suffered much from the want of water, especially as the labor caused us freely to perspire; and we felt some faintness of heart creeping over us as we lay down to rest for the second night.

We slept, notwithstanding—deeply, heavily—and awoke in the morning as before, to recommence a toil that now seemed hopeless. The branches that answered our purpose became scarce; our knife was blunted by the hard wood; and suddenly we at the same moment gave up work, and looked in each other's faces. Whatever he may have found in mine, I read only despair in my companion's, and I turned away my eyes for relief. They made a discovery which caused my heart to leap. On the further side of the next tree to us—that, in fact, by which the monkey had escaped—was a huge liana, large even here, where they twist among the forest, and bind the trees together like stout ships' cables. It reached within about ten feet of the ground, depending some twenty feet from a limb which our weight would put into no sort of danger, if we could only reach it. And why should we not reach it, by bridging the space between the two trees by means of our pole? It was already long enough, and the idea was no sooner conceived than we set to work it out. Having decided on the most eligible point whence to make the experiment, a careful hoist sent the further end of the pole neatly into a fork of the further tree. The joints bore the jerk almost without a sound, and Barra was over in a trice, running catlike along the pole, at a height of perhaps seventy-five feet from the ground. Being a much heavier man, there was the more reason why I should cross in the same way, as quickly as possible; but I confess I was afraid; and, on Barra's assurance that it would bear me, I crossed astride, and without mishap—thanks to the exceeding toughness of the wood. We had hardly congratulated ourselves on our success so far, when it simultaneously occurred to us both that the gun, bags, &c., were all in our late nest, and very blank we looked. Barra, however, insisted on immediately returning, and lowering them at once to the ground by the string.

In the meantime, I descended to the limb whence the liana hung, and saw at once that our troubles were at an end. Barra soon joined me, and first slid down. It would not break with him, he said, even if it did with me. On reaching the bottom, however, he told me to follow him, which I did as soon as the oscillation caused by his descent had ceased. Taking up our guns and baggage, which seemed twice as heavy as when we last carried them, we made the best of our way to the river, and never found water so delightful before.

Barra was none the worse for his arboreal sojourn. I contracted a fever, not severe, which lasted for a week or ten days, and which I regretted chiefly because of its shortening the dry season by the term of its duration.

We several times visited the tree afterwards, in our rambles through the forest, and on the very last occasion the space between the trees was still bridged by our peg-and-socket pole. It may be there yet, liana-bound, to render it the more secure.

LIFE IN BERLIN.—The more I see of the middle classes in Berlin—the lawyers, professors, merchants, &c.—the more I am surprised at the economy shown everywhere. Hamburg seems luxurious by the side of it. No house with carpeting; and few with rich furniture even. A family seems seldom to have more than two servants. In some houses of wealthy merchants, I have seen the dining-room furnished with beds in curtained alcoves, so contracted is the accommodation. And in nearly all, some of the sitting-rooms are turned into bed-rooms, as the first thing with a German is to have a place in which to chat with his friends, and after that where to lay his head. I see, too, that the Hamburg bountiful dinners are not in vogue here; and invitations are usually to supper—a substantial, plain meal. Yet there is the most constant and easy sociality everywhere; and it is apparent at once to the stranger, he is among people of the highest culture and refinement. Money seems to be spent readily on entertainments in music and art, and for social enjoyment; but not much on mere luxury and display. When a Berlin scholar, or man of business, gives a party, he does it in a simple, inexpensive way, generous enough in its provision, but that not of a very costly kind. If he would ride out with his family, he quietly takes a droschky (cab). None but a few of the superannuated noblemen sport our New York equipages. Something of all this is due, without doubt, to the small means of the people; but more to their good sense. Towards the foreigner, there is less, too, of outward hospitality than in other German cities; but the want is more than made up by the lively, easy, intellectual intercourse into which he can be admitted, and the genuine interest taken in him, if he has anything worth being interested in.—*Brace's Home Life in Germany.*

ORANGE-TREE.—The orange-tree is regarded as the prince of trees, and is an emblem of genius. It bears at the same time blossoms and fruit; its leaves are evergreen, and as it increases in age and size, it increases in beauty and fruitfulness, its flowers load the air with the richest perfume, and its fruit is among the most delicious and exquisite on earth. Fit emblem, therefore, of marriage promise, and of nuptial hopes! The orange-tree is considered typical of the passion of love, because, although its fruit be golden, its odors exquisite, and its taste delicious, its rind is bitter. Perhaps none can understand the emblem save those who are caught in the gossamer web of the little god. The orange-tree is also considered as an emblem of gratitude. A wreath decked bride has been thus described:

"Flowers and fruit at once she showed,
And as she paid, discovered still she owed."

Pictures of Life.

THE ROBBERS OF LE MAUVAIS PAS.

[illegible] in the hotel of Lans-le-bourg during the hot hours of a summer day, while men and horses were taking their rest; and as far as any movements of [illegible] were concerned, it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to wake alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mont Cenis. With the additional guides, postilions, and cattle, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and cool, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling, scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as Nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fire-flies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glowworms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life, where there is the height of corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature, to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three longwindings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra horses were turned adrift, to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twitchings of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his musings and frequent ejaculations. "Ah, sir!" said he, "how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain. It was on a wintry day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines, so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow-drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right track. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent its being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the dreadful storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on all our wardrobe. 'Heaven defend me from such another journey, and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn!'" Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:—

I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition. At the period referred to, I was sent with an older officer to bear some dispatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, but had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, in whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition, as sometimes to amuse and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth, and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and thoughtless; but I was likewise brave and skillful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. These mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right—I shall point them out to you—and amongst these the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little further on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which were once inns, and the landlords was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveller who escaped from Scylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mont Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were peremptory, we pushed forward at all hazards till nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous danger by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on those roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel: the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the caleche. I saw the landlord narrowly eye the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready for our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see; so that it was far from comfortable, but it was not for us to complain after what we had suffered in the cold. A thin candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was soon served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compote out of the canteen, from which he made a savoury soup. The host then brought us a fricassee; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it. This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot dish, when a scowl of the captain's made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased. As he doggedly refused to eat anything furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

"Have you any other guests here to-night?" asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.

"Only a priest on his way to Turin. Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm, as he travels on foot."

"And what may be the reverend father's name?" asked my companion.

"Fra Carlo Benevoluto," replied the other.

"Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padres of the name."

"Very likely," said the innkeeper. "There are others of the family in high orders: he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family."

"Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honor to drink wine with us."

The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep.

Presently, the padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion, crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to discompose him; but it passed over, and we entered into friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shown into a bed-chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian inns, and he had cautioned me always to lock and barricade the door at night. Now, he was himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The landlord apologized for taking me a little way off, as the neighboring beds were already occupied, and it was too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; another belonged to himself, and his wife was in bed; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid-servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the padre's, but had scarcely got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He broke out into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this misfortune was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and try if I could not sleep amongst those Lilliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said that he would repose in a chair beside me. He then examined the door, and found that it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. We was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in considerable agitation; then setting the lighted candle on a marble chimney-piece near the door, he seated himself with me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a sabre, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of curious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many fights being dislodged from his encampment by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a lonely landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixote fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy; but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, I saw, or dreamed I saw, a thin shadow dimly reflected upon the wall. Turning to the captain, I perceived him eyeing the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door quietly closed, and all was silent. About an hour afterwards, the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Giuseppe to make coffee in the mode he liked it. Giuseppe looked in an inquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our caleche, which to my surprise was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of early repast. The captain kept him in earnest conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him, and never to be beyond reach of his pistols. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements.—At length the word was given, "Let us go!" and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter and chambermaid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments, and appeared much chagrined. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us. "Signor, run and tell the postilion to mount the white horse, for the black one sometimes kicks. Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Gul, take the candle. Father Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!" said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his fire-arms. In a trice we were at the carriage-door. "Father, don't get out again; pray be seated.—O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!"

We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postilion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop; and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said: "Pardon me, Father Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them; we await your return;" and without stopping for his reply, opened the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half omitted, silenced me. "Good father, do be quick; for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself; no thief would rob a priest." It was impossible to refuse, and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postilion to drive on quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out: "Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a bullet through your head. Va!" Off we went, slap-dash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged, and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out: "Piano! piano!" and we instantly passed through St. Antonio, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain showed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas.—The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look-out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed: "Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!" I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the women were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly checkmated him at last.

"Yes," said he; "it was a game for life. So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! methinks he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, a priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I well remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting his skull. And you bed—there has been foul play there. You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood anywhere; I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all stained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before; but we shall hear if Captain Bocci, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel. Those handsome women! I will wager a thousand scudi they were men in disguise; I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young man, you must be always watching, if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouchette; and remember that walls have ears and eyes too."

I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night.

"A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Carlo, and such shadows play with stillettoes: I saw one when his cloak was off, as I passed through his room to come to you. Ghosts do not flinch from a levelled pistol as he did."

At this moment, the Frenchman bade me look, for we were approaching the dreadful spot. There, indeed, stood two ruinous houses, forming a large mass of building, with small grated windows and a high court, all shut up and going to decay. He looked, and shrugged his shoulders, and continued: "The cursed bandits! they met with a deserved fate. The manner of their capture I have heard only by report, for we returned to France by another route. One evening, at dusk, two horsemen rode up to the inn; but when the large gate was opened, one of the beasts became frisky, and refused to enter. This frightened the other, and they capered about, to the great discomfort of the landlord and his people, who could not come into the gateway or shut the door because of their antics. As they were becoming more quiet, a posse of gendarmerie dashed in and took possession of the premises. A search was instituted, and the remains of 200 or 300 human bodies were found in the grounds, besides a great deal of concealed plunder. I need scarcely say that Italian justice did dreadful work with the murderers; and the inn has been shut up ever since. No one will venture into it—it is haunted; but the Mauvais Pas is still a dangerous place for lone travellers." A carbineer at this moment rode up, and asked our party if we had seen any person on the road, for a robbery had been committed a few days ago in that place.

Freaks of Fashion.—One of the most beautiful women of Paris has taken a fancy to lie a bed three days every week at five o'clock in the afternoon, in order to receive visits in her bedroom. Often she goes out in the morning to make purchases, is visible to the naked eye here and there on the Boulevards, and in the fashionable shops—then returning home, she undresses, bathes, makes a toilet in which laces play a great part, goes to bed, and then receives! What next?

☞ Young ladies are like an arrow; they can't be got off without a beau. Another reason—When they get into your heart, they can't be got out "till death."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00 "
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00 "

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until further notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.
BY FANNY FERN.

Mrs. Southworth, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:
OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. Mr. Denison, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

Constitution-Mongers.—There are certain members of Congress, especially from the Atlantic States—Pennsylvania not excepted—who are never more alive to Constitutional scruples, than when some measure is proposed for the benefit of their own constituents. They can support with enthusiasm the most unconstitutional schemes for the benefit of other states and sections; but the instant anything is proposed for the benefit of the states from which they hail, they fall into the wake of some able gentleman from another section, who suddenly discovers for himself, and for them, that the proposed measure is unconstitutional.

For our part, we are free to say, that the Constitution has become a mere nose of wax, to be twisted in any direction that pleases any powerful interest, which can command for the time a majority. The same men who profess to be the strictest kind of constructionists when some measure is proposed which they do not like, never allow the plainest and clearest provisions of the Constitution to stand between them and their darling objects. For all practical purposes, our Constitution has become like that of Great Britain, a mere matter of majorities. Parliament cannot do an unconstitutional thing—and neither can Congress, when the Executive will back it.

Now, while we have a respect almost approaching veneration, for the statesman who refuses to vote as he would like to vote, simply because the Constitution stands in his way—or, rather, we mean we *would* have a respect for such a statesman, if such an one existed—we have no respect for the Senator or Representative, who is such a mere silly catspaw as to aid in pulling the government chestnuts out of the fire for the benefit of other States, to the exclusion of his own.

For our part, we would rather have no Constitution at all, than one which operates as a bar of iron to honest men, but is not the least hindrance to the reckless and unscrupulous, whose name is Legion.

A Foolish and Shameful Deed.—The beautiful block of marble sent by the Pope of Rome as a contribution to the Washington Monument, recently was broken into pieces by some midnight depredators, who confined the sentinel in his watch-box, by drawing a rope tightly around it.

When this block was first received, considerable opposition was made to placing it in the monument, and we suppose that some of the viler class of those who made this opposition, have resolved to effect by force what they could not accomplish by argument.

The folly of such a deed is only equalled by its lawlessness. Were the Pope the greatest tyrant on earth, what reasonable American could object to his paying tribute to the republican and liberal character of Washington? This, at least, is a point in which we could all agree with him; and it should lead us to a still higher appreciation, if possible, of the Father of his Country, to think that his virtues were so great that men of all creeds, and of the most diverse political opinions, unite to do him honor.

A Hint for American Legislators.—In the Legislature of Jamaica, a number of the members being desirous of preventing the passage of a bill, attempted to leave the Hall, so there should be no quorum left, but they found the door locked.

Bad Effects of Impure Gas.—We know not how pure our Philadelphia Gas is, but the London Commissioners of Sewers tell bad tales about the gas of that city. Dr. Letheby, Professor of Chemistry in the London Hospital, and the Chemical Referee of the City of London, asserts that both the subsoil and the atmosphere of that metropolis are poisoned by the impurities of foul gas. He says of the former:

The gas "contains a quantity of ammonia, which holds in solution a large amount of tar; and that whenever there is a leakage in the streets it comes out. During the last fifty years, where it has got into the public roads, it has rendered the soil near to it so offensive, that you can hardly move the pavement without doing a great deal of harm. What it may be in twenty years hence I cannot say, but I think it will be almost unsafe that you should then disturb the pavements at all." And with respect to the atmosphere, his words are, "I find that some of the companies are supplying gas to this metropolis, which, in the course of a few years, will tend to damage very much the atmosphere and the property in it, for such gas is so highly charged with sulphurets, that I am able to obtain as much as twenty-one grains of oil of vitriol from 100 cubic feet of gas." This getting into the atmosphere is highly destructive to property; "and there is not a library in the metropolis, the books in the upper shelves of which are not crumbling to pieces." The rain and the snow bring it down from the upper regions of the air. It kills the plants of the city, and it forms that dingy cloud which covers the glass of our widows. These are important facts for public consideration, and they suggest the necessity for some supervision of the numberless gas companies in the kingdom. Let us ask what is the total quantity of sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, which is annually poured forth from the gas-lights of London? Mr. Croll says the yearly consumption of gas amounts to 3,200 millions of cubic feet; and Dr. Letheby says every 100 cubic feet produce 21 grains of concentrated sulphuric acid. From these data we learn, therefore, that the enormous proportion of 670 millions of grains, or 100,000 pounds, *of corrosive vitriolic acid, are annually discharged from this source alone into the atmosphere of London.* And what, let us ask, must be the aggregate amount of mischief done by this one thing alone to both the health and property of its inhabitants? "Happily," says the Editor of the *Times*, "the evil admits of inquiry, and of exact measurement. That inquiry should be made; and there can be no doubt the first result of it will be an immense improvement in the manufacture of gas by every metropolitan company." At the present time, the various gas companies of England furnish no guarantee to the consumer as to the quality or the quantity of the material that is so largely supplied to him. It is laid on to his door, and the company's own meter is fixed in his house to register the quantity. Both the one and the other may be at fault, and yet the consumer has no means of discovering the error. It is high time that Government, or municipal authorities, should appoint competent persons to examine this matter, and to report at stated intervals on the quality of the gas consumed; for not only is this a subject of considerable importance to the consumer himself, but it is also one of great moment to the public generally. In point of fact, just as largely as we are interested in the supply of gas, so largely are we also interested in the supply being pure and honest; and it is to be hoped that the different gas companies of this country will not only apply science to the perfection of their processes, but will also give the public some guarantee that the material which they are distributing so extensively over the whole face of the land will not destroy health or damage property, but will be that which it has really the power of becoming—the most valuable boon of modern science.

The application of the above facts and remarks to our own gas and gas companies, is so apparent, that we need add very little to the sensible recommendations of the Times. If the London gas is impure, we have very little doubt that the American is equally, if not more so. And that the American companies will bear watching, is proven by the fact that the price of gas is very seldom reduced, without at least a proportionate increase in the amount *said* to be consumed. If, however, the consumers would keep a little watch upon the pressure, and turn the main stop-cock from one-third to two-thirds off, according as the flow of gas would bear it, they would probably get just as much light, and puzzle the companies a little.

A Great Railroad Centre.—We have received a circular of the Board of Trade, of Indianapolis, Indiana, with an engraving representing the railroads which centre at that place. It looks like a central Sun, with rays streaming from it in all directions. It is on the great central route from the Eastern cities to St. Louis and the Pacific, and *sixteen* different railways and four plank-roads centre there. The Board of Trade give such an inviting picture of its advantages, that, had we a "loose foot," we might be tempted to start off with the next train. They say: "Great inducements for farmers exist in the central parts of the state—fine lands being still obtained at very reasonable prices; while mechanics are much needed, and great numbers can find immediate employment. The streets of Indianapolis are broad, laid out at right angles, and well shaded." Public squares, public buildings, and public schools are also among the inducements. Capitalists can also get, *we suppose*, any amount of interest for their money—even to what is called in the west *one* per cent., if they are inclined to shave beneath the skin, and open an account with his Satanic Majesty. Altogether Indianapolis appears to be one of those cities, expressly designed to "go ahead." In truth the only bad thing we know about the place—and that makes us doubt a little whether its citizens are all their circular represents—is the fact that our subscription list at Indianapolis is not more than one-fourth the size it ought to be.

Sectarianism in the Public Schools.—A large meeting was held in this city on Saturday evening last, in opposition to a project now before the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to provide for the distribution of the funds raised by taxation for the support of the Public Schools, amongst such schools as may be under the superintendence of religious denominations.

The meeting voted unanimously, that it "would oppose any and all efforts to infuse into our system of education the spirit of sectarianism."

Approving entirely and warmly of this resolution, we must say that another resolution, commending indirectly the introduction of the Protestant version of the Bible into the Public Schools, seems to us rather inconsistent therewith. While we insist upon it, gentlemen, that the Papal bull shall not gore our ox, let us be equally careful that our ox does not gore—at least on such a free and equal platform as the Common School system should be—the Papal bull. We have a very high veneration for the Protestant version of the Scriptures; but we think the family circle, the Sunday Schools and churches, are far better places than the Common Schools, to instil its pure and holy maxims into the souls of the young.

The Irish Exiles.—Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, upon being interrogated recently respecting the rumored pardon of Smith O'Brien, said:—

The matter to which my honorable friend has adverted, has been under the consideration of Her Majesty's Government. The facts appear to be, that some of those who were transported with Mr. Smith O'Brien have thought fit *to break their parole*, and to escape from the place of their destination. Mr. Smith O'Brien, whatever may have been his faults or his guilt, has acted like a gentleman; (cheers,) has not taken advantage of the opportunities of which, had he been less honorably disposed, he might have availed himself; and it is therefore the intention of Her Majesty's Government, to advise the Crown to extend to Mr. Smith O'Brien the means of placing himself in the same situation, by an act of clemency on the part of the Crown, in which those other persons have placed themselves by a violation of the pledges which they had given. (Cheers.)

After the utterance of the above by Lord Palmerston, the Irish exiles in this country doubtless will feel the necessity of making some explanations.

The Dress Question Settled at Last—War Averted—Mr. Buchanan not Coming Home.—The following "highly important" intelligence is extracted from the London Advertiser:—

"It gives us much pleasure to be able to state, that the Queen has most graciously intimated to Mr. Buchanan, the American Ambassador, that it will in future be left to his Excellency to appear at state balls and her Majesty's dinner parties, in whatever costume is most agreeable to himself. The Lord Chamberlain has also made a similar communication to his Excellency, relative to his costume on the opening or closing of the sessions of Parliament.

Mr. Buchanan accordingly presented himself at the Queen's levee, in a plain, citizen's dress—and this momentous question is settled, as we prophesied it would be, (as the N. Y. Herald always says,) without Mr. Buchanan's leaving England in disgust, and without war.

We now have only to say to Mr. Mason, at Paris—"Go thou, and do likewise."

Cuba.—The confiscation of a portion of the cargo of the Black Warrior, at Havana, has naturally created a good deal of excitement among certain parties. The thing, as it stands, seems so unjustifiable, that we think it is only fair to Spain to wait and hear what is to be said on her side of the question. Our readers will remember that once or twice before this, things presented quite a different appearance after we had heard from Cuba the facts of the case. There appears to be a set of adventurers especially desirous of getting into a quarrel with the Cuban authorities, and they would willingly forfeit half a dozen cargoes belonging to other people, if they could make it appear in the United States that a flagrant wrong had been committed upon them.

[illegible] this fact was confirmed, by reading an article from a medical correspondent of the Home Journal, instructing American ladies how to become as plump and fresh as some travellers assert (while others deny) the English ladies are. This medical gentleman's receipt for good looks is as follows:

Formula 1. Rise as nearly as possible after the sun; eat a slice or two of bread or toast, drink a cup of tea or coffee—and then take a ride (either trot or canter) of six miles; or if this be not practicable, a walk long enough to drive the blood through your veins, but never to fatigue. It is all important, in carrying out this prescription, to be careful to *light and replenish the flame of life within, before any exercise is taken*—that is, something must be placed in the stomach—then high-flow of health—that the thermometer of life may not sink during the stage of exercise, but be kept up to the point of healthy action. If this is not done, exercise of an active kind (especially in those of a delicate organization) will fatigue and depress, and thereby injure the system, instead of merely giving an active impetus to the blood, driving it into every molecule of the body, and sending our fair friend back to a hearty and more substantial meal, with an appetite which enables her to devour a broiled chicken, rolls, bread and toast, with a couple of eggs, and think not at all of the havoc made at the breakfast-table. No. 2. Take, at eleven o'clock, *a table-spoonful of cod-liver oil*, followed by a couple of hard-crackers. No. 3. Eat a couple of crackers, and take a walk—not a canter—but a hearty walk of an hour. No. 4. Take, at dinner, *a half-pint of the best English or Scotch pale ale.* (I cannot say too much regarding the valuable properties of this blood-vivifying, strength-giving, health-producing beverage.) After our fair friend has accustomed herself to the daily use of it, she should *increase the quantity to a pint*; but she should never take it at any other time but at dinner, and be careful to touch nothing else of the kind: let all other beverages be eschewed, except water, and a cup or two of tea in the evening, and coffee for breakfast. No. 5. Take a *table-spoonful of cod-liver oil*, followed by a slice of bread, or a couple of crackers, at the hour of retiring, which, as a rule, should be between ten and eleven o'clock. With a little attention to minor matters, and a strict attention to these rules, modified, as they should be, in some cases, by the advice of the family physician, (whom I take it for granted is a man of sense, and above prescribing medicine for every trifle, or ache, or pain,) our dear sisters and friends, our sweethearts and wives, may hope to attain and retain that roundness and freshness which is so desirable, and, I may add, attractive to those who love not angular lines, but prefer the rounded one of grace and beauty.

If we knew a lady friend of ours lived on such a regimen as the above, we should always conceit that she had a smell and look of cod-liver oil and pale ale about her. But what will the Temperance people say to such a prescription? We know that ladies will do almost any thing to improve their looks, but we hope (for the sake of consumptives,) they will not all begin drinking cod-liver oil at once.

The Consolidation Celebration.—This was the greatest "fizzle" of the day. It consisted of three parts—a Ball, an Illumination, and a Banquet. The "Committee" are said to have "laid themselves out" on the first, several of them being entirely used up in the operation—and it is our private opinion, that they will continue "used up" for some time to come. The Ball was famous for its crowd, its disorder, and the utter impossibility of half the assembly getting anything to eat or drink; the Illumination for its unilluminated character; and the Banquet for its long speeches, and the presence of a "gentleman" who was caught appropriating—not the "spoonies," who could have been well spared, but—the spoons.

We are sorry to see that some members of the press have found fault with the "Committee," for passing a resolution that the thirty-seven tickets distributed among the press were to be considered single tickets, and not, like all the other tickets, to admit a gentleman and two ladies. So far from being an indignity, we conceive this to be one of the highest compliments the press ever received. The Committee foresaw—like shrewd men—that ladies would soon wish themselves out of such a crowd, and did not wish to subject the female relatives and acquaintances of the members of the press, to such an unenviable situation. For one, we thank them.

During the whole of these Consolidation celebrations, one word probably has been oftener spoken by the public at large, than any other; it is the very significant and expressive term, Humbug! We chronicle them, therefore, as the last "fizzle" of old Philadelphia. We hope they betoken the expiring flash of that miserably contracted spirit, which always did things by halves—whose prodigality was tinctured with avariciousness, whose enterprise was crippled by a halting and misplaced economy, and even whose generosity was so impaired by a native illiberality, as to seem almost equivalent to insult.

The Tomb of Winthrop.—A friend of ours, we believe a native Bostonian, calls attention to the fact that the tomb of Winthrop, the first Governor of the Province of Massachusetts, is in a somewhat neglected condition. It is in the South-West corner of the King's Chapel Burying Ground, Tremont Street, and was originally covered by a monument which bore the inscription, "This marble covers dust worthy to be enclosed in gold." This monument having become defaced, by accident or design, during the Revolution, it was replaced by the stone now standing, which bears simply the names, offices, and dates of birth and death of the mouldering form below. Our correspondent suggests the erection of a Monument, "worthy of the cherished patriot, and creditable to Boston." We have not much faith in *costly* monuments, as our readers know; but if the tomb of Winthrop is, as our correspondent states, "dilapidated by age," we should think it only proper in our Boston friends, to erect a plain and simple memorial of their first Governor, with an appropriate inscription. An expensive monument generally defeats the very end of its erection, by calling the attention of the beholder from the noble and beautiful character of the man in whose honor it was reared, and concentrating it upon the grandeur or elegance of his tombstone.

A writer says—and, as a general rule, he is right—that "to give alms to an unknown beggar in the street, may appear a humane, or, at least, a harmless act. But traced to its consequences in a vagabond mendicant population, preying upon the property and disturbing the peace of the community, it is a flagrant social offence."

Yes, but until some general and comprehensive system is adopted by the State, relative to this matter, who can avoid giving in cases where he thinks the distress real? What we want is a system of official inquiry, with not only poor-houses, but Houses of Industry, attached. Then let the suffering poor be relieved, and the idle and vicious poor be forced to work, receiving in return a maintenance, and no street beggary or road beggary be allowed. A system of this kind would cost the community probably less than the present no-system. For instance, one boy was found by the police not long since, with some ten dollars in dimes and half dimes, said to be the product of one day's begging. When a whining tale can make such wages, what a premium is offered to lazy vice over honest and industrious virtue. The industrious boy says: "See, I have made fifty cents to-day by working." "Pshaw," says the idler, "I have made one dollar, (or ten dollars, as the case may be,) by begging."

Justice to the Old States.—We are pleased to see that the House of Representatives has shown at last a disposition to do equal justice to the old States of the Union, in the matter of the public lands. Now that railroad grants to the amount of twenty-two million of acres have been passed for the benefit of our western friends, it is fit that the old thirteen should come in for an equal share of the balance. The amendment of Mr. Kerr, of North Carolina, to the grant of public lands in aid of the Minnesota Railroad, provided that the reserved sections should be sold for the benefit of the old States which had not received grants of public lands for internal improvement. This seems to us a perfectly fair proposition. The old States need money for railroads, which railroads are quite as much for the benefit of the west as of the east. Every railroad made from tide water to the borders of the Great West, adds to the value of property in both the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. What would the western roads be worth without eastern ones to connect with?—Really, the beneficial effects of eastern railroads upon the prosperity of the west, is so apparent, that we think the western members ought to cry out with one accord: "Do justice to the old States, for in aiding them to build new avenues of communication, you are benefiting us."

Fox's Enigma.—A correspondent "M," says of this Enigma, which proved such a puzzle to many of our readers:—

It may not be amiss to say that when first published in this country, many years ago, it was attributed to Dr. Stock, a cotemporary of Fox, and a gentleman of high literary attainment, who came here a political refugee. If it can be obtained I will send you an answer in verse, written by a relative for private circulation, when the Enigma first appeared.

"M" thinks that the word Bedfellow is a better answer to the Enigma, than the Human Race.

☞ In the year 1800, there were four hundred and thirteen Quaker meeting-houses in England. There are now but three hundred and seventeen.

Original Letter.

LETTERS FROM MRS. DENISON.

NUMBER II.

Looking for Land—First Excitement—Entrance to Barbadoes—Emerald Isle—The town of Bridgetown—Flowing [illegible]—A Ride—Excursion to Hackleton's Cliff—The Old Family Vault—The Negro Cabin and School—The Castle Under the Roof.

Next to the delight of treading "terra firma" after a sea voyage, is the welcome sound of "land a-head." Then the pulses quicken, languor gives place to pleasing excitement, and one begins to think of the sufferings past as not to be compared with the present joy. It is intense pleasure to behold the changing color of the ocean—a "sea change" indeed—"into something new and strange."

Flying-fish beat their tiny wings against the side of the vessel, and beautiful birds, their plumage dazzling white, hovered beyond our mast-head on the morning of our arrival near the Island of Barbadoes.

Wakened from a refreshing "early" nap by the heavy tramping of the sailors overhead, I was surprised to find myself alone. Not a soul was in the cabin—the sun was just dividing dawn from day, as I could tell by one red tinge, that streamed directly through to the solitary state-room of the ocean-buried. Shouts and laughter and snatches of song mingled with our Captain's shrill orders. There was in truth a merry gathering on deck. The old steward passing tea and coffee—the sailors working with a will—this passenger singing, another amusing the company with rifle shooting, and all with glances turned eagerly landward.

There lay Barbadoes on our left—a beautiful island, its swelling lands in the background, rich with the sugar-cane—its lofty palm trees, nodding to the wind—all deeply, gloriously green—and rising like a "thing of beauty" out of the blue ocean. It came nearer to my idea of an "Emerald Isle," studded with fair gems, than any other vision I have ever beheld. Punts and canoes, with various kinds of sail boats, shot in and out among the shipping—some filled with natives, whose brown and naked backs glistened in the sun.

Arrived on shore, some hundred persons lined the wharf and streets through which we passed. We were agreeably surprised at the delightful breeze that constantly agitated the atmosphere. It was like June weather in the States—no intense heat—no dry, parched wind—but everywhere salubrious and refreshing. The roads of Barbadoes are unpleasantly dazzling. They are covered with a kind of white marl, that in the sunlight glistens like snow. A noisier or more apparently contented set of Africans, than those of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, I never saw. You may sit at your chamber window and learn their whole details and routine of business, for they do not talk, they scream. It is constant—

"Neighbor, neighbor, how art thee,"—and, "How is neighbor next to thee,"—and, "Tell me your affairs, and I'll tell you mine."

The fruit here was, to our Northern palates, quite delicious, though they call it poor. It is certain we did not stint ourselves, in full sight of oranges, pines, bananas, mangoes and various other delicious fruits.

A drive through Bridgetown in the early morning, before the cane shadows slant along the field, or the sun throws its white glare over the roads, is one of the many pleasant enjoyments that a stranger can experience. Every foot of land is under high cultivation; here the polished cane—there the fields of Guiana corn—patches of peas and ground-vines—gardens of banana, mango and orange trees, with here and there clumps of the tall cocoa-nut—surrounded by hedges of enormous cacti, in full and beautiful bloom. Flowers grow in luxuriant wildness along the roadside—trees, drooping with moss, and covered with gorgeous, crimson blooms, burst upon the sight at every turn—and a species of the banyan, shoots its thousand stems into the soil—of itself, a forest of foliage and shade. Every house or little cottage, fronted by lattice-work, stands in its own garden—and from many a loose shutter is thrust the woolly head and large shining eyes of the genuine African. Sheets of clear water, and gardens of great beauty, rest and refresh the eye. We visited the garrison, over which Her Majesty exercises a careful supervision. The buildings are all substantial, if not handsome—the grounds laid out with great precision, and with regard to effect. Three regiments are at present stationed there—one composed entirely of negroes, who camp in tents, and have a fine, artistic effect when in full uniform. A marble monument that stands erected to one woman and seventeen soldiers, who perished in the last terrible hurricane—which visited the island, I think, in 1831, is one of the "sights."

The last day of our stay in this charming place, we devoted to an excursion to the highest eminence in Barbadoes—Hackleton's Cliff. A ride of two hours, brought us to the height, where we entered a rude building situated on the extreme edge of a precipitous ledge of rock, and from one end of which the glorious view of hill and valley and ocean burst at once upon our vision like a scene of enchantment. Beyond us was "little Scotland," her picturesque hills lying in diversified patches of green, sombre and sprightly—while intervening were valleys and ravines—plantations rich with fruit and cane—white, winding roads—abrupt risings covered with palm and mahogany trees; and afar off—so far that the roar of its surge is never heard—the snowy crests of the ocean rolled in upon the sand, shining with a lustre that is indescribable.

In a walk about the heights we "chanced upon" a negro school. The matron—a polished specimen of easy and intelligent ebony, sat in her little hut surrounded by some of the smallest, blackest, funniest little beings I ever saw. In each tiny hand was a book, and every queer little head seemed bent ever in earnest contemplation. The daughter of the "school-marm" sat near the door, reading from the Testament, and each little black joined the exercise in her turn. It was a strange sight. Within hand's reach grew clusters of limes, lemons and oranges, and rank, glossy foliage screened that lowly hut from the intenser rays of the burning sun.

Looking upward, I saw with surprise a long, white pine coffin resting on beams under the roof.

"That's my father's, missee," said the old lady, observing my look of wonder—"the old man had it made years ago, all ready case he dies—he's well and hearty now, thank God—you'll see him presently."

What a lesson to giddy life taught by this unpolished African. The very act seemed to say—"I'm not afraid to die." It told of simple, earnest, unaffected faith—a trust in religion—a hope in the God of his fathers, such as few, very few acknowledge, or experience.

The old family vault at Hackleton Cliff, is a curiosity. You descend by rude steps cut in the stone into a grey and neglected hollow—filled with weeds, stones and lizards. Who lies under those two iron sealed doors—nobody knows. There is no inscription—and the iron is red with rust. Probably this spot was once highly ornamented with roses, and fragrant shrubs—but nobody honors the poor dust to-day. They have passed away, and gone entirely from the memory of men—a fitting lesson on the fleeting honors of life, and the "forgotten pride of the grave."

My next will probably be dated at Georgetown, Demerara—and much I long to see and tell of the wonders of my new home.

M. A. D.

MOTTO TO AN OLD BOOK

"May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurled,
Till an ant to its dregs drinks the ocean,
Or a tortoise hath crawl'd round the world."

☞ Two men were conversing about the ill-humor of their wives. "Ah!" said one with a sorrowful expression, "mine is a tartar!"—"Well," replied the other, "mine is worse than all that—mine is the *Cream of Tartar!*"

☞ Requisites for a Nurse.—An individual who wanted a person to take care of his children, advertised for "one whose patience is inexhaustible, whose temper is tireless, whose vigilance is unwinking, whose power of pleasing is boundless, whose industry is matchless, and whose neatness is unparalleled."

☞ Diplomacy.—The art of saying something when you have got nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you have really got something to say.—*Punch.*

☞ An Irishman lost his hat in a well, and was let down in a bucket to recover it; the well being deep, his courage failed him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above him—they lent a deaf ear to all he said, till at last, quite in despair, he bellowed out, "Be Saint Patrick, if you don't be after drawing me up, sure I'll *cut the rope!*"

☞ The Empress of France having been recommended by her physicians to exercise, has a pair of skates arranged with wheels, and on them she skims about on the polished floors of the Tuilleries.

☞ There is nothing more frightful than for a teacher to know only what his scholars are intended to know.—*Goethe.*

New Publications.

NEW BOOKS.

Personal Memoirs of [illegible] by J. B. [illegible]. Published by Lossy & Co. [illegible]

Gleanings and Harvest Festivals. By [illegible]. Published by Redfield, New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, 178 Chesnut Street, Philada.

The Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. A personal narrative by Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N., New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This narrative of Arctic adventure is written by an able hand, and makes such a book as will be perused with delight by multitudes of readers. It revives in our memory the lively pleasure with which in childhood we pored by the hour over the fascinating pages of Franklin and Parry's "Northern Regions." The book is abundantly illustrated, and contains a map of the recent discoveries.

The Working Man's Way in the World. Being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer. Redfield: New York. For sale by W. P. Hayzer, 178 Chesnut Street.

Written in the diffused style that betrays an unskillful hand at book-making, but containing details of some interest.

Carlington Castle. A tale of the Jesuits. By C. G. H., author of "The Curate of Linwood," "Amy Harrington," "Norman Leslie," &c. New York: Bunce & Brother. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A romantic tale, apparently of much interest.

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From Munich to Vienna—Quaint Old Nuremberg, with its Numberless Attractions—A City of Inventions.

Between Munich and Vienna, the most direct communication is the same as it was in the last century. One cannot put on the "seven league boots" of this last generation, and visit the two capitals in the same day. A long and tedious stage ride of two days and two nights, separates those two great capitals of Southern Germany, and though a railway is projected, it promises to advance with true German caution and slowness to its completion. The shortest route between the two cities is the base of a pentagon, not far from equilateral, the remaining four sides of which are formed by railroads, so that the best way to reach one city from the other is to traverse the periphery, or by taking still more time, ride to the Danube, and then tediously descend this stream. If there had been no other cause to determine my route, the greater convenience of the railway would have been sufficient, and, therefore, one cold morning, premonitory of the approaching winter, I booked myself for Nuremberg, my first stopping place on the route.

No one who has a trace of veneration for the monuments of the past, or of regard for the activity of the present, will regret visiting Nuremburg. While Munich is in every feature a creation of the nineteenth century, Nuremburg is as evidently a well preserved specimen of the sixteenth, but a specimen in which the spirit of the nineteenth has found a lodgment and a working place. It has another claim upon our notice. For how much of the most unmixed happiness is the world indebted to this city of notions. The "rising generation" of christendom, whether living on the Mississippi, the Danube, or the Amazon, must, once a year, at least, utter a hearty benediction on its beneficent artisans! it is the toy manufactory for the world. The little urchin, who leaves his turkey dinner, and his plum pudding, for a wheel pony or a dancing monkey, for a wooden menagerie or a steamboat, warranted not to burst her boiler; the little blue eyed maiden who loves her new doll, almost as well as her mother loves her, must thank this "quaint old town of art and song" for their treasures. When one comes within her walls, those walls with their grand round towers, the design of her greatest artist, Albert Durer, he is carried back to a double past, the past of his childhood and the past, the bloom of the city itself. Here, on every hand stand evidences of the wealth, the power, the taste of her merchant princes. Her noble churches, specimens of a pure Gothic style, in keeping with a city whose palmy days are in the past, not the future, and the numerous private mansions ornamented with a richness and purity fit for palaces, stand sponsors for the munificence of its citizens. Their preservation in their primitive beauty, or renovated in strict accordance with their original design, bear witness to the taste of their successors, and give to the town a tinge of the olden time that must be pleasant to all, but the most hopeless progressive. If you could forget for a moment that you had come by railway, you might fancy that your business was to sit to Albert Durer for your portrait, or to have your shoes mended by Hans Sachs. But with all this shadow of the past about you, there is nothing gloomy. It is not difficult to believe that the cobbler poet and his compeers had a right jolly time over their tangs of beer, even without pipes; though they knew nothing of boiler burstings, telegraphs, or spiritual knockings.

The two principal churches of Nuremburg gave me an unspeakable pleasure. After coming from the gorgeous temples of Munich, monuments of an art loving monarch, blazing with gold, and dazzling with their brilliant, frescoed walls, it was like stepping from the glorious sunshine into the cool shade of some primeval forest, to stand within these walls, in the shadow of these columns, beneath these gently bending arches, pious imitations by art of what God had revealed to her in Nature. There were pious hearts imbued with a love of art and a love of God in those olden times, expressing themselves in a language that in these days would be foolish babbling. When one looks at the so-called Sacrament's Hauschen, in the St. Lawrence Church, really a miracle of art, one cannot help blessing the pious Kraft, who labored unremunerated through long years, amid poverty and destitution upon this time consuming work; to him a test of faith, to us a thing of beauty. This master-piece of the sculptor, the receptacle for the host, in the days when the Church was devoted to Catholic service, is an exquisitely wrought piece of tracery, in the form of a pyramid, resting upon the shoulders of the sculptor and two of his workmen. It clambers aloft, as if it were a living vine, and not a lifeless stone, and near the ceiling gently bends over as if its weight were a trifle too great for the attenuated stem to bear. On the various faces, and at different elevations, the several scenes in the passion of Christ are delineated with a master's power. Nowhere but in Nuremburg, to my knowledge, can one see the wonderful genius of this great but humble master. In every work with which he adorns the city of his home, there is a strength, an accuracy, a finish and a delicacy, rare in his or any other age. When one compares the perfection of his figures, or those of his contemporary, Peter Vischer, with the paintings of Wohlgemuth, or Albert Durer, the latter remind one of the first rude sketches of a child learning to draw.

Nuremburg has a face to the past, for which we hurriers to the future must thank her. She has a face also to the future. Let that not want our recognition. In this towell of the time of the reformation a busy world has ensconced itself, and stretches forth its hands in every direction to seize the food that comes to him that earns it. Of its toys, I have already intimated. But that is but one branch of its industry. In the article of lead pencils it has a well-earned and unrivalled fame. The "Faber" pencils that are in the hand of every school child, are the product of a Nuremburg workshop. The cheap microscopes, by which so many are introduced into the mysteries of the infinitismal world, are here made in masses, and indeed, in all the ordinary optical instruments, Nuremburg carries on a brisk trade. In the articles of bronze, the manufacture is not inconsiderable, and in papier maché, I know of no place worthy to be called a rival. In the workshops here, busts and statuettes, mouldings, and fancy work of all kinds are produced, that for sharpness and delicacy stand little behind bronze. The papier maché is of an entirely different kind from that which I described in speaking of the workshops of Birmingham. It is obvious that a material composed of super-posed layers of pasteboard would not be suitable for the preparation of busts, animal figures, flowers, mouldings, &c. The article here used corresponds more nearly with the term papier maché, literally "chewed paper." It is a fine pulp which yields readily to the operator's hand, and hardens into beautiful forms, which his skill imparts to it.

In the permanent exhibition of the productions of Nuremburg, where one for four cents may get a bird's-eye view of the industry of the city, and see the newest specimens from the workshops of all kinds, were articles of this manufacture, which bronzed, would deceive the not very attentive observer into the belief that they were really metal.

There is one work in which the Nuremburg artists excel, which, in the nature of things, must have more honor at home than abroad, their photographic portraits. Daguerreotypes in Europe seem to be prized less than they are in America, and as a cause or a consequence of this, are by no means so fine as those which [illegible] produce. Photographs, on the other hand, are much more the favorite of the people, and are far superior to any I have seen in the United States. Nuremburg exhibits the art in the greatest perfection. Paris, Berlin and Vienna must all yield the palm to Nuremburg. The variety, excellence, and extent of the manufactures of this city, of which I have given but an incomplete sketch, will convince anyone who examines them, that, with all their reverence for the monuments of the past, with all their conservation of their inherited treasures, the inhabitants are not "old fogies." In every period of their history they have shown the same character, an earnest striving after something new. No city in the world has given a greater number of inventions to the world, or been readier to adopt improvements suggested by the example of others.

When you take out your time-piece, thinking it can't be far from dinner time, or to see how much time you have to make up the few hundreds you need before three o'clock, and ask, whence comes this convenient pocket piece? you will probably answer, not from Nuremburg, but from M. I. Tobias or Johnson. True, but its great-grandfather began its everlasting tick—tick—tick in a Nuremburg shop. If you indignantly repudiate any relationship between your elegant gold lever and the rude egg-shaped monster of the fifteenth century, I refer you to Professor Agassiz, who has shown that eggs may undergo very singular transformations. Does the snipe shooter who, at each shot, stops to admire the mechanism that enables him to make the feathers fly so finely, remember that the great, first ancestor of his fowling piece was a much respected citizen of Nuremburg; and he who is aroused from the first good sound sleep of the early night by a tellow opera troupe, rehearsing "Diavolo!" to which he introduces a scene not meditated in the programme, by means of a noiseless air-gun, does he, before sinking again into the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer," give a silent benediction upon the beneficent Nuremburg genius who invented it? Nuremburg can pride herself upon other things than guns and watches. Here was wire-drawing first discovered, brass first manufactured. In a little street in Nuremburg, stands to this day the first observatory erected in Europe. Here, Beheim, a companion of Vasco de Gama, made the first artificial globe. Nuremburg established the first orphan asylum in Europe, and was the first imperial city to declare for the reformation. Here, for the first time in Germany, were streets paved, and here, too, was the first railway in Germany constructed.

A famous old town is Nuremburg! all honor to her past! to her sculptors and artisans! and honor to the honest, industrious, good humored and generous inhabitants that now work within her walls.

C. G.

Miscellaneous.

EPITAPH.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN.

On "Charley," a Horse who Died, Universally Lamented, Dec. 25, 1853, Aged 23 Years.

Here lies a faithful steed,
A staunch, uncompromising "Silver Grey,"
Who ran the race of life with sprightly speed,
Yet never ran—away.

Bright were his eyes, yet soft,
And "in the main" his tail was white and flowing,
And though he never sketched a single draught,
He showed some taste *for drawing*.

His limbs were smooth and clean,
Fitted alike for buggy or for dray;
And, like Napoleon the Great, I ween,
He had a martial neigh!

No light or trifling weed,
Nor empty bombast from his lips would swell;
For, save some quiet horse-laugh, chuckling heard,
His tongue was *bridled* well!

Wild oats he never sowed,
Yet masticated tame ones with much zest;
Then, cheerfully, bore each light allotted load—
As cheerfully took rest.

Full oft he lay secure,
Installed within his stall so warm and fair,
Slow-ruminating, dignified, demure,
With such a *stable* air!

With here and there a speck
Of roan, diversifying his white back,
And, martyr-like, a halter round his neck,
Which bound him to the rack!

Mortal he was—at length
The hay-day of his life was damped by death,
So, mustering all his once iron-moving strength
He *drew*—his final breath!

War Feeling in Great Britain.—The young officers seem all glad of a little excitement, and most of those who go are from our highest ranks, many possessing large estates and representing old families, but keen to go. Sir James Ferguson, with immense estates and £12,000 a-year, Sir James Dunlop, the eldest son of Sir Ralph Anstruther, all youths little more than twenty. The Duke of Cambridge is keen to go, and there is quite an eager rivalship among those who hope for a command.

In the Navy there is a similar spirit. Capt. Hope, who is under the care of doctors and very ill, at once broke through all restraint, flew up to London, and got a command, though scarcely expected to live; but he is one of our most brilliant officers, very handsome, very distinguished, and has an estate of £7,000 a-year. He is brother-in-law to Lord Kincaird, and performed some very dashing exploits formerly. But on all sides we hear the most interesting incidents relating to those who are eager to go, especially Lord Cardigan, who is an enthusiastic soldier.—*Letter from Scotland.*

A Mother's Gift.—On the 17th ultimo, says the Palmer, Massachusetts Journal, a chest came ashore at West Falmouth, in which was some valuable clothing and a small tuck Bible, on the fly leaf of which was pasted the following lines:—

"A parent's blessing on her son,
Goes with this holy thing:
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling;
Remember, 'tis no common toy,
A mother's gift—remember, boy!"

A Daguerreotype of a lady, supposed to be the mother of the owner of the chest, was also found. The word "Boston," written with chalk, was upon the chest, which is painted light blue. No name nor any initials were found. What a tale does this Bible tell! It was the gift of a mother to her son, who had left her to encounter the perils of the ocean. Will not the verse found in the Bible convey to that anxious mother the fate of her absent boy—tell her that he has found a grave in the deep, deep sea?

An Odd Speculation.—A gentleman—Mr. Harrington—has revived, in a lecture which he has been delivering, the discussion as to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his expedition, insisting that the compass needle indicates that large quantities of electricity are continually travelling towards the poles; that, being condensed, combustion ensues there; and that they are the two hottest portions of the globe. He maintains that this is indicated by the loud cracking noises heard in those regions, and the aurora borealis, as well as by a current of water from the North. He insists that there must be a temperate climate between the ice-bound quarter and the fire at the pole, and that it is said that animals in the polar regions migrate to the North during the winter. He contends that Sir John Franklin may be in a genial climate, but that without fuel and steam he may be unable to return, on account of a constant wind rushing towards the pole to feed the fire!—*London Times.*

Populating the West.—The settlement of the Western States is generally credited to New England, yet the United States census of 1850 shows conclusively, that the share of New England was but a small one when compared with the part taken by the two great States of Pennsylvania and New York. When the census referred to was taken, there was in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri, 324,916 natives of Pennsylvania, 390,998 natives of New York, and but 180,791 natives of New England, or 716,910 natives of New York and Pennsylvania; to 180,791 natives of New England. The number of Pennsylvanians in Ohio alone, 200,634, exceeded the whole number of New Englanders in the West, while in the State of Michigan there were no less than 133,756 New Yorkers.

☞ A Western paper, speaking of a man who died in the most abject poverty and neglect, said that "he died without the *aid* of a physician."

☞ "I am going to the Post-Office, Bob; shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, you may inquire for me if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there!"

Clippings.

EPITAPH ON A CARPENTER.

[illegible]

☞ Servants in Australia.—A young servant girl, previous to going into service, and after considering very particularly what amount of work there was to be done, wanted to know, before she could accept the situation, whether the handsome [illegible] was prepared to make herself generally useful?"

☞ Boys quarrel about everything. Master Mulloney, the other day, threatened to "cave in" Johnny McCracken's head, because he (McC.) would not keep his feet out of his (M.'s) mud puddle. How ridiculous! Almost as funny as the dispute which every now and then breaks out between Spain and Portugal.

☞ Queer people for amusement in Greenland. They have a play in which everybody pulls his neighbor's nose; and the harder it is drawn upon, the louder the sufferer is expected to laugh. They sit down to bear's meat, and drink a couple of quarts of grease. For fun and luxury you must walk up North.

☞ A Good Joke.—In the breach of promise case now on trial in San Francisco, California, the mother of the plaintiff, in giving her testimony, stated that she kept a boarding house in Sacramento two years ago; that her boarders were members of the Legislature, but whether they were *gentlemen* or not *she did not know!*

☞ General Meadows being on a reconnoitering party in the Mysore country, a large shot struck the ground at some distance from him, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he continued his route. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and pulling off his hat as the shot rolled past, good humoredly said, "I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with gentlemen of your family."

☞ The term cabbage, by which tailors designate the cribbed pieces of cloth, is said to be derived from an old word, "cablich," i. e. wind-fallen wood; and their "hell," where they store the cabbage, from "helan," to hide.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ The best board in the world for dyspeptic young ladies, is said to be the wash board. It gives them strength of muscle, exuberance of spirits, a good appetite for their meals, and supercedes the necessity of painting their faces.

☞ I hate all bungling as I do sin, but particularly bungling in politics, which leads to the misery and ruin of many thousands and millions of people.

☞ When some one in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre was observing, in James Smith's hearing, that an actress—at the moment on the stage,—looked very sulky, and very badly dressed, he replied: "It is easily accounted for; she has had a quarrel with her new dress, and *has not made it up.*"

A TRUE PATRIOT.

He, in the firmament of honor, stands,
Like a star, fix'd, not moved with any thing
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self opinion; he hath saved his country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty.

☞ A Stitch in the Wrong Place.—A clever but eccentric man complained to S[illegible] Davies, in riding, that he had a stitch in his side. "I don't wonder at it," was the reply, "as you ride like a tailor."

☞ The London Times thinks that, as the working classes of London, a battle creeds would hardly do much harm—*[illegible] could not possibly be made less religious than they are.*

☞ The editor of the Water-Cure Journal thinks that a "shawl should never be worn by woman or man. It prevents free exercise in walking or working, contracts the chest, and makes the wearer 'round-shouldered.' Besides, it is unmanly. Let both men and women wear coats, instead of shawls."

☞ The Czar's Water-Color.—The [illegible] nage which stained the waves at Sinope is intended to convert the Black Sea into a Russian lake.

POSTSCRIPT.

California Steamers.—Sad Occurrence.—George Law and the Star of the West have arrived at New York, bringing over 600 passengers and nearly $2,000,000 in gold.

The most important feature of the news brought by the Star of the West, and one that will cause many a heart to weep in anguish, is the announcement that twenty-four persons, on their way from California to the Atlantic States, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat in Virgin Bay, on the 2nd inst. This melancholy catastrophe happened while the passengers were leaving the shore for the steamer. The small boat is alleged to have been greatly overcrowded, which, together with the surf and waves, caused her to upset. The names of the parties lost and saved are appended.

Names of the Lost.—Major Baird has sent the following list of the names of persons lost at Virgin Bay:

Mrs. C. Sylvestre, English, going to Ma[illegible]ter, to her daughter; had on her person [illegible]. Found.

C. Sylvestre, husband of lady. Not found. Supposed to have on his person $4,000.

Daniel McLaud, aged about 30 years. Bel[illegible] Dover, Me.

David Churchill, Sycamore, De Kalb co., Ill; had on his person $289 25; aged about [illegible] years.

Chas. Lyons, Brooklyn, N. Y.

George Seaver, Unity, Maine, aged about [illegible] years.

Francis Harris, Hazel Green, Wis; had on person 1191 ounces gold, also $234 40 in coin; about 30 years.

Edward Thomas, boy, Dodeville, Wis. $45 28.

John Knight, Dodeville. Not found. Was supposed to have a large amount of money on person.

Jacob Lewis, N. Y.

Mearcey Moore, native of Central America. Drowned in attempting to save others.

Jas. Potter, Wm. Dinn, D. W. Land, T[illegible] Detroit, Mich.

Old man, Battle Creek, Michigan, perhaps 60 years, small stature, in feeble health, crossing the plains to California; was a wheelwright by trade.

Robert Hutchingson, Nevada, Cal.

Isaac Edge, White Oak Springs, Wis. [illegible] person, 110 ounces gold dust, valuables, and [illegible] coin.

David Lewis, mulatto man, 27 years old, Philadelphia, Pa. His friends suppose him to have been robbed, as he floated ashore.

H. W. Brudley, Branch Co., Mich., aged [illegible]. Body not found. Had when lost $900, or [illegible] coin.

William H. Gardiner, C. Vine, F[illegible] O'Leary.

Names of the Saved.—Enclose is a list of names of the persons who were in the boat swamped at Virgin Bay, and who were saved:

Jas. Fisher and wife, Timothy Donohoe, [illegible] child, Mrs. Herin, Lyman Studley, Alvis T[illegible], John D. Huntington, W. S. Frier, W. Ferro[illegible], Drury, Wilson Beardsley, F. Josephs, Wa[illegible]ton, T. Spaulding, J. V. Hagar, Geo. Marsh, [illegible] McMains, W. Miller, D. Betts, Bill, colored, F. Schermder, A. Farris, J. McChristie, G. E[illegible], C. Saunders, John Peterson, Wm. Oatman, Bennett, F. Jeffrey, S. H. West, S. D. Gr[illegible], H. Kennedy, W. N. Shaw, S. Styner, M. S[illegible], W. Totman, P. H. Cattin, W. Plumb, A. J[illegible], J. H. Hackman, S. F. Dexter, F. Say, R. Ja[illegible], F. H. Bell, J. Rayner, B. Fogerty, B. F. Ho[illegible], L. Hays, J. Clough, O. R. Cambell.

In less than an hour after the accident some sixteen dead bodies were upon the beach, dragged ashore by the natives, others washed with the surf. Several others were subsequently found, and about half a dozen more were known to be missing—21 of those in the launch were lost. The first body recovered was that of a woman, whose clothing were found large sums of gold. Her husband was also drowned, who also had thousands of dollars, the weight of which assisted, perhaps in causing their deaths. One man had on him an inflated life preserver, but beneath it a belt of gold, sufficiently heavy to weigh him down. The persons of most of the drowned contained more or less gold. It was not, therefore, necessary to make them steerage passengers.

On the following day, March 3rd, the bodies recovered were buried together by the passengers on shore. The occasion was one of great solemnity. Each coffin was carried by four persons, thus forming a lengthy procession, which was followed by most of the passengers and a crowd of the natives. It is seldom that a more melancholy and mournful spectacle is witnessed. An awful solemnity pervaded the place as the procession passed slowly through the village and over the hills to the place of burial.

Here, after impressive and appropriate funeral obsequies, were deposited the remains of so many human beings, who but the day before were full of life and health, and hope and joy, returning, after a toilsome exile in a far off land, to enjoy the fruits of their labors in their native or adopted homes. Immediately after the funeral services were concluded, the remainder of the passengers and freight of the Brother Jonathan were conveyed to the Ocean and early in the evening she departed for the [illegible].

Seizure of the Black Warrior at Havana.—A telegraphic despatch from the Captain of the Black Warrior, to the owners in New York, states that the reason assigned by the Cuban authorities for the detention of the steamer, is that the cargo in-transit, is not manifested. The steamer was on her thirty-sixth visit to that port, had the same form of manifest always used, which was never questioned before. The authorities had declared the cargo confiscated—and were discharging it.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 7th, Mr. Everett said that he was absent on Saturday morning when the final vote was taken on the Nebraska Bill. He was severely indisposed at that time, and, as well known, his health had not been good for some time. He was, on that night over fatigued, and was unable to remain till the hour when the vote was taken. There could be no doubt as to how he would have voted, had he been present. He had opposed the bill in Committee—had opposed the test amendment declaring the Missouri Compromise inoperative and void, and had expressed his views in opposition to the bill. There could, therefore, be no doubt but that he would have voted against the bill. He now desired the unanimous consent of the Senate to have his vote recorded against the bill.

Mr. Clayton said he had been desirous to record his vote in favor of the repeal of the 8th section of the Missouri Act—but he had heard the Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Norris) advocating the bill on a triumph over the true non-intervention proposed by the bill of 1850, he determined to vote against the bill. He had remained till a late hour, but was unable to stay till 5 o'clock. He therefore desired to have his name recorded against the passage of the bill.

Mr. Weller said he desired to interpose no obstacle to the request, but he would like to know what had been the general rule in the Senate?

The Chair said that the rule was positive, that no vote could be recorded after the result was announced. It therefore required unanimous consent.

Mr. Dawson said he would not object, but if this precedent was established, the same thing could not be denied hereafter. Hereafter, when it might be necessary to pass a measure, to prolong the session during the night, Senators knowing this, could record their votes next day would prefer to be more comfortable at home than in the Senate, and then there might not be a quorum present.

Mr. Adams said there were other Senators who were not here, who would like to have the same opportunity.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, objected. He objected because of the reasons suggested by the Senator from Georgia. Other Senators who could not attend at that time of taking that vote would come in day after day, and ask the same favor. To allow such things would, on some occasions, lead to a difference in the result.

The request was then withdrawn.

On the 8th, Mr. Shields, from the Conference Committee on the bill for the relief of the officers and soldiers on the steamer San Francisco, at the time of her wreck, made a report, which was agreed to.

Mr. Shields moved to take up the bill to promote the efficiency of the army, by providing for the retirement on reduced pay, of disabled officers.—Agreed to, and the bill was passed.

The bill granting land to several States for the relief of the indigent Insane, was taken up and passed. Yeas 25, nays 12.

After an Executive Session, the Senate adjourned.

On the 9th, Mr. Sumner presented several remonstrances against the Nebraska Bill.

Mr. Seward presented a similar remonstrance from the students of Hamilton College, New York; also, a remonstrance, one hundred feet long, signed by three thousand persons, with their places of residence, in Brooklyn, New York. Also, the remonstrance of the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Cass presented a similar remonstrance.

Mr. Walker reported back the Homestead Bill, with the unanimous recommendation of the Committee in its favor. It was then postponed to and made the special order for Monday next.

The bill to compensate William Burt for the use of his Solar Compass in surveying public lands, was taken up. The bill gives him a gratuity for his invention, the sale of his instrument not yielding him any remuneration. Yeas 17, noes 15.

Mr. Morris objected to the passage of the bill, and it was laid over.

The bill to promote the efficiency of the army by providing a retired list for disabled officers, which was ordered to be engrossed, was taken up. The question was taken on its final passage, and resulted—ayes 21, noes 3; no quorum.

The question was then taken by yeas and nays, and no quorum voting, the Senate at one o'clock adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Shields moved to suspend the private calendar and take up the bill to promote the efficiency of the officers of the Army, which bill was laid aside yesterday for want of a quorum. He said there was a pressing necessity for the passage of the bill at this time.

Mr. Pettit said he did not believe there would ever be any necessity for such a bill, and insisted on the consideration of the private calendar.

The private calendar was then taken up. After some debate, the Senate postponed many and passed ten private bills. The bill constituting Dubuque and Keokuk, Iowa, ports of delivery, was passed.

After an Executive Session, adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 6th, Mr. Appleton presented the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature in favor of the cheap Ocean Postage.

Mr. Fuller presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Maine in opposition to the clause in the Nebraska Bill repealing the Missouri Compromise.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Homestead Bill.

Mr. Dean moved a modification of the fourth section, so as to include within the provisions of the act, persons who may declare their intention to become citizens after the passage of the act. He was opposed to all special legislation, and said there was no reason why a person who declared his intention the next week or next year after the bill be passed, should not be entitled to its benefits equally with with those who had done so heretofore. He was opposed to making any discrimination as to giving its benefits only on condition of actual settlement and occupancy.

Mr. Dawson opposed the amendment, on the ground that the bill should be confined to those who had now declared their intention, or were now citizens. The amendment was rejected.

A number of amendments were offered and rejected.

The Committee then rose, and the bill as amended was reported to the House.

Mr. Goode moved to lay it on the table. Negatived by a vote of 69 yeas to 124 nays.

The question was then taken on the first amendment, restricting the benefits of the bill to free white persons, and adopted. Yeas 101, nays 78.

The bill provides as follows: First that any free white person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and is a citizen of the United States, shall be entitled to enter, free of cost, on one quarter section of vacant and unappropriated public land, which at the time of his application may be subject to private entry at $1.25 per acre, or a quantity equal thereto to be located in a body in conformity with the legal sub-divisions of the public lands, and after the same shall have been surveyed.

Second. The person applying for the benefit of this act shall, upon application to the Register of the Land office, in which he or she is about to make such entry, make affidavit before the said Register that he or she is the head of a family, or twenty-one years of age; and after making affidavit, and filing it with the Register, he or she shall thereupon be permitted to enter the quantity of land already specified, provided that no certificate shall be given or patent issued therefor, until the expiration of five years from the date of such entry; and if at the expiration of such time, the person making such entry; or if he be dead, his widow; or in case of his death, his heirs or devisee; or in case of a widow making such entry, her heirs or devisee, in case of her death shall prove by two credible witnesses, he, she or they, have continued to reside upon and cultivate said land, and still reside upon the same, and have not alienated it, or any part thereof, then in such case he, she or they, shall be entitled to a patent, as in other cases provided for by law.

Provided further, that in case of the death of the father and mother, leaving an infant child or children under 21 years of age, the right and the fee shall inure to the benefit of said infant child or children, and the executors, administrators or guardians may, at any time within two years after the death of the surviving parent, and in accordance with the laws of the State in which such children, for the time being, have their domicile sell said land for the benefit of said infants, but for no other purpose, and the purchasers shall acquire the absolute title by the purchase, and be entitled to a patent from the United States.

Third. All land acquired under this act shall in no event become liable to the satisfaction of any debts contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor.

Fourth. In case the person who has filed the affidavit required, shall have changed his or her residence, or abandoned said entry for more than six months, at any one time; in that event, the land so entered is to revert back to the Government, subject to an appeal to the General Land Office.

Fifth. If any individual, now a resident of any of the States or Territories, and not a citizen of the United States, but at the time of making such application for the benefit of this act, shall have filed a declaration of intention, as required by the naturalization laws of the United States, and shall become a citizen of the same before the issuance of the patent, as made and provided for in this act, shall be placed upon an equal footing with the native born citizens of the United States.

Sixth. No individual is permitted to make more than one entry under the provisions of this act, and the Commissioner of the General Land Office is required to prepare and issue such rules and regulations consistent with this act, as shall be necessary and proper to carry its provisions into effect; and the registers and receivers of the several land offices shall be entitled to receive the same compensation for any lands entered under the provisions of this act, that they are now entitled to receive, when the same quantity of land is entered with money, one-half to be paid by the person making the application at the time of so doing, and the other half on the issue of the certificate, by the person to whom it may be issued. Provided, however, that all persons entering land under the provisions of this act, shall, as near as may be practicable, in making such entries, be confined to each alternate quarter section, and to land subject to private entry. And provided, nothing in this act shall be so construed as to impair or interfere in any manner whatever with existing pre-emption rights. And, provided further, that the provisions of this act shall be so construed as to authorize the class of persons provided for, who may not own 160 acres of land, to enter, free of cost, any public lands adjoining his or her farm, subject to private entry, at the minimum price in quantity, when added to what he or she now owns, equal to 160 acres; provided, he or she shall cultivate the whole or any part thereof.

The bill was then passed—Yeas, 107; Nays, 72.

Mr. Perkins, of Louisiana, offered the following:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the propriety of directing legal proceedings to recover any sum of money which may have been paid to any person out of the Treasury, on the claim of Dr. Gardiner and Mr. Meers, under the commission which adjudicated the claims on Mexico, under the provisions of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Mr. Cutting suggested the propriety of an amendment, authorizing the Committee to send for persons and papers, in order that the Committee may ascertain against whom the suits shall be commenced.

Mr. Perkins accepted the amendment, and the resolution was passed. Adjourned.

On the 7th, the Speaker laid before the House a communication from the Spanish Charge d'Affairs near this Government, transmitting an official printed copy of the Journal of the Spanish Cortez, for the year 1853, in accordance with the principle of national interchanges between the two Governments. Referred to the Library Committee.

On motion of Mr. Cobb, the consideration of the bill reducing and graduating the price of public lands was further postponed for four weeks.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, on the special order—being bills relating to the organized territories.

On the 8th, the Speaker laid before the House, a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting a copy of the circular addressed by him to persons engaged in manufacturing and commercial pursuits, soliciting information as to the best mode of bringing the tariff within the revenue standard, together with numerous replies thereto. Referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the bill granting lands to Minnesota for railroad purposes.

Mr. Cutting gave notice of an amendment proposing that Government shall retain the title to the lands proposed to be granted, and issue Patents therefor, as twenty miles of the road, from time to time, shall be finished. And, on its completion, the title to the lands shall be vested in the territory. He explained the proposition.

Further proceedings took place, when two amendments were made, one striking out the words—"that the grant is made for facilitating the transportation of mails, men, munitions of war, and for other purposes," and the other confining the grant to lands inside the Territory of Minnesota.

Without proceeding further, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 9th Mr. Dean made an ineffectual attempt to introduce the following:

Resolved, That it be referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to inquire into the cause of the recent outrages by Spanish authorities, at Havana, on the property and persons of American citizens, and report what legislation by Congress, or what action of the Government is necessary to procure indemnity therefor, and security against their future repetition; and particularly whether our neutrality laws toward Spain ought to be repealed or suspended.

Mr. Kittredge wished to present the remonstrance of 3,050 citizens of New Hampshire against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

This was objected to, as the paper could be presented under the rule.

The House then went into Committee on the Minnesota Land Bill.

Among the amendments made was one offered by Mr. Kerr, that the money arising from the sale of the reserved sections, shall be paid to those states which have received no grants of land for internal improvements, according to their federal representation in Congress.

The Chairman (Mr. Phelps) overruled the amendment as not being germain to the bill under consideration; but his decision was not sustained by the Committee, by a vote of 59 against 84.

Mr. Kerr assigned as a motive for offering the amendment justice to the old states.

Mr. Dean opposed the amendment, as the Democratic party has always held it unconstitutional to distribute the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the states from the Treasury. The old states were not here asking alms of the General Government—New York asks nothing. He was born in that state, and expects always to live there, and hoped never to see the day when she will come here asking for money. He wanted to reserve the public lands for the actual settler.

Mr. Wheeler said he should like to know who authorized the gentleman to speak for New York. He knew his colleague has the Administration in charge as well as the Kinderhook district, but not the interest of the whole state of New York, which has thirty-two representatives beside himself on this floor, to speak for her. When she needs the patriotic services alone of the gentleman from Kinderhook, he will probably be duly notified to that effect.

After considerable discussion, Mr. Kerr's amendment was agreed to, yeas 87, nays 61.

Mr. Grey offered the amendment giving lands to the old states for railroad purposes. Ruled out of order.

The Committee then rose, and the bill, as amended, was reported to the House.

Mr. Hamilton moved to lay it on the table. Not carried—yeas 66, nays 101.

Under the operation of the previous question, Mr. Kerr's amendment, paying the money derived from the sales of the reserved sections of land to those states which have received no grants of land for internal improvement according to their federal representation in Congress, was concurred in—yeas 96, nays 84.

[Extravagant joy was expressed by the affirmative side of the question.]

Amid the confusion which followed, Mr. Kerr moved to reconsider the vote just taken, and lay that motion on the table. Before the vote was taken, adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Phillips said, I desire the unanimous consent of the House to introduce a resolution of inquiry. The property of a portion of my constituents has been confiscated, by virtue of a foreign power, under circumstances, as now appear, of great aggravation. This is a question which concerns not only my own constituents, but this government. I ask that the resolution be read; and I trust that its character will at once secure the consideration its importance demands.

Resolved, That the President be requested, if not inconsistent with the public interests, to communicate to this House any information he may have received relative to the detention of the steamer Black Warrior, the seizure of her cargo, or the imprisonment of her officers. Also, any other information in reference to any other violation of our rights by the Spanish authorities.

Mr. Haven—I hope the resolution will be allowed to pass.

The resolution was then passed unanimously.

Mr. Dean gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to repeal our neutrality laws, so far as they are applicable to Spain.

The House resumed the consideration of the bill granting lands to Minnesota for a Railroad.

Mr. Dean withdrew his motion to lay it on the table. Mr. Millson renewed the motion, and the question was decided negatively—yeas 72, nays 107.

The day previous an amendment was adopted, by a majority of one vote, providing that the proceeds arising from the sale of the reserved sections of land be paid over to those States which have received no grants of lands for internal improvements, in proportion to their federal representation in Congress.

The House now proceeded to take the question on the motion to reconsider the vote, and to lay that motion on the table, thus to "clinch" the action on it. The motion was agreed to. Yeas 95, nays 90.

Mr. Dean moved to lay the bill on the table, and asked for the yeas and nays. After much confusion and excitement, the vote was taken, and the motion to table the bill carried—yeas 120, nays 66.

Mr. Bissell made a report from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes of both Houses to the amendments to the bill relieving the officers and soldiers who suffered by the recent loss of the steamer San Francisco. The report was concurred in.

The House then went into committee and proceeded to the consideration of the bill for the relief of the widow and heirs of Elijah Beebe. Mr. Orr explained that it appropriated $3,000 as an indemnity for their property, including hogs destroyed by Indians, and showed the basis of the claim.

Mr. Sollers, though he intended to vote for the bill, alluded to the fact that some of his constituents had just claims for property destroyed by the British, in the war of 1812, yet they had never been acted on. In this connection, he spoke of the duty of Representatives, and the influences sometimes brought to bear to get bills passed, including the liberal employment of interested agents.

Mr. Lane, of Indiana, interrupted the gentleman to propound a question.

Mr. Sollers said he would yield the floor to enable the gentleman's name to get into the papers in connection with his own. (Laughter.)

Mr. Lane remarked that he expected to vote for the claim, believing it just, and then replied to Mr. Sollers, saying he had not interrupted the gentleman for the purpose of getting his name in the newspapers.

Mr. Sollers—Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Lane—To permit the gentleman to correct his remarks. I understood him to say the most effectual way to secure the passage of private bills was to employ claim agents. I deny the truth of the imputation. If the gentleman from Maryland intends to charge that I intended to gain notoriety by the interruption, I have only to say that such an idea only exists in his imagination, and has not the slightest foundation in truth. I understand the gentleman to say he moulded the opinions of his constituents.

Mr. Sollers in his seat—I did not say so.

Mr. Lane—I suppose the gentleman means he can.

Mr. Sollers—I tell the gentleman it is the duty of the Representatives to endeavor to mould their opinions, and not to be the servile tools of popular sentiment.

Mr. Lane—I do not doubt the gentleman's ability to mould the opinion of such as require it, and I thank God I represent no such constituency, which requires five colored persons to be equal to three white men. [The words were to this effect, though the reporter could not hear the language distinctly.]

Mr. Hunt rose, inquiring whether the gentleman was in order, thus reflecting on those representing slaveholding States. (Sensation.)

Mr. Lane said he did not assert any gentleman was here less constitutionally than he was; but he was replying to the gentleman from Maryland, as to his moulding opinions.

Mr. Sollers—I did not say that I meant the opinions of my constituents.

Mr. Lane—But endeavors to do so. I represent constituents whose opinions are their own.

Mr. Sollers in his seat, throwing back his head, exclaimed "Ah."

Mr. Lane—I am as stern in my opinions as any other gentleman, and press those opinions with as much energy as I can command. It is the duty of Congress to get rid of these claims, which have been pressing from year to year. They should be acted on either negatively or affirmatively; and if the gentleman from Maryland will bring forward a just claim, no one will go further than I to support it.

Mr. Orr obtained the floor.

Mr. Sollers expressed a wish to say a few words.

Mr. Orr—I don't like personalities. If I thought good would come of it I would yield.

Voices—"Give way, Orr, and let Sollers reply, give him a chance."

Mr. Sollers—I did not say I could mould the opinions of my constituents. I meant to rescue the independence of members from the direct personal control of their constituents.

The Chairman (Mr. Campbell) said he felt bound to arrest these proceedings.

Mr. Sollers remarked, if there was objection, of course he could not go on.

(Cries of go on, go on.)

Mr. Sollers—I say this is a representative form of government, and the man who undertakes to represent a particular constituency, should be able to mould them to his opinion. The man ought to be of such importance as to do so. I would not take a seat here, if I could not mould some people instead of being moulded by them. The honorable gentleman thinks that I want to get into the papers. From the commencement of the session I have only made one motion, to enable me to introduce a resolution on the subject of guano, to restore wasted and worn out lands. But the gentleman from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Dawson,) at that time objected, and I will mark him for it as certainly as God lives.—[Laughter.]

Mr. Dawson—I said then I would give way to enable the gentleman to introduce his resolution, but as objection was made, it was likely to lead to debate.

Mr. Sollers—It could not have led to debate, and was the only privilege I have asked since I have been here. The gentleman talks about my wishing to get into the papers, and then talks about my representing woolly heads.

Mr. Lane rose.

Mr. Sollers—Let me alone, if you please. (Cries of "go on, go on," "order.")

Mr. Orr asserted his right to the floor, saying he had nothing but kind feelings for the gentleman from Maryland, but no good could come of these proceedings.

Mr. Lane expressed a hope that Mr. Orr would permit Mr. Sollers to proceed.

The Chairman remarked that Mr. Sollers would not proceed unless by general consent of the House.

[Voices—"Go on, it's private bill day, we've nothing else to do."]

Mr. Orr—I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the gentleman from Maryland, and would extend him any courtesy, but I am sure the matter has taken a direction which will not result favorably.

Mr. Sollers to Mr. Orr—Sit down and let me go on, if you please. (Laughter.) A gross imputation has been cast that I represent woolly heads.

Mr. Edgerton—I rise to a question of order. This is private bill day, and the gentleman is not discussing the subject before the Committee.

The Chairman—The gentleman from Maryland is out of order.

Mr. Sollers resumed his seat.

Mr. Orr—The bill only involves three thousand dollars.

Mr. Sollers again arose. I have been most grossly assailed, he said, warmly. My motives have been impugned, and I have been charged with inconsistency. I therefore really do think the House ought to allow me to reply.

Mr. Edgerton—The gentleman from Maryland commenced the attack. If he is the victim, it is his own fault.

Mr. Hunt—The gentleman on my right, (Mr. Sollers,) who represents a slave holding state here, should have an opportunity to reply to the reflection.

Mr. Edgerton rose to another question of order.

Mr. Hunt—I submit it to you, Mr. Chairman, as a parliamentarian, whether, if any false sentiment comes from the mouth of another, I have not a right to maintain the Constitution of my country, as it was understood by its framers? Am I not in order, sir?

Mr. Edgerton, on the opposite side of the Hall—I submit that the gentleman is not discussing the question before the Committee.

The Chair decided Mr. Hunt out of order.

Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky—We are in Committee of the Whole, and I appeal from the decision of the Chair.

Three or four of the gentlemen just named, all spoke at the same time, and there was much excitement and confusion in the Hall.

Mr. Hunt—elevating his voice—I was standing up when called to order. I stand here under my Constitutional rights. I appeal respectfully from the decision of the Chair.

Points of order were raised, and one of the rules was read.

Mr. Hunt—If I am to be gagged and cut off from debate I will take my seat.

The question was taken, and the decision of the Chair was overruled—ayes 42, nays 57.

[Cries of "No quorum; call the roll;" "No, no," "Go ahead."]

Mr. Hunt, amid the confusion, exclaimed—I am now satisfied with the opinion of this House. I consider the Constitution vindicated, and that by the vote a rebuke had been administered to the gentleman, (Mr. Lane,) who thanked God he did not represent a slave constituency.

[The confusion now reached its height. Nearly one-half of the members were on their feet, and great excitement prevailed.]

Mr. Lane, amid the din, said "I laugh to scorn the remark just made." [Cries of "order" "order!"]

Mr. Wright, of Pennsylvania, moved the Committee rise.

The motion prevailed by a vote of 71 yeas to 47 nays.

This restored order, the bill not now being before the body. The above is but a sketch of the exciting proceedings.

Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, asked leave to introduce the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary, heretofore charged with the duty of inquiring into the awards made by the Commissioners, sitting under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, to George A. Gardiner and John K. Meers, be instructed to extend their inquiry to any other awards made by said Commissioners, which may be supposed or alleged to have been founded in fraud or supported by perjury or forgery; and that, for this purpose, they have power to send for persons and papers, and that they report the result of their investigation, with such recommendations as they may deem to be proper in the premises.

He desired simply to say he had been informed, from a very respectable source, that the testimony can be obtained and is in existence to impeach other important claims awarded by the commission and founded on quite as gross a fraud or perjury, as the Gardiner and Meers claim. Of course he only repeated what he had heard, not vouching for its truth.

The resolution passed without objection, and the House adjourned till Monday.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship North Star, Capt. Miner, arrived at New York on Saturday, bringing advices from San Francisco to the 16th of Feb., and from Panama to the 1st of March.

The political excitement during the fortnight has been intense. The bribery case, wherein Mr. Palmer, of the banking-house of Palmer, Cook & Co., was accused of having attempted to bribe Senator Peck to use his influence to bring on the senatorial election, was closed before the Senate on the 3rd. Mr. Palmer was acquitted by a vote of 26 to 3.

Subsequently a resolution, declaring that Senator Peck had not intentionally accused Mr. Palmer falsely, was passed with only one opposing vote. Palmer is known to be a friend of Broderick, and it is universally conceded that the latter will be elected United States Senator, if an election be held this session, and it was expected by those who brought the alleged bribery before the Senate and the public that it would injure Broderick's prospects; but the effect seems to have been rather the contrary.

A bill introduced into the Senate, to define the time of holding the senatorial election, was staved off, while a resolution, passed in the House, to postpone the matter till the 6th of March, was, after a very hard struggle, carried through the Senate by a vote of 17 to 16.

The Governor signed the bill to repeal the Legal Notice Act on the 10th.

A good deal of surprise and mortification was created by the announcement that the coupons of the State Bonds and not been paid when due at the Exchange Bank in New York. The State bankers, Palmer, Cook & Co., have informed the Legislature that their house had more than sufficient funds at the Exchange Bank to pay the interest. A resolution was introduced into the House to vote thanks to Duncan, Sherman & Co., for having stepped forward to pay the interest, but the resolution was laid over till further information be received.

The theatre and several other buildings at Placerville were burned on the 30th of January. Total loss about $15,000.

The proceedings of the filibusters in Lower California have excited a good deal of indignation about San Diego.

Lieuts. Parke and Stoneman started from San Diego on the 24th of January, on the survey of Gila route for a railroad. They will, probably, complete the survey in May.

The celebrated Peralta claim, covering about sixty thousand acres of land across the bay, east of the city, was decided by the U. S. Land Commissioners, on the 8th.

The Mines.—There have been four or five rainy days during the fortnight, and the gulches and dry diggings continue to be well supplied with water. The news from all portions of the mines is cheering, and there are many reports of rich diggings lately discovered in different mining districts.

At Cherokee Flat rumor has it that a vein of decomposed quartz was found, about six inches in diameter, which is unbroken, and has proved exceedingly rich. From 200 pounds of dirt 28 pounds of gold were washed. Considerable excitement has been the consequence. High prices, even $50,000, it is said, has been offered for the claim, or a share in it, and refused.

At Chips Diggings, a boulder weighing about four tons was found in a tunnel, and in the boulder was found a vein of gold estimated to be worth $10,000, at least.

The deepest hole for mining purposes yet dug in the State, is in Trinity county. It is 700 feet deep, and the bed rock has not been reached. Gold has been found all the way down, even in the boulders, which had to be cut through in the course. The work was commenced in 1851, and has been aided by subscriptions and other aid from the miners in the vicinity.

Gas was introduced into the city and eighty-four street lamps were lighted on the evening of the 11th. Three miles and a half of pipe have been laid in the city, and the price of gas is $15 per one thousand feet.

A hail-storm, an exceedingly rare occurrence here, visited the city on the 12th.

The Superintendent of Public Schools in this city has rendered his ninth quarterly report. He reports the city's public schools to be in a flourishing condition, with 1,400 pupils. The monthly expense to the city is about $2,700.

On the 18th, the Portsmouth and the steamer Columbus sailed to pay their respects to the fillibusters.

Abner T. Pearce, accused of having committed forgeries to the amount of $30,000, while engaged in the manufacture of railroad cars in Norwich, Connecticut, was arrested about the first of the month, but was subsequently discharged on *habeas corpus*, there being no requisition from the Governor of Connecticut to detain him.

The clipper ship San Francisco, of 1,400 tons, 105 days from New York, was lost under the charge of a pilot, upon the rocks at the entrance of the harbor, on the 8th. It was at first supposed that she was a total loss. The freight list of the San Francisco amounted to $60,000; her cargo was valued at about $200,000. She was sold, cargo and ship, at auction, on the 10th, for $12,000, and her purchasers hope to get her off. She had on board the acids for the San Francisco Mint, and their loss would seriously incommode the assaying department.

A number of wreckers were about the wreck of the San Francisco on the evening of the 11th, when a gale came up and a number of persons, estimated as high as twenty, certainly ten or twelve, were lost.

Madam Anna Bishop gave her first concert on the 7th. She has been very well received, and draws large houses.

Markets.—The markets in California are completely overdone. The quantity of goods still arriving, a large part of which is unmerchantable, distresses the market, though the improvement in mining is slightly adding to the demand.

Flour is being re-shipped from San Francisco to New York. Money is very scarce, and the necessity of meeting freight bills necessitates large sacrifices on goods forced to sale.

The North Star is not in connection with any regular mail-steamer, and therefore brings no gold.

Died, at San Diego, Isaac M. Gibson, of Philadelphia; Mr. Wm. Green, of Chester county, Pa. At Washington—Mr. Jonathan Tittle, of Westmoreland, Pa.

A Tunnel Under the Ohio.—In all the large cities and towns bordering the Ohio and Mississippi River there have been, at various times, discussions upon the subject of bridging those streams. But bridges are such an obstruction to river navigation, unless they are constructed at great elevation, and a large expense, that, as yet, Wheeling is the only town which has persistently carried through the enterprise. Cincinnati wants a more intimate connection with Covington, yet hesitates to build a bridge across the Ohio. To obviate the objections to such a course, the Board of City Commissioners have just sent to the Councils of Cincinnati a plan for an iron tunnel under the river. The inventor thus describes his project:

"It is proposed to use either cast or wrought iron. I propose to build a tube of iron of any desired dimensions, and sink it in the bed of the river, in sections, as low as may be found practicable, by first dredging a channel, deep enough to admit of the top being sunk below, or even with the bed of the river, entirely avoiding the use of coffer dams. There is no question about the practicability and superiority of iron tunnels over all other materials, besides being about fifty per cent. cheaper. I put the footway in the top of my arch, the arch being as near a parabolic curve as practicable, combining strength and cheapness.

"If it is proposed to lay down a railway through the tunnel, I would propose putting the track on the top of the arch, in place of the footway. I should not, in any event, recommend running locomotives through, but simply the cars, by atmospheric pressure, as has been done in other instances. This would dispense with the necessity of a footway, as passengers could go through very expeditiously by the cars. I also propose to make the approaches all of iron, as being cheaper and safer."

Taxes in Mexico.—Santa Anna has proclaimed a door and window tax throughout the Republic. A Vera Cruz correspondent of the N. O. Delta says:

"The rates of this tax are enormous, and it applies alike to the wealthy banker's palace, and the hut of the miserable, half-naked Indian. Some idea of the extent of the revenue which will be derived from this tax may be inferred from the fact that an American merchant here informs me that he will have to pay for his house in town, and ditto in country, with engine-house and other buildings on a sugar estate, not less than $800 or $1,000 per annum."

NEWS ITEMS.

Alexander Turnbull, the Scotchman who was begging at the house of Mr. William Wright, South Ninth street, on the Sunday evening previous to the Saturday morning on which the burglary was committed at his dwelling, has been fully committed for trial. Mr. Wright is decided in his testimony that Turnbull was one of the burglars.

The McDonough Colonization Bequest.—The decision of the Supreme Court, sustaining the McDonough Will, as one of its consequences insures to the American Colonization Society the munificent bequest made to it under the will. This bequest consists of one-eighth part of the net revenue of the estate for forty years, the sum received in any one year not to exceed $35,000. This will be an important aid to the society.

A barrel, marked alcohol, was landed on the wharf of Madison, Ind., on Sunday, which, on rolling, was supposed to contain something else. On opening it, the dead body of a murdered man was found. An investigation is going on.

A boy, seventeen years of age, was shot down in the streets of Cincinnati and robbed, on the 1st inst., in the day time. Robbery seemed to be the only object for the violence. He had but two dollars with him.

Execution.—Thomas Motley and William Blackledge, the two men whose barbarous crime in hunting down and flaying alive a slave, made their case notorious, were hung at Walterboro, South Carolina, on Friday week. A rescue was feared, and a large detachment of soldiers accompanied them to the ground.

Personal Services Cannot be Assigned.—A suit has been brought in the New York Superior Court, to test whether personal services could be assigned. Mr. Beale, of London, contracted with Mr. John Wardwell, of New York, to procure the services of Catharine Hayes, to sing for a specified term at concerts. Mr. Wardwell assigned his claims, Miss Hayes refused to sing, and the Court sustains her.

Santa Anna has decreed a navigation act, which embodies some of the principles of free trade and reciprocity. Mexican vessels may import goods from any country at the established rate of duties. Vessels of foreign countries, reciprocating with Mexico, may import their products on the same terms, otherwise they are to pay an additional 50 per cent. both on imports and exports.

The Department of State announces that all persons who may have occasion to address the diplomatic, consular, and other agents of the United States, on their *personal affairs*, are notified that, unless their communications reach those agents free of charge, they will not, most probably, receive attention. Communications from individuals which may relate solely to business connected with the offices of such agents will, if transmitted unsealed to the State Department, be forwarded with its despatches.

The wisdom of the injunction uttered by Sam Weller, Senior, "To beware of vidders," is exemplified by the case of a youth nineteen years of age, described as slim built and of effeminate appearance, who is now in Kings County (N. Y.) jail for having two more wives than the law allows. His three wives were widows, aged respectively thirty, forty, and forty-five years. The first wife is trying to procure bail, the second is prosecuting him, and the third is repining because of his absence. He alleges that in each case the widow was the aggressor. Were he in Utah, he might, in time, rival Governor Brigham Young.

The Republic of Sonora seems to be destined to a brief existence. The last accounts we have from President Walker were, that his provisions were short, and his army shorter, owing to desertion. He was then anxiously looking for reinforcements. These he is not likely to receive, as intelligence has been received at Washington that two expeditions, designed to aid the filibusters in Lower California, have been prevented from doing so by the sloop-of-war Portsmouth.

British emigration to Australia, under government auspices, is about to be placed upon a new footing. Hitherto the government has transported the poorest classes to Australia free of cost; but hereafter the emigrants are to undertake to pay for their passage in one or two years from the date of their landing, by entering the service of employers who will become bound for them, the law enabling them to anticipate, by voluntary payment, the expiration of their terms of service, and also securing them against wrong in the matter of wages.

The Nebraska Indians claim that they have not cheated in relation to the amount of land in their possession, and stand to 10,000,000 acres.

The Shah of Persia has officially announced that he will remain neutral in the coming war.

Mr. Daniell's letter to the Richmond Examiner excites great comment at Turin, and it was apprehended that a duel would result.

A Young Couple in Court.—Thomas J. Parton, Jr., of Lynn, aged 19, has applied to the Supreme Court of Mass., to obtain the custody of his wife, Sarah E. Parton, aged 13, who is alleged to have been taken from him on the day of their marriage, the 14th of February last, and since kept in the custody of her mother, Mrs. Susan Hervey. A sensible mother, and two silly young people.

It is said that the British and French soldiers, except for a short time in 1794, have not fought under the same banner since the wars of the Crusades. The rivalry that will exist in the allied army to exceed each other in deeds of daring, will make them terrible to their Russian foes.

The coroner's jury, in the case of Dr. Gardiner, brought in a verdict that he came to his death from taking Strychnine and Brucine.

The London papers state that at a late dinner party, given by Mr. George Saunders, the American Consul, the following persons were present: the American Ambassador to England, the American Vice-Consul, MM. Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, Arnold Ruge, Herzen, the wealthy Russian Emigre, Worcel, the Pole, Garibaldi, and Orsini.

At Allegheny, on the evening of the 10th, John Hastings, the Collector of the port, was knocked down and robbed of $250 and a gold watch. They also took the keys of the Custom House and the safe, and entering the building stole from the safe a bag of gold containing $10,000 in $20 pieces. Mr. Hastings was much injured by the blow, and is in a precarious condition.

Munificent Bequest.—The will of the late Thomas Manning, M. D., who recently deceased in Ipswich, Mass., gives nearly all his estate in trust until the first of February, 1875, when the income or interest of it is to be applied to the establishment and support of an English High School in the town of Ipswich, to be free to the youth of both sexes, who are residents in the town of Ipswich.

U. S. Frigate Constitution was at St. Vincent, January 22, with a slaver she had captured.

Madam Anna Thillon made $5,000 the first week of her engagement in San Francisco, so said.

The population of California, it is said, has not increased to any extent during the past year.

A Mr. Alton, a fisherman, engaged the other day, at Dunkirk, hauling his trout nets, he was surprised to discover an inhabitant of water fastened to them weighing about two pounds, covered with feathers, with small webbed feet at the extremities, a feather, instead of a finny tail, and a head very much resembling a teal duck. This apparent amalgamation of the fish and fowl was taken at the depth of seventy-two feet of water.—*English Paper.*

Guano.—The Baltimore Patriot says the amount of guano which will be imported into that city, the present year, will probably reach 60,000 tons, costing three millions of dollars.

Heavy Seizure of Smuggled Laces.—Deputy U. S. Surveyor Capt. Rynders, of N. Y., on Monday, received intelligence that a large quantity of smuggled goods were secreted in a house in William street, and on repairing with one or two other officers to the place, he succeeded in finding about $15,000 worth of laces, which he seized.

Rencontre in Court.—It is stated that on the 25th ult., a rencontre took place in court, at Centreville, Ind., between Michael Wilson and the Hon. Geo. W. Julian, late member of Congress. The latter received a severe stab in the throat from a knife.

An Enormous Moose.—Mr. Ephraim Washburn, now lumbering on the Seboois river, Me., came upon a moose track on Saturday, the 25th ult., which he followed till night, and then returned to camp. On the next day he started again in pursuit, and came up with the moose about 10 o'clock. After a chase of two hours he succeeded in killing him. He weighed, after being dressed, 700 pounds.

A bill for the preservation of fish in the waters of New York State has passed the Legislature of that Commonwealth. The preservation is to be by the new method of pisciculture, which must be practiced by all persons who obtain a livelihood by the capture of fish.

Artesian Wells.—In San Jose, an artesian well has been sunk with a six inch auger, and pure soft water found at a depth of 80 feet, which runs with a force sufficient to turn a mill.

The Dental Association of Cincinnati have offered a premium of $100 for the best essay on Dental Surgery.

A Case of Chloroform.—It is mentioned in the papers that a tiger recently had his diseased nails extracted while under the influence of a powerful dose of chloroform. A wretched punster of our acquaintance, on being told of it, remarked that this was certainly the most extraordinary case of *clawroform* he had ever heard of!

Individual Liability.—The Stockholders of all Railroad Companies organized in Ohio since the adoption of the new Constitution of that State, a few years ago, are individually liable to an amount equal to their stock.

Horse Racing.—The "Great State Stake," for $20,000, "play or pay," which is to come off on the Metairie Course, at New Orleans, on the 1st day of April next, is exciting much interest at the south. It is expected to be the greatest race which has ever taken place in the country, in the number of horses, the amount of money at stake, and the probable number of spectators who will be present. Horses of all ages may run, but limited to one from each state; four mile heats; $5,000 subscriptions, each horse starting to receive $1,000 out of the stakes, provided he is not distanced; and the winner to receive the remainder; each state subscribing is to be represented by three responsible gentlemen, residents of that state, a majority of whom shall name the horse to run for that state. These are the terms of the race.

Dickens Drawn on the Jury.—Charles Dickens has just had a public compliment paid to him by Lord Campbell, Chief Justice of England. They were trying cases in the Court of Queen's Bench, and Charles Dickens was called on the list of special jurors. When he did not answer to his name, Lord Campbell said—"If this illustrious author were still engaged in this great chancery suit in 'Bleak House,' I could have excused his absence; but as 'Jarndyce and Jarndyce' is ended, I confess I should have been glad to have had Mr. Dickens here, in order that he might see how we get on at common law." The result was a fine of £20, to be paid by Mr. Dickens for non-attendance.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania.—The Democratic State Convention renominated Mr. Bigler for Governor on the first ballot. The vote stood—Bigler 123, Thos. S. Bell 5.

Hon. J. S. Black, the present Judge of the Supreme Court, was renominated by acclamation.

The Convention then balloted for a candidate for Canal Commissioner. The first ballot was as follows:—Henry S. Mott, of Pike County, 56; George Scott, of Columbia, 30; scattering, 57. Second ballot—Mott 80; Scott 39; scattering 28. Henry S. Mott was accordingly declared the nominee.

The committee on resolutions was then announced by the Chair, and the Convention took a recess until 6 o'clock, when a series of resolves were reported and adopted. A motion was made to introduce resolutions opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, but it was choked off, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

Standing Upon Their Bargain.—The County Court of Monroe County, Mo., has decided that the law of that State prohibiting free colored persons or mulattoes from coming into the State, is unconstitutional, and a violation of the solemn compact entered into by Missouri, in order to be admitted as a State of the American Confederacy.

The Vote in the Senate.—Senators Everett and Clayton, of Del., would have voted against the Nebraska Bill if they had been present, and Mr. Pearce, of Md., for it. Mr. Clayton spoke warmly in favor of the bill, especially as repealing the Missouri Compromise, but gave some reason connected with the speech of Mr. Norris, of N. H., why he would have voted against it.

Massachusetts.—The House of Representatives rejected the bill to repeal the liquor law, by a vote of 190 against 80.

Judge Shaw, of the Supreme Court, has decided that the sections of the Liquor Bill, authorizing the seizure and destruction of liquor, are unconstitutional. This takes the vitality from the bill.

The municipal election in Salem on Tuesday week, resulted in a complete overturn of the established order of things. The "Citizens' ticket," supported by the organization of Native Americans called the "Know Nothings," carried the day. The whole vote for Mayor was 1,828. Ashel Huntington, the regularly nominated candidate, received 484; George L. Newcomb, whose name was borne on the "Citizens' ticket," had 1,344. Mr. Newcomb was elected by a plurality of 860.

Rate of Interest in New Jersey.—A law has passed the Legislature of New Jersey, and received the sanction of the Governor, permitting the taking of 7 per cent. interest in the counties of Essex, Hudson, and the city of Paterson. In the other counties of the State, the minimum rate will remain at 6 per cent.

New York.—The Prohibitory Liquor bill has passed a third reading in the Senate, by a vote of 17 to 10.

Somersey in Detroit, Michigan.—Detroit, which usually gives 800 majority for the Democrats, recently gave 1,000 majority for the Whigs. The Whig candidate for Mayor, was opposed to the Nebraska bill, and the Democratic in favor of it.

Maine.—The vote on the Anti-Nebraska resolutions in the Legislature of Maine were as follows: In the House, ayes 96, nays 6. In the Senate ayes 24, nays 1.

Wisconsin.—Anti-Nebraska bill resolutions have passed the House by following vote: Ayes 55, nays 19. Of those voting aye, 24 are Democrats, 8 Independent Democrats, and 23 Whigs.

Michigan.—The Supreme Court of Michigan has finally decided that the Prohibitory Liquor Law of the State is constitutional, thus reversing the decision of the Wayne County Court.

Maryland.—The Maryland Legislature has adjourned finally, after having rejected all the liquor bills that were before it.

Ohio Senator.—The Ohio Legislature, on the 4th inst., elected George E. Pugh, Senator in Congress in place of the Hon. S. P. Chase, whose term of service expires on the 4th of March, 1855. Mr. Pugh received 80 out of 111 votes cast.

An account from Washington states that Mr. Pugh, who is now in that city, is opposed to the Nebraska Bill, and totally repudiates the whole policy in which it originates. He is in favor of the sacred maintenance of the Missouri Compromise, and regards that a "final settlement in principle and substance of the exciting question to which it refers."

Senator Toucey.—We are informed that Senator Toucey was hung in effigy, in Main Street, New London, on Monday night, by the people of that city who were incensed at his vote for the Nebraska Bill. Over the head of the effigy was a placard, with the words "Toucey the Traitor."—*Hartford Courant.*

The New York Clergy.—A memorial of the Clergy of the city of New York against the Nebraska Bill, has been signed by 151 names of the various denominations of Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Reformed Dutch, Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran and Unitarian Clergymen, embracing the most eminent, conservative, and moderate of the Clergy. Among the names we see those of Rev. Messrs. Wainright, Tyng, Bedell, Anthon, Skinner, Cheever, Storrs, Parker, Cuyler, Bellows, Magoon, Marsh, &c., &c.

Anti-Nebraska Meetings.—A meeting recently was held at Concord, N. H., without distinction of party. It was addressed by Asa Fowler, late law-partner of President Pierce, and by John P. Hale.

A large meeting of all parties recently was held in Cincinnati, and addressed by Judge Walker, Bellamy Storer, Chase, &c. Twenty delegates were appointed to the State Convention, to be held at Columbus on the 22nd instant.

A meeting recently was held at New Haven, and addressed by various leading gentlemen of that city—among others by the distinguished Professor Silliman. He said:—

His life, he said, was commenced in the midst of the American Revolution, and he remembered, as an observer, the capital events of American history since that epoch. He never before appeared on the political stage, but considered the present no party question; he never had much fear from party feelings, but now he had fear. I am particularly glad (he continued) to see to night the ordinary distinctions on minor topics thrown aside. The treachery now, (as in the Missouri Compromise,) is the deed of northern men. We should discountenance every northern man who leans to southern slavery. Without any personal hostility, I have seen, with the deepest regret, that Connecticut has been disgraced by one of her Senators. A man from the north who supports this nefarious bill is a traitor to his country. (Applause.) As the head of a numerous family, I view this measure with the saddest anxiety. What are we to do? All our first efforts here are peaceable—they are made at the ballot-box; when the time comes to finish the career of men who have betrayed your interest let it be finished forever. Let our only party be a party for liberty. Repeal will come by-and-bye; but if not, what then? Heaven only knows! But this is to be resisted at all events. Dissolution of the Union always seemed to me wild talk; but the Union will be dissolved if this thing be done, and they will do it. I feel in all kindness to the south—but, should the necessity arise, I feel like my friend, Dr. Taylor, that I could take my part in the contest. (Loud applause.)

A Curious Present.—Some hundred ladies, of Stark County, Ohio, have presented Senator Douglas with a curious kind of a patchwork—a number of three-cent pieces, sewed between two transparent sheets of gauze. The number of pieces of silver is "thirty."

Emancipation in Austria.—The Augsburg Gazette announces that the Emperor of Austria has definitely signed the decree consummating the emancipation of the peasantry in Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, Servia, the Banat, and the Waiwodina, from all statute or service labor hitherto paid to the nobleman or original owner of the soil. The decree prescribes that the peasant shall receive a farm, with the necessary buildings on it, as his own property. The worth of it is valued, leaving the peasant to pay it on easy terms, which are settled by a special commission formed to mediate in the matter between the nobles and peasantry. Incomplete as this emancipation may be, it assures independence to the people, severs all the ties between the master and peasant, and redeems the latter from the extortions and rights of arbitrary ejection hitherto exercised by the former. The value of the homestead once paid, the peasant is free and wholly independent master of his land, time and labor.

Verdict of Not Guilty.—In the case of the heirs of Samuel Newell, (who was killed by the accident on the Boston and Maine Railroad, at the time of the accident by which the son of General Pierce lost his life,) against the Boston and Maine Railroad, which has been on trial at Salem, the jury having returned a verdict for the defendants. The defence was that at least ordinary care was used by the corporation and that the accident was caused by a defect in one of their cars, of which they could have no knowledge and which no forethought could have guarded against.—*Boston Journal.*

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 203—Adults 80 and children 123.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 11.

Ashes—We noticed a steady demand for home consumption, with sales of 2,000 bbls Pot Ashes at $5.93½a6 per 100 lbs, and 50 bbls Pearl Ashes at $6.77. The receipts are heavier.

The stock in the Inspection Office of Messrs. Lester, Palmer & Co., this morning, was as follows:

		Pots.	Pearls.	Total.
First sort	Bbls	508	34	542
Second		38	27	65
Third		10	2	12
Condemned		14	1	15
		570	64	634

Cotton—The market is dull and 1c lower since Monday. The sales yesterday were only 416 bales, including 361 for home use, and 35 on speculation.

Flour, &c.—The Flour market is without much animation, there is scarcely any export demand, and only a very limited inquiry for home consumption. Sales of 2,000 bbls at $7.87½ for common to straight State, and mixed to fancy Michigan. Canadian Flour is dull and nominally the same. Southern Flour is in good supply, and the market is scarcely so firm. Sales of 1,200 bbls at $7.87½a8.12½ for inferior to good brands. Rye Flour is plenty and dull at $5.37½ for fine. Corn Meal continues dull at $3.87½ for Jersey. In addition to the above, there were also sales of 6,000 bushels prime Southern yellow at 85c.

Grain—There is rather more doing in Wheat, and the market is scarcely so firm. Sales of 5,000 bushels prime white Southern at $1.87½, and 3,000 prime red Jersey at $1.80. Rye is lower. Sales of 1,200 bushels at $1.10 for good North River, delivered. The Corn market is dull. There is not much distilling inquiry, and only a very moderate demand for export. Sales of 14,000 bushels at 83a84c for inferior to good shipping parcels. Oats plenty and dull at 50a55c for State and Western.

Provisions—The Pork market continues heavy, with only moderate sales at $15.52 for Mess, and $13.25 for Prime. The transactions in Beef continue to a fair extent at $9a11.50 for Country Mess, $14 for repacked Chicago, and $6 for Country and City Prime. For Prime Mess there is a fair demand at $11a25. Beef Hams remain as last noticed, with a moderate demand. The transactions in Cut Meats are to a moderate extent at 5a6 for Hams, and 6½ a6¼ for Shoulders. Only a moderate business doing in Lard at 9½a10½. Butter and Cheese without change to notice.

Whiskey—The market is firmer, with a fair demand. Sales of 200 bbls at 27½c for Jersey, and 28½c for E. and D. Ohio.

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Of S. W. PEASE, *28 West Sixth St., and 28 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1854.

REMARKS—There has been a moderate amount of business doing during the past week, but on Thursday wharf operations were suspended, in consequence of the rain. Cotton has been in fair request and prices have slightly improved. Breadstuffs were exceedingly dull early in the week, but since the receipt of the Alp's and the Atlantic's advices, prices of all descriptions have been firmer, and there has been more inquiry. Bark is generally held above the views of buyers. Coal has been in good request, and supplies will soon commence coming forward by canal. In Coffee, Sugar and Molasses there has been more activity, and prices are well maintained. Fish are rather higher. In Hides there has been nothing doing, and there is no stock here to operate in. The Iron market is firm, and there is a good demand for future delivery.—Lead is scarce. In Naval Stores and Oils there has been a steady business doing, without change in prices. Provisions have been very quiet. The supplies are increasing. Rice is lower. Salt is dull. Cloverseed has again declined. In Tobacco no change. Wool is quiet. Freights are firmer.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been light. The market was excessively dull and inactive early in the week, and prices are in favor of buyers, but since the receipt of Alp's, Atlantic's and Asia's advices, there has been rather more firmness. The demand has been limited, however, both for export and home consumption. Sales of 6,000 bbls standard and good brands for shipment at $7,69a7,75 per bbl, early in the week, and since at $7,87a8, but principally at the latter quotations. There has been a steady demand for the supply of the trade at $7,87½ up to 8,50 for common and fancy brands. Rye Flour is dull and lower. 300 bbls sold at $5,32. Corn Meal has been inactive. Sales of 500 bbls at $3,75.

Inspections of Flour for the week ending the 9th instant:

Barrels of Superfine Flour		16,339
Do	Fine	56
Do	Rye	428
Do	Middlings	70
Do	Corn Meal	5,407
Do	Puncheons, Corn Meal	152
Do	Condemned	270
Total		22,717

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have been small this week, and the demand has been moderate. Sales of 22a25,000 bushels of fair and prime red at $1,75a1,80, and white, part to arrive, at $1,89a1,90 per bushel, mostly at our highest quotations. Rye is lower; sales at 96c. Corn has declined 2c per bushel, and there has been a good demand. Sales of 23,000 bushels, mostly Southern yellow, at 78a80 cents, in store and afloat. Oats are unchanged, 9a 9,000 bushels Southern sold at 44a46c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork is limited, and prices are 25c per bbl lower. Sales of 300 bbls Mess at $16,25, on time. There is but little offering, and but little demand for it. City packed Mess Beef is held firmly at $17 per bbl, owing to the prevailing high prices of cattle. Bacon has met a limited inquiry, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 200 hhds of Hams in salt and pickle at 9a9½c; Sides 7½c, and Shoulders at 6 cts per lb, on time. Smoked Hams range from 10 to 13c; Sides 8½c, and Shoulders at 8c. Lard is steady at the decline noticed last week; small sales of bbls at 10½c, and kegs at 11a11½ cts per lb, on time. A lot of Grease sold at 9a9½ cts. Prices of Butter range from 13 to 28c per lb for solid packed and rolls. Cheese is unchanged.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been an active business doing both among the jobbing and commission houses, and prices are firm for most descriptions of goods.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is generally held above the views of buyers, and no sales have been reported.

BEESWAX—Is steady. Small sales of good yellow at 27½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—There is a steady demand for all descriptions, and prices remain without change.

COAL—There is a fair demand for shipment, but the scarcity of suitable vessels and the high rates to the Eastward have a tendency to restrict operations. Supplies will soon commence coming forward by canal.

COFFEE—There has been a good demand, and prices are well maintained; sales of 3a4,000 bags at 11a11½c per lb for Rio, 12a12½c for Laguayra, and 10½c for St. Domingo, all on time.

COPPER—The sales of both English and Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal have been limited at our last quotations.

COTTON—Supplies are coming forward more freely. There has been a good demand, and prices have advanced fully ½c per lb. The sales comprise 2,400 bales at 9a12c for Upland, and 10a12½c for New Orleans, all on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been to a moderate extent, without change in prices. Among them we notice some Soda Ash at 2½a3 cts; Sal Soda at 2c; a cargo of St. Domingo Logwood and an import of Brimstone, on private terms.

FEATHERS—The demand is limited. Small sales of Western at 46a50c per lb, cash.

FISH—Prices of Mackerel have slightly improved. Small sales from store at $18 per bbl for large No 1, $16 for No 2, and $10,50 for No 3. Small Fish sell at proportionate rates. Codfish sell at $3,75, and Herring at $4,25a4,50. 1,000 boxes Scaled Herring sold at 55c.

FRUIT—An import of 4,420 boxes Palermo Oranges and Lemons, and a cargo of Malaga Raisins have partly been disposed of on terms not made public. Dried Apples are scarce. Small sales at 5½a6½ cts per lb. Dried Peaches are dull. Sales at $1,50 a 1,50 per bushel for unpared quarters and halves, and $4a4,50 for unpared.

GINSENG—No transactions have been reported.

GUANO—There is a good demand for Peruvian at $50 per ton, cash.

HEMP—The market is very quiet, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—An import of Barcelona and one of Laguayra have arrived since our last notice, but no sales have been reported.

HOPS—Are in limited request at 45a50c per lb for new Eastern and Western, and 33a35c for old.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, and further sales of Manilla have been made at 75a80c per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—There has been a good demand for Pig Metal for future delivery, but generally at prices below the views of holders. Sales of 1,000 tons No 2 Anthracite, for Spring delivery, at $35; 500 tons No 3 at $34, and some No 2, for immediate delivery, at $36, all on 6 months credit. No sales of Scotch Pig reported. A small lot of Blooms brought $85 per ton, 6 mos. There is a fair inquiry for Manufactured Iron from store at full rates.

LEAD—The market is nearly bare of both foreign and domestic. An import of 7a800 pigs Spanish sold on private terms.

LEATHER—The stock of both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather continues nearly exhausted, and prices have an upward tendency.

LUMBER—There has been little doing, and the only sales reported are some small lots of Laths at $2,25 per M. Supplies will soon commence arriving by canal, and there will be more activity.

MOLASSES—There has been a steady demand, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 600 bbls New Orleans at 28a30c, all on time, including some to arrive at the former rate, and some Cuba Muscovado at 26c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—There has been a moderate inquiry for Spirits of Turpentine, and prices are rather firmer. Sales of 200 bbls in lots at 68a69 cts per gallon, cash, and 70a71 cts, on time. Sales of Rosin at $1,87a3,50. Tar at $3,25a3,50, and Pitch at $2,50 per bbl.

OILS—There is a fair inquiry for Fish Oils from store, and Winter Sperm is firm at the advance noted in our last report, viz: $1,50 to 1,60 per gallon. In Lard Oil no change. Linseed Oil is in limited request. Small sales at 78c in both casks and bbls.

PLASTER—No arrivals, and no sales this week.

RICE—Is dull and prices have again declined.—Sales of 3a400 casks at 4½a4⅝ per lb, on time.

SUGAR—There has been a fair demand, and prices are steadily maintained; sales of 1,000 bbls Cuba and New Orleans at 4½a5½c, on time, the latter rate for Clarified, and some Brazil on private terms. The market closed rather dull, with prices rather in favor of buyers.

SALT—About 5,000 sacks mostly Liverpool coarse were disposed of on private terms.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is dull, and prices have again declined; sales of 200 bushels at $5,75a6 per 64 lbs. Timothy is scarce; small sales at $2,75a3,25 per bushel. The market continues bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted.

SPICES—The only sale reported is a small lot of Pimento at 14c per lb, cash.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are in steady demand at former rates. N E Rum sells in lots at 38a39c. Whiskey is dull and lower. Prices have ruled very irregularly. Sales of 600 bbls at 27a28c, and hhds at 26a27c.

TALLOW—There is a fair demand for Rendered at our last quotations.

TEAS—The demand is increasing for all descriptions, and prices are firm.

TOBACCO—There has been rather more inquiry for both Leaf and Manufactured for the supply of the trade, but prices are unchanged.

WINES are held firmly, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—The market has been very quiet since our last notice, and the sales only comprise 50a 60,000 lbs at 33 up to 58c per lb, 6 mos. The manufacturers purchase only for the supply of their immediate wants.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are steady at 4s 9da5s per bbl for Flour, 17d per bushel for Grain, and 55a 60s per ton for Bacon. 24,000 bushels Grain were taken on private terms. To California, the Golden West is loading at 60a65c per foot. Colliers are rather more abundant. We quote to Boston at $3,50 per ton, and to New York $1,25. Vessels are wanted for the West Indies.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

No. 30 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	106½	107	P Township	34	35
" '62	115	116½	Girard	13½	13¾
" '67	120	122½	Western	70½	70
" '68	121	122½	Mech&Mechs	29	30
" '65	110½	—	Bk of Com	60	71
July interest off			Camden N J	65	66
Phila 6s	94½	95	Germantown	63	65
" 5s	93½	94	Trent Br Co	24	25
" 6s new	94½	95	Pitt'g Bk	55½	57
County 5s	94	94½	M & M Pitts	58	60
Penna 5s	100	—	Exchange, Pitts	55	—
" 6s	88½	90	Com, Cin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Louis, Ky	110½	111
Tennessee 6s	96½	98	Kentucky Bk	110	111
Illinois 6s	—	—	Northern	114	115
Cincinnati 6s	96½	98	Union, Tenn	69½	70
TennsT Notes	34	40	Plant's, Tenn	69½	70
" Bds 6s	78	—	Vicksburg	14	14½
Schuyl N 6s	80½	81½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	99	99½	N O Gas Lt	120	125
" 1st Loan	92	—	Schuyl Nav	26½	27
" Mort 6s	100	100½	" pref'd to	33½	33¾
C & D C'l 6s	90½	91	Lehigh Nav	60	61
C & Am R Bds	92	92½	C & Del Cal	160	165
ReaMdw R 6s	90	90½	Morris Cl	16½	16½
Susquh Cl 6s	70½	71	Penn&OhioCl	33	35
Norrist'n R 6s	90	—	Union Cl	14½	15
Harris R 6s	93½	95	Cam&Am R	150	151
Wil R 6s	91	91½	Penna R	48¼	48½
Read R 6s	85	85¼	Rea Mdw R	43	43½
" Mort 6s	88	90	Lykens Vol R	15	—
U S Bk Shares	3½	3¾	North Am Cl	—	14
N Amer Bk	146	148	Susquh Cl	12½	13
Penna Bank	124	124½	Norristown R	60½	62
Philadelphia	130½	130	Harrisburg R	55	55½
Far & Mec	75	75½	Reading Road	39½	39½
Commercial	63	63½	Wilmington R	29½	30
N Liberty	60	—	Minehill R	68	69
Mechanics	32½	33½	N Liberty Gas	33	35
Southwark	79	—	N W Min Co	—	25
Kensington	70	71	L'g Island RR	16½	16½

ALMANAC.

March, 1854.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.	
18 Saturday,	6 3	5 57	2 32		
19 Sunday,	6 2	5 58	3 45		
20 Monday,	6 0	6 0	4 46		D. H. M.
21 Tuesday,	5 59	6 1	5 40	First	6 1 56
22 Wedn'day,	5 58	6 2	6 41	Full	14 12 42
23 Thursday,	5 56	6 4	7 43	Last	21 12 53
24 Friday,	5 55	6 5	8 43	New	28 11 45
25 Saturday,	5 54	6 6	9 30		

Marriages.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph Hassard, to Miss Mary A. Smith, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D., William T. Wilcox, to Susan Gillespie, daughter of the late Geo. Ralston.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. John McElmoyl, to Miss Maria Gourley, both of Gloucester, N. J.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, Stephen Fuller, Esq. of Dixon, Illinois, to Elizabeth B. Coolidge, of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Charles Thompson, to Miss Anna Lauer.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Brainerd, C. C. Benton, M. D., to Sarah A. daughter of Col. John West, all of this city.

On 6th-day, 9th of 3d mo. 1854, at the U. States Hotel, Philadelphia, by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Mayor Gilpin, Edwin James, to Sidney Chalfant, both of Chester county.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. N. Harkness, to Miss Martha Linton, all of this city.

On the 1st Jan. last, by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. Thomas Whalley, to Miss Christiann Burk, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. T. Ward, Mr. David A. Roberts, of Germantown, to Miss Lizzie, daughter of Geo. Fox, of this city.

On the 5th Jan. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Francis A. Yampa, to Miss Mary A. Schand, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. G. A. Reichert, Mr. Francis Mellan, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, both of this city.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. John W. Arthur, Mr. Charles K. Barrett, formerly of Frederick Township, Montgomery county, to Miss Elizabeth Weigand, of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. W. H. Brende, Dr. J. R. Rowand, to Miss Caroline A. Frost, daughter of Prof. John Frost.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Darling, Mr. John S. Adams, of Camden, N. J. to Mrs. Mary T. Hyatt, of Philadelphia.

On the 9th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, Tabitha T. Tagg, of Philadelphia, to Joseph H. Mumby, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

At Willow Grove, Pa. on the 7th instant, by the Rev. S. Clark, Mr. William Gulager, to Miss Kate Gordon, daughter of John Christopher, Esq. of the former place.

Deaths.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday morning, 7th inst. Mrs. Arabella McMullan, aged 66 years.

On the 8th inst. George Stinsman, aged 58.

On the 8th instant, Lillie Augusta, daughter of Jacob and Charlotte M. Monk, aged 2 years.

On the 8th inst. George Noble, aged 40 years.

On the 7th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas and Fanny Love, aged 3 years and 3 months.

On the 5th inst. Louisa, daughter of Henry and Mary Hallworth, aged 5 years.

On the 7th inst. John W. Smith, aged 18 years.

On the 8th inst. Michael McGarrity, aged 28.

On the 8th inst. Joseph Alexander, son of J. W. and Elizabeth Faries, aged 6 years.

On the 8th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of John and Elizabeth Stewart, aged 9 months.

On the 8th inst. George B. son of John and Hannah Delaney, aged 13 months.

On the 9th instant, Bridget, daughter of Patrick Keenan, aged 8 years.

On the 8th inst. Sarah Jane, daughter of Alex. and Margaret Starrett, aged 6 years and 7 months.

On the 5th inst. Lewis, son of Joseph and Sarah Phillips, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 6th inst. James Morrow, son of Wm. and Jane Bunting, aged 21 months.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Margaret V. Riley, aged 35 years.

On the 6th inst. James McCall, aged 42 years.

On the 7th inst. Samuel, son of Saml. and Elizabeth Harvey, aged 3 years.

On the 6th inst. John McQuigan, aged 50 years.

On the 5th inst. George W. Duffy, aged 53.

On the 5th inst. Mr. George Watts, aged 46.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Eliza A. wife of John Wiegand, Jr. aged 25 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. Catharine Marshall, aged 62 years.

On the 5th inst. Joseph Kern, Jr. late of Chicago, aged 31 years.

On the 5th inst. Edward L. Thawley, aged 41.

On the 6th inst. in Richmond, Catharine McMahon.

On the 6th inst. Sarah Staught.

On the 5th inst. Margaret, daughter of John and Elizabeth Brickner, aged 4 years.

On the 6th inst. Abigail, wife of John D. Eaton, aged 29 years.

On the 3d inst. Margaret, widow of the late B. Manson, aged 73 years.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, *No. 34 South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, March 18, 1854.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**VERMONT.**	
Philadelphia Banks	par	Bank of St Albans	½ dis
U S Bank notes	18 dis	All solvent Banks	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis	**CONNECTICUT.**	
Chambersburg	½ dis	All solvent Banks	½ dis
York	½ dis	Bk N Ame Seymour	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis	**MASSACHUSETTS.**	
Carlisle	½ dis	All solvent Banks	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis	Dorchester and Milton	
Brownsville	½ dis	stolen notes	no sale
Pittsburg	½ dis	**RHODE ISLAND.**	
Washington co	½ dis	All solvent Banks	½ dis
Honesdale	½ dis	Phoenix B'k, Westerly,	
Waynesburg	½ dis	stolen notes	no sale
Erie	1 dis	**CANADA.**	
All other solv't Bks	par	Montreal	1½ dis
Relief notes	[illegible] dis	**VIRGINIA.**	
NEW JERSEY.		Bk of Va & brch's	1 dis
Trenton, M't Holly,		Far Bk & brch's	1 dis
Burlington, Medford, Sal'm, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princ'ton Bord'to's Bkg Co	par	Valley Bk & brch's	1 dis
Public Stock Bank,		Ex Bk & brch's	1 dis
Belvidere,	25 dis	Wheeling	1 dis
Plainfield	closed	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
State Bk Morris	½ dis	All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Coml Bk Perth Amboy	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Peoples Bk Patterson	½ dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
N Hope Del Bridge Co	½ dis	All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Yardleyville do	10 dis	Small notes	1½ dis
New Brunswick	½ dis	**GEORGIA.**	
Newark	½ dis	All solvent Banks	1 dis
Morris co	½ dis	Bk St Mary's	25 dis
Middletown Point	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Orange	½ dis	**ALABAMA.**	
Belvidere	½ dis	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Rahway	½ dis	Country Banks	3 dis
Dover	½ dis	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis	All Banks	uncertain
DELAWARE.		**LOUISIANA.**	
All solvent Banks	par	All solvent Banks	1 dis
Under 5's	½ dis	**OHIO.**	
MARYLAND.		Bk of Wooster	60 dis
Baltimore Banks	½ dis	Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis	All solvent Banks	1 dis
Cecil co	½ dis	Small notes	1 dis
Frederick co	½ dis	Bk Massillon	failed
Cumberland	½ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Washington co	½ dis	All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Salisbury		**INDIANA.**	
Havre de Grace }	failed	All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Far & Millers }		Small notes	1½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		**ILLINOIS.**	
All solvent Banks	½ dis	Bk of Illinois	30 dis
NEW YORK.		State Bk do	70 dis
City Banks	par a ½ dis	Good Free Bks	1a3 dis
Solvent co Bks	½ dis	**MISSOURI.**	
James Bk	25 dis	All solvent Banks	1 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
Far Bk Onondaga	25 dis	All solvent Banks	2 dis
Bk of Owego	redeemed	Small notes	2 dis
Mer. & M. Bk City Oswego	25 dis	East Tennessee	3 dis
MAINE.		**MICHIGAN.**	
Mercan Bk Bangor	1½ dis	Gov't Stock Bk	1½ dis
All other solv't Bks	½ dis	All solvent Banks	2 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		**ARKANSAS.**	
All solvent Bks	½ dis	All Banks	no sale
		WISCONSIN.	
		All solvent Banks	1½ dis
		TEXAS.	
		Commercial & Agricultural Bk, Galveston	10 pr ct

Issues of 1, 2 and 3 dollar bills, dated at Washington City, and resembling New York City and State issues, should be refused by the public—as a number of them have failed and are worthless.

LONDON ART UNION!!!

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST TO THE LONDON ART UNION will close on the 31st inst. The drawing takes place on the last Tuesday in April.

Paintings, Bronzes, Porcelain Statuary, Tazzas in Iron and Proof Prints to the amount of $40,000 were distributed last year. Every subscriber is entitled to select prints worth the amount of subscription $5.50. J. S. EARLE, Hony Secy, 216 Chesnut Street, mh11-3t? Opposite the Girard House.

JOSEPH E. McILHENNEY & SON, DENTISTS, No. 323 ARCH STREET, jan21-ly PHILADELPHIA.

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Payment is required in advance.

Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

[illegible]

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IS meeting with a success wholly unparalleled in the annals of musical journalism. Whether this success is owing to the superior excellence of the Music published, or its happy adaptation to the wants of the people, or its great and pleasing variety; whether it is owing to the truthfulness of the criticisms, the fairness and instructiveness of the essays, the sparkling, genial wit of the lighter articles, the entertaining character of the miscellany or the value of the musical news and general intelligence; or whether it is owing to the combination in one journal of all these valuable characteristics, we know not, nor do we care; we are satisfied with the fact—the result—and hope it may long continue thus.

The number for this week is now ready, and contains among the Music: 1st. "That strain of Music," a Glee arranged from Beethoven; 2d. "Wind! Oh, Wind!" a Glee; 3d. "It is the Saviour's Voice," a Sacred Song; 4th. "I have seen the Wicked in Great Power," a Motett, arranged from Greff. The reading matter is unusually attractive, valuable and entertaining. In short, it is a model number of a model paper, and is alone worth nearly the price of a whole year's subscription. Now is the time to subscribe, as a few complete sets from the commencement of the volume are still on hand. Terms—$1 a year, in advance; six copies for $5. Everybody interested in Music is invited to get up clubs and forward subscriptions. Address, MASON BROTHERS, mar 18-1t No. 23 Park Row, New York.

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A TALE FOR THE TIMES!

"MINNIE HERMON, or the Night and its Morning," a most interesting and Thrilling Temperance Tale, by Thurlow W. Brown, the fearless editor of the "Cayuga Chief," and author of "Temperance Tales and Hearth-stone Reveries." The above long expected work will be published

Saturday, March 18th, 1854,

and will be an elegant 12mo volume of 472 pages, with four Illustrations designed by Coffin, and engraved by Orr and others. Price $1.25.

Dealers desiring a supply from the first edition, will do well to send in their orders at once, as the demand for the book is already very large.

All orders should be addressed to MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN, Publishers, Auburn or Buffalo. 1t

WARD'S REPORT OF FASHIONS.

THE SPRING REPORT OF 1854, is now ready for mailing. Terms, $6 per year, with Colored Pictures, or $5, plain, a deduction of $1 if paid in advance. This work is well known. The following extracts will suffice to show the estimation in which it is held by those who have used it. We have thousands of similar testimonials sent without solicitation from all parts of the Union:

Brandon, Vt., March 2d, 1854.

S. A. & A. F. Ward,

Dear Sirs,—I admire your Fashions very much, and your System of Cutting is too well known to need any comment from me. You may set me down as a regular subscriber. $5 enclosed. WALTER W. McCALL.

Ashtabula, O., March 3d, 1854.

Messrs. Ward,

Enclosed is $12, I am happy to say after 15 years experience in cutting, I find myself altogether better satisfied with your System of Garment Cutting than any other that I have ever used. (I have tried almost everything else.) It was by accident that I was led to try your System, and I consider it one of the best accidents that every befel me. E. HOWELL, Foreman to Willard Wells & Co.

We keep a large assortment of Tailor's implements, such as Shears, Trimmers, Points, Inch Measures, Chalk of assorted colors, Needles and other articles.

All orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Address, No. 100 Chesnut St., Philadelphia. mh18-3t S. A. & A. F. WARD.

LECTURES ON MAN, by O. S. FOWLER; or, Phrenology and Physiology applied to Human Life, at CONCERT HALL, on Evenings as follows:—

TUESDAY, March 21st.—Signs of Character, Animal Heads, Principles, Proofs and Utility of Phrenology, &c.

WEDNESDAY, 22d.—Philosophy, Location, Grouping, Analysis, Combination and Teaching of the Faculties.

THURSDAY, 23d.—Self Improvement; physical, intellectual and moral; and the Management of Children.

FRIDAY, 24th.—Memory. The Intellectual Faculties, their Analysis and Culture, including School Education.

SATURDAY, 25th.—Matrimony, conducted on Scientific Principles or Love and its Laws; right selection; Courtship with its Errors, and Married Life.

SUNDAY EVENING, 26th.—Temperance and Prohibition enforced by Science.

Commencing at 7½ o'clock, and closing with Public Examinations.

First Lecture free; others 12½ cents. Professional delineations of character, with charts and full written descriptions, advice touching health, pursuits, self improvement, managing children, marriage, &c., daily, at 231 ARCH St., below Seventh. mh18-3t

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Great American Romance.

The following are samples of the opinions of the Corps Editorial:

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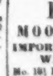

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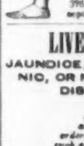

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THE

ROBBERS OF LE MAUVAIS PAS.

We lounged about in the hotel of Lans-le-bourg during the hot hours of a summer day, while men and horses were taking their rest; and so far as any movements of animate nature were concerned, it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to wake alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mons Cenis. With the additional guides, postilions, and cattle, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and soft, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling, scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as Nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fire-flies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glowworms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life, where there is the height of corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature, to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three long windings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra horses were turned adrift, to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twitchings of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his musings and frequent ejaculations. "Ah, sir!" said he, "how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain. It was on a wintry day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines, so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow-drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right track. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent its being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the dreadful storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on all our wardrobe. 'Heaven defend me from such another journey, and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn!'" Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:—

I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition. At the period referred to, I was sent with an elder officer to bear some dispatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, but had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, in whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition, as sometimes to amuse and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and thoughtless; but I was likewise brave and skillful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. These mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right—I shall point them out to you—and amongst these the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little farther on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which were once inns, and the landlords was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveller who escaped from Scylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mons Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were peremptory, we pushed forward at all hazards till nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous dangers by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on these roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel; the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the caleche. I saw the landlord narrowly eye the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready for our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see; so that it was far from comfortable, but it was not for us to complain after what we had suffered in the cold. A thin candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was soon served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compote out of the canteen, from which he made a savoury soup. The host then brought us a fricassee; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it. This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot dish, when a scowl of the captain's made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased. As he doggedly refused to eat anything furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

"Have you any other guests here to-night?" asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.

"Only a priest on his way to Turin. Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm, as he travels on foot."

"And what may be the reverend father's name?" asked my companion.

"Fra Carlo Benevoluto," replied the other.

"Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padres of the name."

"Very likely," said the innkeeper. "There are others of the family in high orders; he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family."

"Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honor to drink wine with us."

The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep.

Presently, the padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion, crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to discompose him; but it passed over, and we entered into friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shown into a bed-chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian inns, and he had cautioned me always to lock and barricade the door at night. Now, he was himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The landlord apologised for taking me a little way off, as the neighboring beds were already occupied, and it was too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; another belonged to himself, and his wife was in bed; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid-servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the padre's, but had scarcely got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He broke out into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this misfortune was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and try if I could not sleep amongst those Lilliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said that he would repose in a chair beside me. He then examined the door, and found that it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. He was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in considerable emotion; then setting the lighted candle on a marble commode near the door, he seated himself near me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a carbine, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of curious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many fights being dislodged from his encampment by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a lonely landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixote fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy; but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, I saw, or dreamed I saw, a faint shadow dimly reflected upon the wall. Turning to the captain, I perceived him eyeing the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door quietly closed, and all was silent. About an hour afterwards, the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Giuseppe to make coffee in the mode he liked it. Giuseppe looked in an inquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our caleche, which to my surprise was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of early repast. The captain kept him in earnest conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him, and never to be beyond reach of his pistols. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements.—At length the word was given, "Let us go!" and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter and chambermaid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments, and appeared much chagrined. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us. "Signor, run and tell the postilion to mount the white horse, for the black one sometimes kicks. Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Father Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!" said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his fire-arms. In a trice we were at the carriage-door. "Father, don't get out again; pray be seated.—O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!"

We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postilion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop; and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said: "Pardon me, Father Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them; we await your return;" and without stopping for his reply, opened the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half emitted, silenced me. "Good father, do be quick; for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself; no thief would rob a priest." It was impossible to refuse, and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postilion to drive on quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out: "Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a bullet through your head. Va!" Off we went, slap-dash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged, and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out: "Piano! piano!" and we instantly passed through St. Antonio, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain showed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas.—The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look-out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed: "Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!" I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the women were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly checkmated him at last.

"Yes," said he; "it was a game for life. So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! methinks he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, a priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I well remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting his skull. And you bed—there has been foul play there. You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood anywhere. I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all stained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before; but we shall hear if Captain Bocci, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel. Those handsome women! I will wager a thousand scudi they were men in disguise. I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young man, you must be always watching, if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouchette; and remember that walls have ears and eyes too."

I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night.

"A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Carlo, and such shadows play with stillettoes. I saw one when his cloak was off, as I passed through his room to come to you. Ghosts do not flinch from a levelled pistol as he did."

At this moment, the Frenchman bade me look, for we were approaching the dreadful spot. There, indeed, stood two ruinous houses, forming a large mass of building, with small grated windows and a high court, all shut up and going to decay. He looked, and shrugged his shoulders, and continued: "The cursed bandits! they met with a deserved fate. The manner of their capture I have heard only by report, for we returned to France by another route. One evening, at dusk, two horsemen rode up to the inn; but when the large gate was opened, one of the beasts became frisky, and refused to enter. This frightened the other, and they capered about, to the great discomfort of the landlord and his people, who could not come into the gateway or shut the door because of their antics. As they were becoming more quiet, a posse of gendarmerie dashed in and took possession of the premises. A search was instituted, and the remains of 200 or 300 human bodies were found in the grounds, besides a great deal of concealed plunder. I need scarcely say that Italian justice did dreadful work with the murderers; and the inn has been shut up ever since. No one will venture into it—it is haunted; but the Mauvais Pas is still a dangerous place for lone travellers." A carbineer at this moment rode up, and asked our party if we had seen any person on the road, for a robbery had been committed a few days ago in that place.

FREAKS OF FASHION.—One of the most beautiful women of Paris has taken a fancy to lie a bed three days every week at five o'clock in the afternoon, in order to receive visits in her bed-room. Often she goes out in the morning to make purchases, is visible to the naked eye here and there on the Boulevards, and in the fashionable shops—then returning home, she undresses, bathes, makes a toilet in which laces play a great part, goes to bed, and then receives! What next!

☞ Young ladies are like an arrow; they can't be got off without a beau. Another reason—When they get into your heart, they can't be got out "till death."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by EMERSON BENNETT, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until farther notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.
BY FANNY FERN.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:
OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. MR. DENISON, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, CONGRESSIONAL REPORTS, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

CONSTITUTION-MONGERS.—There are certain members of Congress, especially from the Atlantic States—Pennsylvania not excepted—who are never more alive to Constitutional scruples, than when some measure is proposed for the benefit of their own constituents. They can support with enthusiasm the most unconstitutional schemes for the benefit of other states and sections; but the instant anything is proposed for the benefit of the states from which they hail, they fall into the wake of some able gentleman from another section, who suddenly discovers for himself, and for them, that the proposed measure is unconstitutional.

For our part, we are free to say, that the Constitution has become a mere nose of wax, to be twisted in any direction that pleases any powerful interest, which can command for the time a majority. The same men who profess to be the strictest kind of constructionists when some measure is proposed which they do not like, never allow the plainest and clearest provisions of the Constitution to stand between them and their darling objects. For all practical purposes, our Constitution has become like that of Great Britain, a mere matter of majorities. Parliament cannot do an unconstitutional thing—and neither can Congress, when the Executive will back it.

Now, while we have a respect almost approaching veneration, for the statesman who refuses to vote as he would like to vote, simply because the Constitution stands in his way—or, rather, we mean we *would* have a respect for such a statesman, if such an one existed—we have no respect for the Senator or Representative, who is such a mere silly catspaw as to aid in pulling the government chesnuts out of the fire for the benefit of other States, to the exclusion of his own.

For our part, we would rather have no Constitution at all, than one which operates as a bar of iron to honest men, but is not the least hindrance to the reckless and unscrupulous, whose name is Legion.

A FOOLISH AND SHAMEFUL DEED.—The beautiful block of marble sent by the Pope of Rome as a contribution to the Washington Monument, recently was broken into pieces by some midnight depredators, who confined the sentinel in his watch-box, by drawing a rope tightly around it.

When this block was first received, considerable opposition was made to placing it in the monument, and we suppose that some of the viler class of those who made this opposition, have resolved to effect by force what they could not accomplish by argument.

The folly of such a deed is only equalled by its lawlessness. Were the Pope the greatest tyrant on earth, what reasonable American could object to his paying tribute to the republican and liberal character of Washington? This, at least, is a point in which we could all agree with him; and it should lead us to a still higher appreciation, if possible, of the Father of his Country, to think that his virtues were so great that men of all creeds, and of the most diverse political opinions, unite to do him honor.

A HINT FOR AMERICAN LEGISLATORS.—In the Legislature of Jamaica, a number of the members being desirous of preventing the passage of a bill, attempted to leave the Hall, so there should be no quorum left, but they found the door locked.

BAD EFFECTS OF IMPURE GAS.—We know not how pure our Philadelphia Gas is, but the London Commissioners of Sewers tell bad tales about the gas of that city. Dr. Letheby, Professor of Chemistry in the London Hospital, and the Chemical Referee of the City of London, asserts that both the subsoil and the atmosphere of that metropolis are poisoned by the impurities of foul gas. He says of the former:

The gas "contains a quantity of ammonia, which holds in solution a large amount of tar; and that whenever there is a leakage in the streets it comes out. During the last fifty years, where it has got into the public roads, it has rendered the soil near to it so offensive, that you can hardly move the pavement without doing a great deal of harm. What it may be in twenty years hence I cannot say, but I think it will be almost unsafe that you should then disturb the pavements at all." And with respect to the atmosphere, his words are, "I find that some of the companies are supplying gas to this metropolis, which, in the course of a few years, will tend to damage very much the atmosphere and the property in it, for such gas is so highly charged with sulphurets, that I am able to obtain as much as twenty-one grains of oil of vitriol from 100 cubic feet of gas." This getting into the atmosphere is highly destructive to property; "and there is not a library in the metropolis, the books in the upper shelves of which are not crumbling to pieces." The rain and the snow bring it down from the upper regions of the air. It kills the plants of the city, and it forms that dingy cloud which covers the glass of our widows. These are important facts for public consideration, and they suggest the necessity for some supervision of the numberless gas companies in the kingdom. Let us ask what is the total quantity of sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, which is annually poured forth from the gas-lights of London? Mr. Croll says the yearly consumption of gas amounts to 3,200 millions of cubic feet; and Dr. Letheby says every 100 cubic feet produce 21 grains of concentrated sulphuric acid. From these data we learn, therefore, that the enormous proportion of 670 millions of grains, or 100,000 *pounds, of corrosive vitriolic acid, are annually discharged from this source alone into the atmosphere of London.* And what, let us ask, must be the aggregate amount of mischief done by this one thing alone to both the health and property of its inhabitants? "Happily," says the Editor of the *Times*, "the evil admits of inquiry, and of exact measurement. That inquiry should be made; and there can be no doubt the first result of it will be an immense improvement in the manufacture of gas by every metropolitan company." At the present time, the various gas companies of England furnish no guarantee to the consumer as to the quality or the quantity of the material that is so largely supplied to him. It is laid on to his door, and the company's own meter is fixed in his house to register the quantity. Both the one and the other may be at fault, and yet the consumer has no means of discovering the error. It is high time that Government, or municipal authorities, should appoint competent persons to examine this matter, and to report at stated intervals on the quality of the gas consumed; for not only is this a subject of considerable importance to the consumer himself, but it is also one of great moment to the public generally. In point of fact, just as largely as we are interested in the supply of gas, so largely are we also interested in the supply being pure and honest; and it is to be hoped that the different gas companies of this country will not only apply science to the perfection of their processes, but will also give the public some guarantee that the material which they are distributing so extensively over the whole face of the land will not destroy health or damage property, but will be that which it has really the power of becoming—the most valuable boon of modern science.

The application of the above facts and remarks to our own gas and gas companies, is so apparent, that we need add very little to the sensible recommendations of the Times. If the London gas is impure, we have very little doubt that the American is equally, if not more so. And that the American companies will bear watching, is proven by the fact that the price of gas is very seldom reduced, without at least a proportionate increase in the amount *said* to be consumed. If, however, the consumers would keep a little watch upon the pressure, and turn the main stop-cock from one-third to two-thirds off, according as the flow of gas would bear it, they would probably get just as much light, and puzzle the companies a little.

A GREAT RAILROAD CENTRE.—We have received a circular of the Board of Trade, of Indianapolis, Indiana, with an engraving representing the railroads which centre at that place. It looks like a central Sun, with rays streaming from it in all directions. It is on the great central route from the Eastern cities to St. Louis and the Pacific, and *sixteen* different railways and four plank-roads centre there. The Board of Trade give such an inviting picture of its advantages, that, had we a "loose foot," we might be tempted to start off with the next train. They say: "Great inducements for farmers exist in the central parts of the state—fine lands being still obtained at very reasonable prices; while mechanics are much needed, and great numbers can find immediate employment. The streets of Indianapolis are broad, laid out at right angles, and well shaded." Public squares, public buildings, and public schools are also among the inducements. Capitalists can also get, *we suppose*, any amount of interest for their money—even to what is called in the west *one* per cent., if they are inclined to shave beneath the skin, and open an account with his Satanic Majesty. Altogether Indianapolis appears to be one of those cities, expressly designed to "go ahead." In truth the only bad thing we know about the place—and that makes us doubt a little whether its citizens are all their circular represents—is the fact that our subscription list at Indianapolis is not more than one-fourth the size it ought to be.

SECTARIANISM IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—A large meeting was held in this city on Saturday evening last, in opposition to a project now before the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to provide for the distribution of the funds raised by taxation for the support of the Public Schools, amongst such schools as may be under the superintendence of religious denominations.

The meeting voted unanimously, that it "would oppose any and all efforts to infuse into our system of education the spirit of sectarianism."

Approving entirely and warmly of this resolution, we must say that another resolution, commending indirectly the introduction of the Protestant version of the Bible into the Public Schools, seems to us rather inconsistent therewith. While we insist upon it, gentlemen, that the Papal bull shall not gore our ox, let us be equally careful that our ox does not gore—at least on such a free and equal platform as the Common School system should be—the Papal bull. We have a very high veneration for the Protestant version of the Scriptures; but we think the family circle, the Sunday Schools and churches, are far better places than the Common Schools, to instil its pure and holy maxims into the souls of the young.

THE IRISH EXILES.—Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, upon being interrogated recently respecting the rumored pardon of Smith O'Brien, said:—

The matter to which my honorable friend has adverted, has been under the consideration of Her Majesty's Government. The facts appear to be, that some of those who were transported with Mr. Smith O'Brien have thought fit *to break their parole*, and to escape from the place of their destination. Mr. Smith O'Brien, whatever may have been his faults or his guilt, has acted like a gentleman; (cheers,) has not taken advantage of the opportunities of which, had he been less honorably disposed, he might have availed himself; and it is therefore the intention of Her Majesty's Government, to advise the Crown to extend to Mr. Smith O'Brien the means of placing himself in the same situation, by an act of clemency on the part of the Crown, in which those other persons have placed themselves by a violation of the pledges which they had given. (Cheers.)

After the utterance of the above by Lord Palmerston, the Irish exiles in this country doubtless will feel the necessity of making some explanations.

THE DRESS QUESTION SETTLED AT LAST—WAR ARRESTED—MR. BUCHANAN NOT COMING HOME.—The following "highly important" intelligence is extracted from the London Advertiser:—

"It gives us much pleasure to be able to state, that the Queen has most graciously intimated to Mr. Buchanan, the American Ambassador, that it will in future be left to his Excellency to appear at state balls and her Majesty's dinner parties, in whatever costume is most agreeable to himself. The Lord Chamberlain has also made a similar communication to his Excellency, relative to his costume on the opening or closing of the sessions of Parliament.

Mr. Buchanan accordingly presented himself at the Queen's levee, in a plain, citizen's dress—and this momentous question is settled, as we prophesied it would be, (as the N. Y. Herald always says,) without Mr. Buchanan's leaving England in disgust, and without war.

We now have only to say to Mr. Mason, at Paris—"Go thou, and do likewise."

CUBA.—The confiscation of a portion of the cargo of the Black Warrior, at Havana, has naturally created a good deal of excitement among certain parties. The thing, as it stands, seems so unjustifiable, that we think it is only fair to Spain to wait and hear what is to be said on her side of the question. Our readers will remember that once or twice before this, things presented quite a different appearance after we had heard from Cuba the facts of the case. There appears to be a set of adventurers especially desirous of getting into a quarrel with the Cuban authorities, and they would willingly forfeit half a dozen cargoes belonging to other people, if they could make it appear in the United States that a flagrant wrong had been committed upon them.

[illegible]—Our opinion of this fact was confirmed, by reading an article from a medical correspondent of the Home Journal, instructing American ladies how to become as plump and fresh as some travellers assert (while others deny) the English ladies are. This medical gentleman's receipt for good looks is as follows:

Formula 1. Rise as nearly as possible after the sun; eat a slice or two of bread or toast, drink a cup of tea or coffee—and then take a ride (either trot or canter) of six miles; or if that be not practicable, a walk long enough to drive the blood through your veins, but never to *fatigue*. It is all *important*, in carrying out this prescription, to be careful *to light and replenish the flame of life within, before any exercise be taken*—that is, something must be placed in the stomach—that high-altar of health—that the thermometer of life may not sink during the stage of exercise, but be kept up to the point of healthy action. If this is not done, exercise of an active kind (especially in those of a delicate organization) will fatigue and depress, and thereby injure the system, instead of merely giving an active impetus to the blood, driving it into every molecule of the body, and sending our fair friend back to a hearty and more substantial meal, with an appetite which enables her to devour a broiled chicken, rolls, bread and toast, with a couple of eggs, and blush not at the havoc made at the breakfast-table. No. 2. Take, at eleven o'clock, *a table-spoonful of cod-liver oil*, followed by a couple of hard-crackers. No. 3. Eat a couple of crackers, and take a walk—not a *saunter*—but a hearty walk of an hour. No. 4. Take, at dinner, a *half-pint of the best English or Scotch pale ale.* (I cannot say too much regarding the valuable properties of this blood-vivifying, strength-giving, health-producing beverage.) After our fair friend has accustomed herself to the daily use of it, she should *increase the quantity to a pint*; but she should never take it at any other time but at dinner, and be careful to touch nothing else of the kind: let all other beverages be eschewed, except water, and a cup or two of tea in the evening, and coffee for breakfast. No. 5. Take a *table-spoonful of cod-liver oil*, followed by a slice of bread, or a couple of crackers, at the hour of retiring, which, as a rule, should be between ten and eleven o'clock. With a little attention to minor matters, and a strict attention to these rules, modified, as they should be, in some cases, by the advice of the family physician, (whom I take it for granted is a man of sense, and above prescribing medicine for every trifle, or ache, or pain,) our dear sisters and friends, our sweethearts and wives, may hope to attain and retain that roundness and freshness which is so desirable, and, I may add, attractive to those who love not angular lines, but prefer the rounded one of grace and beauty.

If we know a lady friend of ours lived on such a regimen as the above, we should always conceit that she had a smell and look of cod-liver oil and pale ale about her. But what will the Temperance people say to such a prescription? We know that ladies will do almost any thing to improve their looks, but we hope (for the sake of consumptives,) they will not all begin drinking cod-liver oil at once.

THE CONSOLIDATION CELEBRATION.—This was the greatest "fizzle" of the day. It consisted of three parts—a Ball, an Illumination, and a Banquet. The "Committee" are said to have "laid themselves out" on the first, several of them being entirely used up in the operation—and it is our private opinion, that they will continue "used up" for some time to come. The Ball was famous for its crowd, its disorder, and the utter impossibility of half the assembly getting anything to eat or drink; the Illumination for its unilluminated character; and the Banquet for its long speeches, and the presence of a "gentleman" who was caught appropriating—not the "species," who could have been well spared, but—the spoons.

We are sorry to see that some members of the press have found fault with the "Committee," for passing a resolution that the thirty-seven tickets distributed among the press were to be considered single tickets, and not, like all the other tickets, to admit a gentleman and two ladies. So far from being an indignity, we conceive this to be one of the highest compliments the press ever received. The Committee foresaw—like shrewd men—that ladies would soon wish themselves out of such a crowd, and did not wish to subject the female relatives and acquaintances of the members of the press, to such an unenviable situation. For one, we thank them.

During the whole of these Consolidation celebrations, one word probably has been oftener spoken by the public at large, than any other; it is the very significant and expressive term, Humbug! We chronicle them, therefore, as the last "fizzle" of old Philadelphia. We hope they betoken the expiring flash of that miserably contracted spirit, which always did things by halves—whose prodigality was tinctured with avariciousness, whose enterprise was crippled by a halting and misplaced economy, and even whose generosity was so impaired by a native illiberality, as to seem almost equivalent to insult.

THE TOMB OF WINTHROP.—A friend of ours, we believe a native Bostonian, calls attention to the fact that the tomb of Winthrop, the first Governor of the Province of Massachusetts, is in a somewhat neglected condition. It is in the South-West corner of the King's Chapel Burying Ground, Tremont Street, and was originally covered by a monument which bore the inscription, "THIS MARBLE COVERS DUST WORTHY TO BE ENCLOSED IN GOLD." This monument having become defaced, by accident or design, during the Revolution, it was replaced by the stone now standing, which bears simply the names, offices, and dates of birth and death of the mouldering form below. Our correspondent suggests the erection of a Monument, "worthy of the cherished patriot, and creditable to Boston." We have not much faith in *costly* monuments, as our readers know; but if the tomb of Winthrop is, as our correspondent states, "dilapidated by age," we should think it only proper in our Boston friends, to erect a plain and simple memorial of their first Governor, with an appropriate inscription. An expensive monument generally defeats the very end of its erection, by calling the attention of the beholder from the noble and beautiful character of the man in whose honor it was reared, and concentrating it upon the grandeur or elegance of his tombstone.

A writer says—and, as a general rule, he is right—that "to give alms to an unknown beggar in the street, may appear a humane, or, at least, a harmless act. But traced to its consequences in a vagabond mendicant population, preying upon the property and disturbing the peace of the community, it is a flagrant social offence."

Yes, but until some general and comprehensive system is adopted by the State, relative to this matter, who can avoid giving in cases where he thinks the distress real? What we want is a system of official inquiry, with not only poor-houses, but Houses of Industry, attached. Then let the suffering poor be relieved, and the idle and vicious poor be forced to work, receiving in return a maintenance, and no street beggary or road beggary be allowed. A system of this kind would cost the community probably less than the present no-system. For instance, one boy was found by the police not long since, with some ten dollars in dimes and half dimes, said to be the product of one day's begging. When a whining tale can make such wages, what a premium is offered to lazy vice over honest and industrious virtue. The industrious boy says: "See, I have made fifty cents to-day by working." "Pshaw," says the idler, "I have made one dollar, (or ten dollars, as the case may be,) by begging."

JUSTICE TO THE OLD STATES.—We are pleased to see that the House of Representatives has shown at last a disposition to do equal justice to the old States of the Union, in the matter of the public lands. Now that railroad grants to the amount of twenty-two million of acres have been passed for the benefit of our western friends, it is fit that the old thirteen should come in for an equal share of the balance. The amendment of Mr. Kerr, of North Carolina, to the grant of public lands in aid of the Minnesota Railroad, provided that the reserved sections should be sold for the benefit of the old States which had not received grants of public lands for internal improvement. This seems to us a perfectly fair proposition. The old States need money for railroads, which railroads are quite as much for the benefit of the west as of the east. Every railroad made from tide water to the borders of the Great West, adds to the value of property in both the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. What would the western roads be worth without eastern ones to connect with?—Really, the beneficial effects of eastern railroads upon the prosperity of the west, is so apparent, that we think the western members ought to cry out with one accord: "Do justice to the old States, for in aiding them to build new avenues of communication, you are benefiting us."

FOX'S ENIGMA.—A correspondent "M," says of this Enigma, which proved such a puzzle to many of our readers:—

It may not be amiss to say that when first published in this country, many years ago, it was attributed to Dr. Stock, a cotemporary of Fox, and a gentleman of high literary attainment, who came here a political refugee. If it can be obtained I will send you an answer in verse, written by a relative for private circulation, when the Enigma first appeared.

"M" thinks that the word Bedfellow is a better answer to the Enigma, than the Human Race.

☞ In the year 1800, there were four hundred and thirteen Quaker meeting-houses in England. There are now but three hundred and seventeen.

Original Letter.

LETTERS FROM MRS. DENISON

NUMBER II.

Looking for Land—First Sight of Land—Return to Barbadoes—Emerald Isle—The town of Bridgetown—Planting Plantations—A Ride—Excursion to Hackleton's Cliff—The Old Family Vault—The Negro Cabin and School—The Coffin Under the Roof.

Next to the delight of treading "terra firma" after a sea voyage, is the welcome sound of "land a-head." Then the pulses quicken, languor gives place to pleasing excitement, and one begins to think of the sufferings past as not to be compared with the present joy. It is intense pleasure to behold the changing color of the ocean—a "sea change" indeed "into something new and strange."

Flying-fish beat their tiny wings against the side of the vessel, and beautiful birds, their plumage dazzling white, hovered beyond our mast-head on the morning of our arrival near the Island of Barbadoes.

Wakened from a refreshing "early" nap by the heavy tramping of the sailors overhead, I was suprised to find myself alone. Not a soul was in the cabin—the sun was just dividing dawn from day, as I could tell by one red tinge, that streamed directly through to the solitary state-room of the ocean-buried. Shouts and laughter and snatches of song mingled with our Captain's shrill orders. There was in truth a merry gathering on deck. The old steward passing tea and coffee—the sailors working with a will—this passenger singing, another amusing the company with rifle shooting, and all with glances turned eagerly landward.

There lay Barbadoes on our left—a beautiful island, its swelling lands in the background, rich with the sugar-cane—its lofty palm trees, nodding to the wind—all deeply, gloriously green—and rising like a "thing of beauty" out of the blue ocean. It came nearer to my idea of an "Emerald Isle," studded with fair gems, than any other vision I have ever beheld. Punts and canoes, with various kinds of sail boats, shot in and out among the shipping—some filled with natives whose brown and naked backs glistened in the sun.

Arrived on shore, some hundred persons lined the wharf and streets through which we passed. We were agreeably surprised at the delightful breeze that constantly agitated the atmosphere. It was like June weather in the States—no intense heat—no dry, parched wind—but everywhere salubrious and refreshing. The roads of Barbadoes are unpleasantly dazzling. They are covered with a kind of white marl, that in the sunlight glistens like snow. A noisier or more apparently contented set of Africans, than those of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, I never saw. You may sit at your chamber window and learn their whole details and routine of business, for they do not talk, they scream. It is constant—

"Neighbor, neighbor, how art thee,"—and, "How is neighbor next to thee,"—and, "Tell me your affairs, and I'll tell you mine."

The fruit here was, to our Northern palates, quite delicious, though they call it poor. It is certain we did not stint ourselves, in full sight of oranges, pines, bananas, mangoes and various other delicious fruits.

A drive through Bridgetown in the early morning, before the cane shadows slant along the field, or the sun throws its white glare over the roads, is one of the many pleasant enjoyments that a stranger can experience. Every foot of land is under high cultivation; here the polished cane—there the fields of Guinea corn—patches of peas and ground-vines—gardens of banana, mango and orange trees, with here and there clumps of the tall cocoa-nut—surrounded by hedges of enormous cacti, in full and beautiful bloom. Flowers grow in luxuriant wildness along the roadside—trees, drooping with moss, and covered with gorgeous, crimson blooms, burst upon the sight at every turn—and a species of the banyan, shoots its thousand stems into the soil—of itself, a forest of foliage and shade. Every house or little cottage, fronted by lattice-work, stands in its own garden—and from many a loose shutter is thrust the woolly head and large shining eyes of the genuine African. Sheets of clear water, and gardens of great beauty, rest and refresh the eye. We visited the garrison, over which Her Majesty exercises a careful supervision. The buildings are all substantial, if not handsome—the grounds laid out with great precision, and with regard to effect. Three regiments are at present stationed there—one composed entirely of negroes, who camp in tents, and have a fine, artistic effect when in full uniform. A marble monument that stands erected to one woman and seventeen soldiers, who perished in the last terrible hurricane—which visited the island, I think, in 1831, is one of the "sights."

The last day of our stay in this charming place, we devoted to an excursion to the highest eminence in Barbadoes—Hackleton's Cliff. A ride of two hours, brought us to the height, where we entered a rude building situated on the extreme edge of a precipitous ledge of rock, and from one end of which the glorious view of hill and valley and ocean burst at once upon our vision like a scene of enchantment. Beyond us was "little Scotland," her picturesque hills lying in diversified patches of green, sombre and sprightly—while intervening were valleys and ravines—plantations rich with fruit and cane—white, winding roads—abrupt risings covered with palm and mahogany trees; and afar off—so far that the roar of its surge is never heard—the snowy crests of the ocean rolled in upon the sand, shining with a lustre that is indescribable.

In a walk about the heights we "chanced upon" a negro school. The matron—a polished specimen of easy and intelligent ebony, sat in her little hut surrounded by some of the smallest, blackest, funniest little beings I ever saw. In each tiny hand was a book, and every queer little head seemed bent ever in earnest contemplation. The daughter of the "school-marm" sat near the door, reading from the Testament, and each little black joined the exercise in her turn. It was a strange sight. Within hand's reach grew clusters of limes, lemons and oranges, and rank, glossy foliage screened that lowly hut from the intenser rays of the burning sun.

Looking upward, I saw with surprise a long, white pine coffin resting on beams under the roof.

"That's my father's, misse," said the old lady, observing my look of wonder—"the old man had it made years ago, all ready case he dies—he's well and hearty now, thank God—you'll see him presently."

What a lesson to giddy life taught by this unpolished African. The very act seemed to say—"I'm not afraid to die." It told of simple, earnest, unaffected faith—a trust in religion—a hope in the God of his fathers, such as few, very few acknowledge, or experience.

The old family vault at Hackleton Cliff, is a curiosity. You descend by rude steps cut in the stone into a grey and neglected hollow—filled with weeds, stones and lizards. Who lies under those two iron sealed doors—nobody knows. There is no inscription—and the iron is red with rust. Probably this spot was once highly ornamented with roses, and fragrant shrubs—but nobody honors the poor dust today. They have passed away, and gone entirely from the memory of men—a fitting lesson on the fleeting honors of life, and the "forgotten pride of the grave."

My next will probably be dated at Georgetown, Demerara—and much I long to see and tell of the wonders of my new home.

M. A. D.

MOTTO TO AN OLD BOOK.

"May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurled,
Till an ant to its dregs drinks the ocean,
Or a tortoise hath crawl'd round the world."

☞ Two men were conversing about the ill-humor of their wives. "Ah!" said one with a sorrowful expression, "mine is a tartar!"—"Well," replied the other, "mine is worse than all that—mine is the *Cream of Tartar!*"

☞ REQUISITES FOR A NURSE.—An individual who wanted a person to take care of his children, advertised for "one whose patience is inexhaustible, whose temper is tireless, whose vigilance is unwinking, whose power of pleasing is boundless, whose industry is matchless, and whose neatness is unparalleled."

☞ DIPLOMACY.—The art of saying something when you have got nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you have really got something to say.—*Punch.*

☞ An Irishman lost his hat in a well, and was let down in a bucket to recover it; the well being deep, his courage failed him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above him—they lent a deaf ear to all he said, till at last, quite in despair, he bellowed out, "Be Saint Patrick, if you don't be after drawing me up, sure I'll *cut the rope!*"

☞ The Empress of France having been recommended by her physicians to exercise, has a pair of skates arranged with wheels, and on them she skims about on the polished floors of the Tuilleries.

☞ There is nothing more frightful than for a teacher to know only what his scholars are intended to know.—*Goethe.*

New Publications.

NEW BOOKS.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By J. B. Booth. Published by Leary & Getz, Philada.

CLASSIC AND HISTORIC PORTRAITS. By Jas. Bruce. Published by Redfield, New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, 178 Chesnut Street, Philada.

THE GRINNELL EXPEDITION in search of Sir John Franklin. A personal narrative, by ELISHA KENT KANE, M. D., U. S. N., New York; Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This narrative of Arctic adventure is written by an able hand, and makes such a book as will be perused with delight by multitudes of readers. It revives in our memory the lively pleasure with which in childhood we pored by the hour over the fascinating pages of Franklin and Parry's "Northern Regions." The book is abundantly illustrated, and contains a map of the recent discoveries.

THE WORKING MAN'S WAY IN THE WORLD. Being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer. Redfield: New York. For sale by W. P. Hayner, 178 Chesnut Street.

Written in the diffused style that betrays an unskillful hand at book-making, but containing details of some interest.

CARLINGTON CASTLE. A tale of the Jesuits. By C. G. H., author of "The Curate of Linwood," "Amy Harrington," "Norman Leslie," &c. New York; Bunce & Brother. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A romantic tale, apparently of much interest.

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From Munich to Vienna—Quaint Old Nuremberg, with its Numberless Attractions—A City of Inventions.

Between Munich and Vienna, the most direct communication is the same as it was in the last century. One cannot put on the "seven league boots" of this fast generation, and visit the two capitals in the same day. A long and tedious stage ride of two days and two nights, separates these two great capitals of Southern Germany, and though a railway is projected, it promises to advance with true German caution and slowness to its completion. The shortest route between the two cities is the base of a pentagon, not far from equilateral, the remaining four sides of which are formed by railroads, so that the best way to reach one city from the other is to traverse the periphery, or by taking still more time, ride to the Danube, and then tediously descend this stream. If there had been no other cause to determine my route, the greater convenience of the railway would have been sufficient, and, therefore, one cold morning, premonitory of the approaching winter, I booked myself for Nuremburg, my first stopping place on the route.

No one who has a trace of veneration for the monuments of the past, or of regard for the activity of the present, will regret visiting Nuremburg. While Munich is in every feature a creation of the nineteenth century, Nuremburg is as evidently a well preserved specimen of the sixteenth, but a specimen in which the spirit of the nineteenth has found a lodgment and a working place. It has another claim upon our notice For how much of the most unmixed happiness is the world indebted to this city of notions. The "rising generation" of christendom, whether living on the Mississippi, the Danube, or the Amazon, must, once a year, at least, utter a hearty benediction on its beneficent artisans! It is the toy manufactory for the world. The little urchin, who leaves his turkey dinner, and his plum pudding, for a wheel pony or a dancing monkey, for a wooden menagerie or a steamboat, warranted not to burst her boiler; the little blue eyed maiden who loves her new doll, almost as well as her mother loves her, must thank this "quaint old town of art and song" for their treasures. When one comes within her walls, those walls with their grand round towers, the design of her greatest artist, Albert Durer, he is carried back to a double past, the past of his childhood and the past, the bloom of the city itself. Here, on every hand stand evidences of the wealth, the power, the taste of her merchant princes. Her noble churches, specimens of a pure Gothic style, in keeping with a city whose palmy days are in the past, not the future, and the numerous private mansions ornamented with a richness and purity fit for palaces, stand sponsors for the munificence of its citizens. Their preservation in their primitive beauty, or renovated in strict accordance with their original design, bear witness to the taste of their successors, and give to the town a tinge of the olden time that must be pleasant to all, but the most hopeless progressive. If you could forget for a moment that you had come by railway, you might fancy that your business was to sit to Albert Durer for your portrait, or to have your shoes mended by Hans Sachs. But with all this shadow of the past about you, there is nothing gloomy. It is not difficult to believe that the cobbler poet and his compeers had a right jolly time over their mugs of beer, even without pipes; though they knew nothing of boiler burstings, telegraphs, or spiritual knockings.

The two principal churches of Nuremburg gave me an unspeakable pleasure. After coming from the gorgeous temples of Munich, monuments of an art loving monarch, blazing with gold, and dazzling with their brilliant, frescoed walls, it was like stepping from the glorious sunshine into the cool shade of some primeval forest, to stand within these walls, in the shadow of those columns, beneath those gently bending arches, pious imitations by art of what God had revealed to her in Nature. There were pious hearts imbued with a love of art and a love of God in those olden times, expressing themselves in a language that in these days would be foolish babbling. When one looks at the so called Sacrament's Hauschen, in the St. Lawrence Church, really a miracle of art, one cannot help blessing the pious Kraft, who labored unremunerated through long years, amid poverty and destitution upon this time consuming work; to him a test of faith, to us a thing of beauty. This master-piece of the sculptor, the receptacle for the host, in the days when the Church was devoted to Catholic service, is an exquisitely wrought piece of tracery, in the form of a pyramid, resting upon the shoulders of the sculptor and two of his workmen. It clambers aloft, as if it were a living vine, and not a lifeless stone, and near the ceiling gently bends over as if its weight were a trifle too great for the attenuated stem to bear. On the various faces, and at different elevations, the several scenes in the passion of Christ are delineated with a master's power. Nowhere but in Nuremburg, to my knowledge, can one see the wonderful genius of this great but humble master. In every work with which he adorns the city of his home, there is a strength, an accuracy, a finish and a delicacy, rare in his or any other age. When one compares the perfection of his figures, or those of his contemporary, Peter Vischer, with the paintings of Wohlgemuth, or Albert Durer, the latter remind one of the first rude sketches of a child learning to draw.

Nuremburg has a face to the past, for which we hurriers to the future must thank her. She has a face also to the future. Let that not want our recognition. In this fossil of the time of the reformation a busy world has esconced itself, and stretches forth its hands in every direction to seize the food that comes to him that earns it. Of its toys, I have already intimated. But that is but one branch of its industry. In the article of lead pencils it has a well-earned and unrivalled fame. The "Faber" pencils that are in the hand of every school child, are the product of a Nuremburg workshop. The cheap microscopes, by which so many are introduced into the mysteries of the infinitesimal world, are here made in masses, and indeed, in all the ordinary optical instruments, Nuremburg carries on a brisk trade. In the articles of bronze, the manufacture is not inconsiderable, and in papier mache, I know of no place worthy to be called a rival. In the workshops here, busts and statuettes, mouldings, and fancy work of all kinds are produced, that for sharpness and delicacy stand little behind bronze. The papier mache is of an entirely different kind from that which I described in speaking of the workshops of Birmingham. It is obvious that a material composed of super-posed layers of pasteboard would not be suitable for the preparation of busts, animal figures, flowers, mouldings, &c. The article here used corresponds more nearly with the term papier mache, literally "chewed paper." It is a fine pulp which yields readily to the operator's hand, and hardens into beautiful forms, which his skill imparts to it.

In the permanent exhibition of the productions of Nuremburg, where one for four cents may get a bird's-eye view of the industry of the city, and see the newest specimens from the workshops of all kinds, were articles of this manufacture, which bronzed, would deceive the not very attentive observer into the belief that they were really metal.

There is one work in which the Nuremburg artists excel, which, in the nature of things, must have more honor at home than abroad, their photographic portraits. Daguerreotypes in Europe seem to be prized less than they are in America, and as a cause or a consequence of this, are by no means so fine as those which our artists produce. Photographs, on the other hand, are much more the favorites of the people, and are far superior to any I have seen in the United States. Nuremburg exhibits the art in the greatest perfection. Paris, Berlin and Vienna must all yield the palm to Nuremburg. The variety, excellence, and extent of the manufactures of this city, of which I have given but an incomplete sketch, will convince any one who examines them, that, with all their reverence for the monuments of the past, with all their conservation of their inherited treasures, the inhabitants are no "old fogies." In every period of their history they have shown the same character, an earnest striving after something new. No city in the world has given a greater number of inventions to the world, or been readier to adopt improvements suggested by the example of others.

When you take out your time-piece, thinking it can't be far from dinner time, or to see how much time you have to make up the few hundreds you need before three o'clock, and ask, whence comes this convenient pocket piece? you will probably answer, not from Nuremburg, but from M. I. Tobias or Johnson. True, but its great-grandfather began its everlasting tick—tick—tick in a Nuremburg shop. If you indignantly repudiate any relationship between your elegant gold lever and the rude egg-shaped monster of the fifteenth century, I refer you to Professor Agassiz, who has shown that eggs may undergo very singular transformations. Does the snipe shooter who, at each shot, stops to admire the mechanism that enables him to make the feathers fly so finely, remember that the great, first ancestor of his fowling piece was a much respected citizen of Nuremburg; and he who is aroused from the first good sound sleep of the early night by a feline opera troupe, rehearsing "Diavolo!" to which he introduces a scene not meditated in the programme, by means of a noiseless air-gun, does he, before sinking again into the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer," give a silent benediction upon the beneficent Nuremberg genius who invented it? Nuremburg can pride herself upon other things than guns and watches. Here was wire-drawing first discovered, brass first manufactured. In a little street in Nuremburg, stands to this day the first observatory erected in Europe. Here, Baheim, a companion of Vasco de Gama, made the first artificial globe. Nuremburg established the first orphan asylum in Europe, and was the first imperial city to declare for the reformation. Here, for the first time in Germany, were streets paved, and here, too, was the first railway in Germany constructed.

A famous old town is Nuremburg! all honor to her past! to her sculptors and artisans! and honor to the honest, industrious, good humored and generous inhabitants that now work within her walls.

C. G.

Miscellaneous.

EPITAPH.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN.

On "Charley," a Horse who Died, Universally Lamented, Dec. 25, 1853, Aged 23 Years.

Here lies a faithful steed,
A staunch, uncompromising "Silver Grey,"
Who ran the race of life with sprightly speed,
Yet never ran—away.

Bright were his eyes, yet soft,
And "in the main" his tail was white and flowing,
And though he never sketched a single draught,
He showed some taste *for drawing.*

His limbs were smooth and clean,
Fitted alike for buggy or for dray;
And, like Napoleon the Great, I ween,
He had a martial neigh!

No light or trifling weed,
Nor empty bombast from his lips would swell;
For, save some quiet horse-laugh, chuckling heard,
His tongue was *bridled* well!

Wild oats he never sowed,
Yet masticated tame ones with much zest;
Then, cheerfully, bore each light allotted load—
As cheerfully took rest.

Full oft he lay secure,
Installed within his stall so warm and fair,
Slow-ruminating, dignified, demure,
With such a *stable* air!

With here and there a speck
Of roan, diversifying his white back,
And, martyr-like, a halter round his neck,
Which bound him to the rack!

Mortal he was—at length
The hay-day of his life was damped by death,
So, mustering all his once loco-moving strength,
He *drew*—his final breath!

WAR FEELING IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The young officers seem all glad of a little excitement, and most of those who go are from our highest ranks, many possessing large estates and representing old families, but keen to go. Sir James Ferguson, with immense estates and £12,000 a-year, Sir James Dunlop, the eldest son of Sir Ralph Anstruther, all youths little more than twenty. The Duke of Cambridge is keen to go, and there is quite an eager rivalship among those who hope for a command.

In the Navy there is a similar spirit. Capt. Hope, who is under the care of doctors and very ill, at once broke through all restraint, flew up to London, and got a command, though scarcely expected to live; but he is one of our most brilliant officers, very handsome, very distinguished, and has an estate of £7,000 a-year. He is brother-in-law to Lord Kincaird, and performed some very dashing exploits formerly. But on all sides we hear the most interesting incidents relating to those who are eager to go, especially Lord Cardigan, who is an enthusiastic soldier.—*Letter from Scotland.*

A MOTHER'S GIFT.—On the 17th ultimo, says the Palmer, Massachusetts Journal, a chest came ashore at West Falmouth, in which was some valuable clothing and a small tuck Bible, on the fly leaf of which was pasted the following lines:—

"A parent's blessing on her son,
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling;
Remember, 'tis no common toy,
A mother's gift—remember, boy!"

A Daguerreotype of a lady, supposed to be the mother of the owner of the chest, was also found. The word "Boston," written with chalk, was upon the chest, which is painted light blue. No name nor any initials were found. What a tale does this Bible tell! It was the gift of a mother to her son, who had left her to encounter the perils of the ocean. Will not the verse found in the Bible convey to that anxious mother the fate of her absent boy—tell her that he has found a grave in the deep, deep sea?

AN ODD SPECULATION.—A gentleman—Mr. Harrington—has revived, in a lecture which he has been delivering, the discussion as to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his expedition, insisting that the compass needle indicates that large quantities of electricity are continually travelling towards the poles; that, being condensed, combustion ensues there; and that they are the two hottest portions of the globe. He maintains that this is indicated by the loud cracking noises heard in those regions, and the aurora borealis, as well as by a current of water from the North. He insists that there must be a temperate climate between the ice-bound quarter and the fire at the pole, and that it is said that animals in the polar regions migrate to the North during the winter. He contends that Sir John Franklin may be in a genial climate, but that without fuel and steam he may be unable to return, on account of a constant wind rushing towards the pole to feed the fire!—*London Times.*

POPULATING THE WEST.—The settlement of the Western States is generally credited to New England, yet the United States census of 1850 shows conclusively, that the share of New England was but a small one when compared with the part taken by the two great States of Pennsylvania and New York. When the census referred to was taken, there was in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri, 324,916 natives of Pennsylvania, 330,908 natives of New York, and but 180,791 natives of New England, or 716,910 natives of New York and Pennsylvania; to 180,791 natives of New England. The number of Pennsylvanians in Ohio alone, 300,684, exceeded the whole number of New Englanders in the West, while in the State of Michigan there were no less than 133,756 New Yorkers.

☞ A Western paper, speaking of a man who died in the most abject poverty and neglect, said that "he died without the *aid* of a physician."

☞ "I am going to the Post-Office, Bob; shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, you may inquire for me if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there!"

Clippings.

EPITAPH ON A CARPENTER.

Fame will be mute, yet no'er a piece could get,
And tired by nothing, though he was no wit;
Old saws he had, although no antiquarian,
And stiles corrected, yet was no grammarian.

☞ SERVICE IN AUSTRALIA.—A young servant girl, previous to going into service, and after ascertaining very particularly what amount of work there was to be done, wanted to know, before she could accept the situation, whether the family were prepared to make herself generally useful!

☞ Boys quarrel about everything. Master Mulloney, the other day, threatened to "cave in" Johnny McCracken's head, because he (McC.) would not keep his foot out of his (M.'s) mud puddle. How ridiculous! About as funny as the dispute which every now and then breaks out between Spain and Portugal.

☞ Queer people for amusement in Greenland. They have a play in which everybody pulls his neighbor's nose; and the harder it is drawn upon, the louder the sufferer is expected to laugh. They sit down to bear's meat, and drink a couple of quarts of grease. For fun and luxury you must walk up North.

☞ A GOOD JOKE.—In the breach of promise case now on trial in San Francisco, California, the mother of the plaintiff, in giving her testimony, stated that she kept a boarding house in Sacramento two years ago; that her boarders were members of the Legislature, but whether they were *gentlemen* or not *she did not know!*

☞ General Meadows being on a reconnoitering party in the Mysore country, a large shot struck the ground at some distance from him, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he continued his route. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and pulling off his hat as the shot rolled past, good humoredly said, "I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with gentlemen of your family."

☞ The term cabbage, by which tailors designate the cribbed pieces of cloth, is said to be derived from an old word, "cablesh," i. e. wind-fallen wood; and their "hell," where they store the cabbage, from "helan," to hide.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ The best board in the world for dyspeptic young ladies, is said to be the washboard. It gives them strength of muscle, exuberance of spirits, a good appetite for their meals, and supercedes the necessity of painting their faces.

☞ I hate all bungling as I do sin, but particularly bungling in politics, which leads to the misery and ruin of many thousands and millions of people.

☞ When some one in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre was observing, in Jas. Smith's hearing, that an actress—at the moment on the stage,—looked very sulky, and was very badly dressed, he replied: "It is easily accounted for; she has had a quarrel with her new dress, and *has not made it up.*"

A TRUE PATRIOT.

He, in the firmament of honor, stands,
Like a star, fix'd, not moved with any thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self opinion; he hath saved his country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty.

☞ A STITCH IN THE WRONG PLACE.—A clever but eccentric man complained to Sir J. Davies, in riding, that he had a stitch in his side. "I don't wonder at it," was the reply, "for you ride like a tailor."

☞ The London Times thinks that, as the working classes of London, a batch of creeds would hardly do much harm—*for they could not possibly be made less religious than they are.*

☞ The editor of the Water-Cure Journal thinks that a "*shawl* should never be worn by woman or man. It prevents free exercise in walking or working, contracts the chest, and makes the wearer 'round-shouldered.' Besides, it is unmanly. Let both men and women wear COATS, instead of shawls."

☞ THE CZAR'S WATER-COLOR.—The carnage which stained the waves at Sinope, was intended to convert the Black Sea into a Russian lake.

POSTSCRIPT.

CALIFORNIA STEAMERS.—SAD OCCURRENCE.—The George Law and the Star of the West have arrived at New York, bringing over 600 passengers and nearly $2,000,000 in gold.

The most important feature of the news brought by the Star of the West, and one that will cause many a heart to weep in anguish, is the announcement that twenty-four persons, on their way from California to the Atlantic States, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat in Virgin Bay, on the 2nd inst. This melancholy catastrophe happened while the passengers were leaving the shore for the steamer. The small boat is alleged to have been greatly overcrowded, which, together with the wind and waves, caused her to upset. The names of the parties lost and saved are appended.

NAMES OF THE LOST.—Major Baird has furnished the following list of the names of persons lost at Virgin Bay:

Mrs. C. Sylvestre, English, going to Manchester, to her daughter; had on her person [illegible] Found.

C. Sylvestre, husband of lady. Not found. Supposed to have on his person $4,000.

Daniel McLaud, aged about 30 years. Belonged to Dover, Me.

David Churchill, Sycamore, De Kalb co., Ill; had on his person $29 75; aged about [illegible] years.

Chas. Lyons, Brooklyn, N. Y.

George Seaver, Unity, Maine, aged about [illegible] years.

Francis Harris, Hazel Green, Wis; had on his person 119 ounces gold, also $234 40 in coin; about 30 years.

Edward Thomas, boy, Dodsville, Wis; $45 20.

John Knight, Dodsville. Not found. Supposed to have a large amount of money on his person.

Jacob Lewis, N. Y.

Mearcey Moore, native of Central America. Drowned in attempting to save others.

Jas. Potter, Wm. Dunn, D. W. Land, T. [illegible] Detroit, Mich.

Old man, Battle Creek, Michigan, perhaps 60 years, small stature, in feeble health, going to the plains to California; was a wheelwright by trade.

Robert Hutchingson, Nevada, Cal.

Isaac Edge, White Oak Springs, Wis.; had on his person, 110 ounces gold dust, valuables, and [illegible] coin.

David Lewis, mulatto man, 27 years old, Philadelphia, Pa. His friends suppose him to have been robbed, as he floated ashore.

H. W. Studley, Branch Co., Mich., aged [illegible] Body not found. Had when lost $600, or [illegible] coin.

William H. Gardiner, C. Vine, F. [illegible] O'Leary.

NAMES OF THE SAVED.—Enclose is a list of names of the persons who were in the boat swamped at Virgin Bay, and who were saved:

Jos. Fisher and wife, Timothy Danohoe, wife and child, Mrs. Herin, Lyman Studley, Alvin T. [illegible] John D. Huntington, W. S. Frier, W. Ferris, [illegible] Drury, Wilson Beardsley, P. Josephs, Wm. [illegible]ton, T. Spaulding, J. V. Hagar, Geo. Marsh, [illegible] McMains, W. Miller, D. Betts, Bill, colored; F. Schermder, A. Farris, J. McChristie, G. S. [illegible] C. Saunders, John Peterson, Wm. Oatman, [illegible] Bennett, F. Jeffrey, S. H. West, S. D. Grant, H. Kennedy, W. N. Shaw, S. Styner, M. B. [illegible] W. Totman, P. H. Catlin, W. Plumb, A. J. [illegible] J. H. Hackman, S. F. Dexter, F. Bay, R. [illegible] F. H. Bell, J. Rayner, B. Fogerty, B. F. Mo[illegible] L. Hays, J. Clough, O. R. Cambell.

In less than an hour after the accident occurred sixteen dead bodies were upon the beach, dragged ashore by the natives, others washed in with the surf. Several others were subsequently found, and about half a dozen more were lost. The missing—51 of those in the launch were [illegible] The first body recovered was that of a woman whose clothing were found large sums of [illegible] Her husband was also drowned, who also had thousands of dollars, the weight of which perhaps is causing their deaths. One man had on him an inflated life preserver, but beneath it a belt of gold, sufficiently heavy to weigh him down. The persons of most of the drowned contained more or less gold. It was not, therefore, necessary to made them steerage passengers.

On the following day, March 3rd, the bodies recovered were buried together by the passengers on shore. The occasion was one of great solemnity. Each coffin was carried by four persons, thus forming a lengthy procession, which was followed by most of the passengers and a crowd of the natives. It is seldom that a more melancholy and impressive spectacle is witnessed. An awful solemnity pervaded the place as the procession passed through the village and over the hills to the place of burial.

Here, after impressive and appropriate religious obsequies, were deposited the remains of those human beings, who but the day before were full of life and health, and hope and joy, returning, after a toilsome exile in a far off land, to enjoy the fruits of their labors in their native or adopted homes. Immediately after the funeral services were concluded, the remainder of the passengers and freight of the Brother Jonathan were conveyed to the Ocean, and early in the evening she departed for the [illegible]

SEIZURE OF THE BLACK WARRIOR AT HAVANA.—A telegraphic despatch from the Captain of the Black Warrior, to the owners in New York, states that the reason assigned by the Cuban authorities for the detention of the steamer, is that the cargo in-transit, is not manifested. The steamer was on her thirty-sixth visit to that port, had the same form of manifest always used, which was never questioned before. The authorities had declared the cargo confiscated—and were discharging it.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 7th, Mr. Everett said that he was absent on Saturday morning when the final vote was taken on the Nebraska Bill. He was severely indisposed at that time, and, as well known, his health had not been good for some time. He was, on that night over fatigued, and was unable to remain till the hour when the vote was taken. There could be no doubt as to how he would have voted, had he been present. He had opposed the bill in Committee—had opposed the test amendment declaring the Missouri Compromise inoperative and void, and had expressed his views in opposition to the bill. There could, therefore, be no doubt but that he would have voted against the bill. He now desired the unanimous consent of the Senate to have his vote recorded against the bill.

Mr. Clayton said he had been desirous to record his vote in favor of the repeal of the 8th section of the Missouri Act—but when heard the Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Norris) advocating the bill as a triumph over the true non-intervention proposed by his bill of 1848, he determined to vote against the bill. He had remained till a late hour, but was unable to stay till 5 o'clock. He therefore desired to have his name recorded against the passage of the bill.

Mr. Weller said he desired to interpose no obstacle to the request, but he would like to know what had been the general rule in the Senate?

The Chair said that the rule was positive, that no vote could be recorded after the result was announced. It therefore required unanimous consent.

Mr. Dawson said he would not object, but if this precedent was established, the same thing could not be denied hereafter. Hereafter, when it might be necessary to pass a measure, to prolong the session during the night, Senators knowing this, could record their votes next day would prefer to be more comfortable at home than in the Senate, and thus there might not be a quorum present.

Mr. Adams said there were other Senators who were not here, who would like to have the same opportunity.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, objected. He objected because of the reasons suggested by the Senator from Georgia. Other Senators who could not attend at that time of taking that vote would come in day after day, and ask the same favor. To allow such things would, at some occasions, lead to a difference in the result.

The request was then withdrawn.

On the 8th, Mr. Shields, from the Conference Committee on the bill for the relief of the officers and soldiers on the steamer San Francisco, at the time of her wreck, made a report, which was agreed to.

Mr Shields moved to take up the bill to promote the efficiency of the army, by providing for the retirement on reduced pay, of disabled officers.—Agreed to, and the bill was passed.

The bill granting land to several States for the relief of the indigent Insane, was taken up and passed. Yeas 25, nays 12.

After an Executive Session, the Senate adjourned.

On the 9th, Mr. Sumner presented several remonstrances against the Nebraska Bill.

Mr. Seward presented a similar remonstrance from the students of Hamilton College, New York; also, a remonstrance, one hundred feet long, signed by three thousand persons, with their places of residence, in Brooklyn, New York. Also, the remonstrance of the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Cass presented a similar remonstrance.

Mr. Walker reported back the Homestead Bill, with the unanimous recommendation of the Committee in its favor. It was then postponed to and made the special order for Monday next.

The bill to compensate William Burt for the use of his Solar Compass in surveying public lands, was taken up. The bill gives him a gratuity for his invention, the sale of his instrument not yielding him any remuneration. Yeas 17, noes 15.

Mr. Morris objected to the passage of the bill, and it was laid over.

The bill to promote the efficiency of the army by providing a retired list for disabled officers, which was ordered to be engrossed, was taken up. The question was taken on its final passage, and resulted—ayes 21, noes 3; no quorum.

The question was then taken by yeas and nays, and no quorum voting, the Senate at one o'clock adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Shields moved to suspend the private calendar and take up the bill to promote the efficiency of the officers of the Army, which bill was laid aside yesterday for want of a quorum. He said there was a pressing necessity for the passage of the bill at this time.

Mr. Pettit said he did not believe there would ever be any necessity for such a bill, and insisted on the consideration of the private calendar.

The private calendar was then taken up. After some debate, the Senate postponed many and passed ten private bills. The bill constituting Dubuque and Keokuk, Iowa, ports of delivery, was passed.

After an Executive Session, adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 6th, Mr. Appleton presented the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature in favor of the cheap Ocean Postage.

Mr. Fuller presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Maine in opposition to the clause in the Nebraska Bill repealing the Missouri Compromise.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Homestead Bill.

Mr. Dean moved a modification of the fourth section, so as to exclude within the provisions of the act, persons who may declare their intention to become citizens after the passage of the act. He was opposed to all special legislation, and said there was no reason why a person who declared his intention the next week or next year after the bill has passed, should not be entitled to its benefits equally with with those who had done so heretofore. He was opposed to making any discrimination as to giving its benefits only on condition of actual settlement and improvement.

Mr. Dawson opposed the amendment, on the ground that the bill should be confined to those who had now declared their intention, or were now citizens. The amendment was rejected.

A number of amendments were offered and rejected.

The Committee then rose, and the bill as amended was reported to the House.

Mr. Goode moved to lay it on the table. Negatived by a vote of 60 yeas to 124 nays.

The question was then taken on the first amendment, restricting the benefits of the bill to free white persons, and adopted. Yeas 101, nays 78.

The bill provides as follows: First that any free white person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and is a citizen of the United States, shall be entitled to enter, free of cost, one quarter section of vacant and unappropriated public land, which at the time of his application may be subject to private entry at $1.25 per acre, or a quantity equal thereto to be located in a body in conformity with the legal sub-divisions of the public lands, and after the same shall have been surveyed.

Second. The person applying for the benefit of this act shall, upon application to the Register of the Land Office, in which he or she is about to make such entry, make affidavit before the said Register that he or she is the head of a family, or twenty-one years of age; and after making affidavit, and filing it with the Register, he or she shall thereupon be permitted to enter the quantity of land already specified: provided that no certificate shall be given or patent issued therefor until the expiration of five years from the date of such entry; and if at the expiration of such time, the person making such entry; or if he be dead, his widow; or in case of his death, his heirs or devisee; or in case of a widow making such entry, her heirs or devisee, in case of her death shall prove by two credible witnesses, he, she or they, have continued to reside upon and cultivate said land, and still reside upon the same, and have not alienated it, or any part thereof, then in such case he, she or they, shall be entitled to a patent, as in other cases provided for by law.

Provided further, that in case of the death of the father and mother, leaving an infant child or children under 21 years of age, the right and the fee shall inure to the benefit of said infant child or children, and the executors, administrators or guardians may, at any time within two years after the death of the surviving parent, and in accordance with the laws of the State in which such children, for the time being, have their domicile, sell said land for the benefit of said infants, but for no other purpose, and the purchasers shall acquire the absolute title by the purchase, and be entitled to a patent from the United States.

Third. All land acquired under this act shall in no event become liable to the satisfaction of any debts contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor.

Fourth. In case the person who has filed the affidavit required, shall have changed his or her residence, or abandoned said entry for more than six months, at any one time; in that event, the land so entered is to revert back to the Government, subject to an appeal to the General Land Office.

Fifth. If any individual, now a resident of any of the States or Territories, and not a citizen of the United States, but at the time of making such application for the benefit of this act, shall have filed a declaration of intention, as required by the naturalization laws of the United States, and shall become a citizen of the same before the issuance of the patent, as made and provided for in this act, shall be placed upon an equal footing with the native born citizens of the United States.

Sixth. No individual is permitted to make more than one entry under the provisions of this act, and the Commissioner of the General Land Office is required to prepare and issue such rules and regulations consistent with this act, as shall be necessary and proper to carry its provisions into effect; and the registers and receivers of the several land offices shall be entitled to receive the same compensation for any lands entered under the provisions of this act, that they are now entitled to receive, when the same quantity of land is entered with money, one-half to be paid by the person making the application at the time of so doing, and the other half on the issue of the certificate, by the person to whom it may be issued. Provided, however, that all persons entering land under the provisions of this act, shall, as near as may be practicable, in making such entries, be confined to each alternate quarter section, and to land subject to private entry. And provided, nothing in this act shall be so construed as to impair or interfere in any manner whatever with existing pre-emption rights. And, provided further, that the provisions of this act shall be so construed as to apply to the class of persons provided for, who may not own 160 acres of land, to enter, free of cost, any public lands subject to private entry, at the minimum price in quantity, when added to what he or she now owns, equal to 160 acres; provided, he or she shall cultivate the whole or any part thereof.

The bill was then passed—Yeas, 107; Nays, 72.

Mr. Perkins, of Louisiana, offered the following: Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the propriety of directing legal proceedings to recover any sum of money which may have been paid to any person out of the Treasury, on the claim of Dr. Gardiner and Mr. Mears, under the commission which adjudicated the claims on Mexico, under the provisions of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Mr. Cutting suggested the propriety of an amendment, authorizing the Committee to send for persons and papers, in order that the Committee may ascertain against whom the suits shall be commenced.

Mr. Perkins accepted the amendment, and the resolution was passed. Adjourned.

On the 7th, the Speaker laid before the House a communication from the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires near this Government, transmitting an official printed copy of the Journal of the Spanish Cortes for the year 1853, in accordance with the principle of national interchanges between the two Governments. Referred to the Library Committee.

On motion of Mr. Cobb, the consideration of the bill reducing and graduating the price of public lands was further postponed for four weeks.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, on the special order—being bills relating to the organized territories.

On the 8th, the Speaker laid before the House a communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting a copy of the circular addressed by him to persons engaged in manufacturing and commercial pursuits, soliciting information as to the best mode of bringing the tariff within the revenue standard, together with numerous replies thereto. Referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the bill granting lands to Minnesota for railroad purposes.

Mr. Cutting gave notice of an amendment proposing that Government shall retain the title to the lands proposed to be granted, and issue Patents thereof, as twenty miles of the road, from time to time, shall be finished. And, on its completion, the title to the lands shall be vested in the territory. He explained the proposition.

Further proceedings took place, when two amendments were made, one striking out the words—"that the grant is made for facilitating the transportation of mails, men, munitions of war, and for other purposes," and the other confining the grant to lands in the Territory of Minnesota.

Without proceeding further, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 9th Mr. Dean made an ineffectual attempt to introduce the following:

Resolved, That it be referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to inquire into the cause of the recent outrages by Spanish authorities, at Havana, on the property and persons of American citizens, and report what legislation by Congress, or what action of the Government is necessary to procure indemnity therefor, and security against their future repetition; and particularly whether our neutrality laws toward Spain ought to be repealed or suspended.

Mr. Kittredge wished to present the remonstrance of 3,000 citizens of New Hampshire against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

This was objected to, as the paper could be presented under the rule.

The House then went into Committee on the Minnesota Land Bill.

Among the amendments made was one offered by Mr. Kerr, that the money arising from the sale of the reserved sections, shall be paid to those states which have received no grants of land for internal improvements, according to their federal representation in Congress.

The Chairman (Mr. Phelps) overruled the amendment as not being germain to the bill under consideration; but his decision was not sustained by the Committee, by a vote of 59 against 84.

Mr. Kerr assigned as a motive for offering the amendment justice to the old states.

Mr. Dean opposed the amendment, as the Democratic party has always held it unconstitutional to distribute the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the states from the Treasury. The old states were not here asking alms of the General Government—New York asks nothing. He was born in that state, and expects always to live there, and hoped never to see the day when she will come here asking for money. He wanted to reserve the public lands for the actual settler.

Mr. Wheeler said he should like to know who authorized the gentleman to speak for New York. He knew his colleague has the Administration in charge as well as the Kinderhook district, but not the interest of the whole state of New York, which has thirty-two representatives besides himself on this floor, to speak for her. When she needs the patriotic services of the gentleman from Kinderhook, he will probably be duly notified to that effect.

After considerable discussion, Mr. Kerr's amendment was agreed to, yeas 87, nays 61.

Mr. Grey offered the amendment giving lands to to the old states for railroad purposes. Ruled out of order.

The Committee then rose, and the bill, as amended, was reported to the House.

Mr. Hamilton moved to lay it on the table. Not carried—yeas 68, nays 101.

Under the operation of the previous question, Mr. Kerr's amendment, paying the money derived from the sales of the reserved sections of land to those states which have received no grants of land for internal improvement according to their federal representation in Congress, was concurred in—yeas 86, nays 84.

[Extravagant joy was expressed by the affirmative side of the question.]

Amid the confusion which followed, Mr. Kerr moved to reconsider the vote just taken, and lay that motion on the table. Before the vote was taken, adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr Phillips said, I desire the unanimous consent of the House to introduce a resolution of inquiry. The property of a portion of my constituents has been confiscated, by virtue of a foreign power, under circumstances, as now appear, of great aggravation. This is a question which concerns not only my own constituents, but this government. I ask that the resolution be read; and I trust that its character will at once secure the consideration its importance demands.

Resolved, That the President be requested, if not inconsistent with the public interests, to communicate to this House any information he may have received relative to the detention of the steamer Black Warrior, the seizure of her cargo, or the imprisonment of her officers. Also, any other information in reference to any other violation of our rights by the Spanish authorities.

Mr. Haven—I hope the resolution will be allowed to pass.

The resolution was then passed unanimously.

Mr. Dean gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to repeal our neutrality laws, so far as they are applicable to Spain.

The House resumed the consideration of the bill granting lands to Minnesota for a Railroad.

Mr. Dean withdrew his motion to lay it on the table. Mr. Millson renewed the motion, and the question was decided negatively—yeas 72, nays 107.

The day previous an amendment was adopted, by a majority of one vote, providing that the proceeds arising from the sale of the reserved sections of land be paid over to those States which have received no grants of lands for internal improvements, in proportion to their federal representation in Congress.

The House now proceeded to take the question on the motion to reconsider the vote, and to lay that motion on the table, thus to "clinch" the action on it. The motion was agreed to. Yeas 95, nays 90.

Mr. Dean moved to lay the bill on the table, and asked for the yeas and nays. After much confusion and excitement, the vote was taken, and the motion to table the bill carried—yeas 120, nays 66.

Mr. Bissell made a report from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes of both Houses to the amendments to the bill relieving the officers and soldiers who suffered by the recent loss of the steamer San Francisco. The report was concurred in.

The House then went into committee and proceeded to the consideration of the bill for the relief of the widow and heirs of Elijah Beebe. Mr. Orr explained that it appropriated $3,000 as an indemnity for their property, including hogs destroyed by Indians, and showed the basis of the claim.

Mr Sollers, though he intended to vote for the bill, alluded to the fact that some of his constituents had just claims for property destroyed by the British, in the war of 1812, yet they had never been acted on. In this connection, he spoke of the duty of Representatives, and the influences sometimes brought to bear to get bills passed, including the liberal employment of interested agents.

Mr. Lane, of Indiana, interrupted the gentleman to propound a question.

Mr. Sollers said he would yield the floor to enable the gentleman's name to get into the papers in connection with his own. (Laughter.)

Mr. Lane remarked that he expected to vote for the claim, believing it just, and then replied to Mr. Sollers, saying he had not interrupted the gentleman for the purpose of getting his name in the newspapers.

Mr. Sollers—Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Lane—To permit the gentleman to correct his remarks, I understood him to say the most effectual way to secure the passage of private bills was to employ claim agents. I deny the truth of the imputation. If the gentleman from Maryland intends to charge that I intended to gain notoriety by the interruption, I have only to say that such an idea only exists in his imagination, and has not the slightest foundation in truth. I understand the gentleman to say he moulded the opinions of his constituents.

Mr. Sollers in his seat—I did not say so.

Mr. Lane—I suppose the gentleman means he can.

Mr. Sollers—I tell the gentleman it is the duty of the Representatives to endeavor to mould their opinions, and not to be the servile tools of popular sentiment.

Mr. Lane—I do not doubt the gentleman's ability to mould the opinion of such as require it, and I thank God I represent no such constituency, which requires five colored persons to be equal to three white men. [The words were to this effect, though the reporter could not hear the language distinctly.]

Mr Hunt rose, inquiring whether the gentleman was in order, thus reflecting on those representing slaveholding States. (Sensation.)

Mr Lane said he did not assert any gentleman was here less constitutionally than he was; but he was replying to the gentleman from Maryland, as to his moulding opinions.

Mr. Sollers—I did not say that I meant the opinions of my constituents.

Mr. Lane—But endeavors to do so. I represent constituents whose opinions are their own.

Mr. Sollers in his seat, throwing back his head, exclaimed "Ah."

Mr. Lane—I am as stern in my opinions as any other gentleman, and press those opinions with as much energy as I can command. It is the duty of Congress to get rid of these claims, which have been pressing from year to year. They should be acted on either negatively or affirmatively; and if the gentleman from Maryland will bring forward a just claim, no one will go further than I to support it.

Mr. Orr obtained the floor.

Mr. Sollers expressed a wish to say a few words.

Mr. Orr—I don't like personalities. If I thought good would come of it I would yield.

Voices—"Give way, Orr, and let Sollers reply, give him a chance."

Mr. Sollers—I did not say I could mould the opinions of my constituents. I meant to rescue the independence of members from the direct personal control of their constituents.

The Chairman (Mr Campbell) said he felt bound to arrest these proceedings.

Mr. Sollers remarked, if there was objection, of course he could not go on.

(Cries of go on, go on.)

Mr. Sollers—I say this is a representative form of government and the man who undertakes to represent a particular constituency should be able to mould them to his opinion. The man ought to be of such importance as to do so. I would not take a seat here, if I could not mould some people instead of being moulded by them. The honorable gentleman thinks that I want to get into the papers. From the commencement of the session I have only made one motion, to enable me to introduce a resolution on the subject of guano, to restore wasted and worn out lands. But the gentleman from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Dawson,) at that time objected, and I will mark him for it as certainly as God lives.—[Laughter.]

Mr. Dawson—I said then I would give way to enable the gentleman to introduce his resolution, but as objection was made, it was likely to lead to debate.

Mr. Sollers—It could not have led to debate, and was the only privilege I have asked since I have been here. The gentleman talks about my wishing to get into the papers, and then talks about my representing woolly heads.

Mr. Lane rose.

Mr. Sollers—Let me alone, if you please. (Cries of "go on, go on," "order.")

Mr. Orr asserted his right to the floor, saying he had nothing but kind feelings for the gentleman from Maryland, but no good could come of these proceedings.

Mr. Lane expressed a hope that Mr. Orr would permit Mr. Sollers to proceed.

The Chairman remarked that Mr. Sollers would not proceed unless by general consent of the House.

[Voices—"Go on, it's private bill day, we've nothing else to do."]

Mr. Orr—I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the gentleman from Maryland, and would extend him any courtesy, but I am sure the matter has taken a direction which will not result favorably.

Mr. Sollers to Mr. Orr—Sit down and let me go on, if you please. (Laughter.) A gross imputation has been cast that I represent woolly heads.

Mr. Edgerton—I rise to a question of order. This is private bill day, and the gentleman is not discussing the subject before the Committee.

The Chairman—The gentleman from Maryland is out of order.

Mr. Sollers resumed his seat.

Mr. Orr—The bill only involves three thousand dollars.

Mr. Sollers again arose. I have been most grossly assailed, he said, warmly. My motives have been impugned, and I have been charged with inconsistency. I therefore really do think the House ought to allow me to reply.

Mr. Edgerton—The gentleman from Maryland commenced the attack. If he is the victim, it is his own fault.

Mr. Hunt—The gentleman on my right, (Mr. Sollers) who represents a slave holding state here, should have an opportunity to reply to the reflection.

Mr. Edgerton rose to another question of order.

Mr. Hunt—I submit it to you, Mr. Chairman, as a parliamentarian, whether, if any false sentiment comes from the mouth of another, I have not a right to maintain the Constitution of my country, as it was understood by its framers? Am I not in order, sir?

Mr. Edgerton, on the opposite side of the Hall—I submit that the gentleman is not discussing the question before the Committee.

The Chair decided Mr. Hunt out of order.

Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky—We are in Committee of the Whole, and I appeal from the decision of the Chair.

Three or four of the gentlemen just named, all spoke at the same time, and there was much excitement and confusion in the Hall.

Mr. Hunt—elevating his voice—I was standing up when called to order. I stand here under my Constitutional rights. I appeal respectfully from the decision of the Chair.

Points of order were raised, and one of the rules was read.

Mr. Hunt—If I am to be gagged and cut off from debate I will take my seat.

The question was taken, and the decision of the Chair was overruled—ayes 42, nays 77.

[Cries of "No quorum; call the roll,"—"No, no," "Go ahead."]

Mr. Hunt, amid the confusion, exclaimed—I am now satisfied with the opinion of this House. I consider the Constitution vindicated, and that by the vote a rebuke had been administered to the gentleman, (Mr. Lane,) who thanked God he did not represent a slave constituency.

[The confusion now reached its height. Nearly one-half of the members were on their feet, and great excitement prevailed.]

Mr. Lane, amid the din, said "I laugh to scorn the remark just made." [Cries of "order!" "order!"]

Mr. Wright, of Pennsylvania, moved the Committee rise.

The motion prevailed by a vote of 71 yeas to 47 nays.

This restored order, the bill not now being before the body. The above is but a sketch of the exciting proceedings.

Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, asked leave to introduce the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary, heretofore charged with the duty of inquiring into the awards made by the Commissioners, sitting under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, to George A. Gardiner and John K. Mears, be instructed to extend their inquiry to any other awards made by said Commissioners, which may be supposed or alleged to have been founded in fraud or supported by perjury or forgery; and that, for this purpose, they have power to send for persons and papers, and that they report the result of their investigation, with such recommendations as they may deem to be proper in the premises.

He desired simply to say he had been informed, from a very respectable source, that the testimony can be obtained and is in existence to impeach other important claims awarded by the commission and founded on quite as gross a fraud or perjury, as the Gardiner and Mears claim. Of course he only repeated what he had heard, not vouching for its truth.

The resolution passed without objection, and the House adjourned till Monday.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship North Star, Capt. Miner, arrived at New York on Saturday, bringing advices from San Francisco to the 16th of Feb., and from Panama to the 1st of March.

The political excitement during the fortnight has been intense. The bribery case, wherein Mr. Palmer, of the banking-house of Palmer, Cook & Co., was accused of having attempted to bribe Senator Peck to use his influence to bring on the senatorial election, was closed before the Senate on the 3rd. Mr. Palmer was acquitted by a vote of 26 to 3.

Subsequently a resolution, declaring that Senator Peck had not intentionally accused Mr. Palmer falsely, was passed with only one opposing vote. Palmer is known to be a friend of Broderick, and it is universally conceded that the latter will be elected United States Senator, if an election be held this session, and it was expected by those who brought the alleged bribery before the Senate and the public that it would injure Broderick's prospects; but the effect seems to have been rather the contrary.

A bill introduced into the Senate, to define the time of holding the senatorial election, was staved off, while a resolution, passed in the House, to postpone the matter till the 6th of March, was, after a very hard struggle, carried through the Senate by a vote of 17 to 16.

The Governor signed the bill to repeal the Legal Notice Act on the 10th.

A good deal of surprise and mortification was created by the announcement that the coupons of the State Bonds and not been paid when due at the Exchange Bank in New York. The State bankers, Palmer, Cook & Co., have informed the Legislature that their house had more than sufficient funds at the Exchange Bank to pay the interest. A resolution was introduced into the House to vote thanks to Duncan, Sherman & Co., for having stepped forward to pay the interest, but the resolution was laid over till further information be received.

The theatre and several other buildings at Placerville were burned on the 30th of January. Total loss about $15,000.

The proceedings of the fillibusters in Lower California have excited a good deal of indignation about San Diego.

Lieuts. Parke and Stoneman started from San Diego on the 24th of January, on the survey of Gila route for a railroad. They will, probably, complete the survey in May.

The celebrated Peralta claim, covering about sixty thousand acres of land across the bay, east of the city, was decided by the U. S. Land Commissioners, on the 8th.

The Mines.—There have been four or five rainy days during the fortnight, and the gulches and dry diggings continue to be well supplied with water. The news from all portions of the mines is cheering, and there are many reports of rich diggings lately discovered in different mining districts.

At Cherokee Flat rumor has it that a vein of decomposed quartz was found, about six inches in diameter, which is unbroken, and has proved exceedingly rich. From 200 pounds of dirt 28 pounds of gold were washed. Considerable excitement has been the consequence. High prices, even $50,000, it is said, has been offered for the claim, or a share in it, and refused.

At Chips Diggings, a boulder weighing about four tons was found in a tunnel, and in the boulder was found a vein of gold estimated to be worth $10,000, at least.

The deepest hole for mining purposes yet dug in the State, is in Trinity county. It is 700 feet deep, and the bed rock has not been reached. Gold has been found all the way down, even in the boulders, which had to be cut through in the course. The work was commenced in 1851, and has been aided by subscriptions and other aid from the miners in the vicinity.

Gas was introduced into the city and eighty-four street lamps were lighted on the evening of the 11th. Three miles and a half of pipe have been laid in the city, and the price of gas is $15 per one thousand feet.

A hail-storm, an exceedingly rare occurrence here, visited the city on the 12th.

The Superintendent of Public Schools in this city has rendered his ninth quarterly report. He reports the city's public schools to be in a flourishing condition, with 1,400 pupils. The monthly expense to the city is about $3,700.

On the 18th, the Portsmouth and the steamer Columbus sailed to pay their respects to the fillibusters.

Abner T. Pearce, accused of having committed forgeries to the amount of $90,000, while engaged in the manufacture of railroad cars in Norwich, Connecticut, was arrested about the first of the month, but was subsequently discharged on *habeas corpus*, there being no requisition from the Governor of Connecticut to detain him.

The clipper ship San Francisco, of 1,400 tons, 105 days from New York, was lost under the charge of a pilot, upon the rocks at the entrance of the harbor, on the 8th. It was at first supposed that she was a total loss. The freight list of the San Francisco amounted to $60,000; her cargo was valued at about $200,000. She was sold, cargo and ship, at auction, on the 10th, for $12,000, and her purchasers hope to get her off. She had on board the acids for the San Francisco Mint, and their loss would seriously incommode the assaying department.

A number of wreckers were about the wreck of the San Francisco on the evening of the 11th, when a gale came up and a number of persons, estimated as high as twenty, certainly ten or twelve, were lost.

Madam Anna Bishop gave her first concert on the 7th. She has been very well received, and draws large houses.

Markets.—The markets in California are completely overdone. The quantity of goods still arriving, a large part of which is unmerchantable, distresses the market, though the improvement in mining is slightly adding to the demand.

Flour is being re-shipped from San Francisco to New York. Money is very scarce, and the necessity of meeting freight bills necessitates large sacrifices on goods forced to sale.

The North Star is not in connection with any regular mail-steamer, and therefore brings no gold.

Died, at San Diego, Isaac M. Gibson, of Philadelphia; Mr. Wm. Green, of Chester county, Pa. At Washington—Mr. Jonathan Tittle, of Westmoreland, Pa.

A Tunnel Under the Ohio.—In all the large cities and towns bordering the Ohio and Mississippi River there have been, at various times, discussions upon the subject of bridging those streams. But bridges are such an obstruction to river navigation, unless they are constructed at great elevation, and a large expense, that, as yet, Wheeling is the only town which has persistently carried through the enterprise. Cincinnati wants a more intimate connection with Covington, yet hesitates to build a bridge across the Ohio. To obviate the objections to such a course, the Board of City Commissioners have just sent to the Councils of Cincinnati a plan for an iron tunnel under the river. The inventor thus describes his project:

"It is proposed to use either cast or wrought iron. I propose to build a tube of iron of any desired dimensions, and sink it in the bed of the river, in sections, as low as may be found practicable, by first dredging a channel, deep enough to admit of the top being sunk below, or even with the bed of the river, entirely avoiding the use of coffer dams. There is no question about the practicability and superiority of iron tunnels over all other materials, besides being about fifty per cent. cheaper. I put the footway in the top of my arch, the arch being as near a parabolic curve as practicable, combining strength and cheapness.

"It is proposed to lay down a railway through the tunnel, I would propose putting the track on the top of the arch, in place of the footway. I should not, in any event, recommend running locomotives through, but simply the cars, by atmospheric pressure, as has been done in other instances. This would dispense with the necessity of a footway, as passengers could go through very expeditiously by the cars. I also propose to make the approaches all of iron, as being cheaper and safer."

Taxes in Mexico.—Santa Anna has proclaimed a door and window tax throughout the Republic. A Vera Cruz correspondent of the N. O. Delta says:

"The rates of this tax are enormous, and it applies alike to the wealthy banker's palace, and the hut of the miserable, half-naked Indian. Some idea of the extent of the revenue which will be derived from this tax may be inferred from the fact that an American merchant here informs me that he will have to pay for his house in town, and ditto in country, with engine-house and other buildings on a sugar estate, not less than $800 or $1,000 per annum."

NEWS ITEMS.

Alexander Turnbull, the Scotchman who was begging at the house of Mr. William Wright, South Ninth street, on the Sunday evening previous to the Saturday morning on which the burglary was committed at his dwelling, has been fully committed for trial. Mr. Wright is decided in his testimony that Turnbull was one of the burglars.

The McDonough Colonization Society.—The decision of the Supreme Court, sustaining the McDonough Will, as one of its consequences inures to the American Colonization Society the munificent bequest made to it under the will. This bequest consists of one-eighth part of the net revenue of the estate for forty years, the sum received in any one year not to exceed $25,000. This will be an important aid to the society.

A barrel, marked alcohol, was landed on the wharf of Madison, Ind., on Sunday, which, on rolling, was supposed to contain something else. On opening it, the dead body of a murdered man was found. An investigation is going on.

A boy, seventeen years of age, was shot down in the streets of Cincinnati and robbed, on the 1st inst., in the day time. Robbery seemed to be the only object for the violence. He had but two dollars with him.

Execution.—Thomas Motley and William Blackledge, the two men whose barbarous crime in hunting down and flaying alive a slave, made their case notorious, were hung at Walterboro, South Carolina, on Friday week. A rescue was feared, and a large detachment of soldiers accompanied them to the ground.

Personal Services Cannot be Assigned.—A suit has been brought in the New York Superior Court, to test whether personal services could be assigned. Mr. Beale, of London, contracted with Mr. John Wardwell, of New York, to procure the services of Catharine Hayes, to sing for a specified term at concerts. Mr. Wardwell assigned his claims, Miss Hayes refused to sing, and the Court sustains her.

Santa Anna has decreed a navigation act, which embodies some of the principles of free trade and reciprocity. Mexican vessels may import goods from any country at the established rate of duties. Vessels of foreign countries, reciprocating with Mexico, may import their products on the same terms, otherwise they are to pay an additional 50 per cent. both on imports and exports.

The Department of State announces that all persons who may have occasion to address the diplomatic, consular, and other agents of the United States, on their *personal affairs*, are notified that, unless their communications reach those agents free of charge, they will not, most probably, receive attention. Communications from individuals which may relate solely to business connected with the offices of such agents will, if transmitted unsealed to the State Department, be forwarded with its despatches.

The wisdom of the injunction uttered by Sam Weller, Senior, "To beware of vidders," is exemplified by the case of a youth nineteen years of age, described as slim built and of effeminate appearance, who is now in Kings County (N. Y.) jail for having two more wives than the law allows. His three wives were widows, aged respectively thirty, forty, and forty-five years. The first wife is trying to procure bail, the second is prosecuting him, and the third is repining because of his absence. He alleges that in each case the widow was the aggressor. Were he in Utah, he might, in time, rival Governor Brigham Young.

The Republic of Sonora seems to be destined to a brief existence. The last accounts we have from President Walker were, that his provisions were short, and his army shorter, owing to desertion. He was then anxiously looking for reinforcements. These he is not likely to receive, as intelligence has been received at Washington that two expeditions, designed to aid the fillibusters in Lower California, have been prevented from doing so by the sloop-of-war Portsmouth.

British emigration to Australia, under government auspices, is about to be placed upon a new footing. Hitherto the government has transported the poorest classes to Australia free of cost; but hereafter the emigrants are to undertake to pay for their passage in one or two years from the date of their landing, by entering the service of employers who will become bound for them, the law enabling them to anticipate, by voluntary payment, the expiration of their terms of service, and also securing them against wrong in the matter of wages.

The Nebraska Indians claim that they have not cheated in relation to the amount of land in their possession, and stand to 10,000,000 acres.

The Shah of Persia has officially announced that he will remain neutral in the coming war.

Mr. Daniell's letter to the Richmond Examiner excites great comment at Turin, and it was apprehended that a duel would result.

A Young Couple in Court.—Thomas J. Parton, Jr., of Lynn, aged 19, has applied to the Supreme Court of Mass., to obtain the custody of his wife, Sarah E. Parton, aged 13, who is alleged to have been taken from him on the day of their marriage, the 14th of February last, and since kept in the custody of her mother, Mrs. Susan Hervey. A sensible mother, and two silly young people.

It is said that the British and French soldiers, except for a short time in 1794, have not fought under the same banner since the wars of the Crusades. The rivalry that will exist in the allied army to exceed each other in deeds of daring will make them terrible to their Russian foes.

The coroner's jury, in the case of Dr. Gardiner, brought in a verdict that he came to his death from taking Strychnine and Brucine.

The London papers state that at a late dinner party, given by Mr George Saunders, the American Consul, the following persons were present: the American Ambassador to England, the American Vice-Consul, MM. Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, Arnold Ruge, Herzen, the wealthy Russian Emigre, Worcel, the Pole, Garibaldi, and Orsini.

At Allegheny, on the evening of the 10th, John Hastings, the Collector of the port, was knocked down and robbed of $250 and a gold watch. They also took the keys of the Custom House and the safe, and entering the building stole from the safe a bag of gold containing $10,000 in $20 pieces. Mr. Hastings was much injured by the blow, and is in a precarious condition.

Munificent Bequest.—The will of the late Thomas Manning, M. D., who recently deceased in Ipswich, Mass., gives nearly all his estate in trust until the first of February, 1875, when the income or interest of it is to be applied to the establishment and support of an English High School in the town of Ipswich, to be free to the youth of both sexes, who are residents in the town of Ipswich.

U. S. Frigate Constitution was at St. Vincent, January 22, with a slaver she had captured.

Madam Anna Thillon made $9,000 the first week of her engagement in San Francisco, so said.

The population of California, it is said, has not increased to any extent during the past year.

A Mr. Alton, a fisherman, engaged the other day, at Dunkirk, hauling his trout nets, he was surprised to discover an inhabitant of water fastened to them weighing about two pounds, covered with feathers, with small webbed feet at the extremities, a feather, instead of a finny tail, and a head very much resembling a teal duck. This apparent amalgamation of the fish and fowl was taken at the depth of seventy-two feet of water.—*English Paper.*

Guano.—The Baltimore Patriot says the amount of guano which will be imported into that city, the present year, will probably reach 60,000 tons, costing three millions of dollars.

Heavy Seizure of Smuggled Laces.—Deputy U. S. Surveyor Capt. Rynders, of N. Y., on Monday, received intelligence that a large quantity of smuggled goods were secreted in a house in William street, and on repairing with one or two other officers to the place, he succeeded in finding about $15,000 worth of laces, which he seized.

Rencontre in Court.—It is stated that on the 25th ult., a rencontre took place in court, at Centreville, Ind., between Michael Wilson and the Hon. Geo. W. Julian, late member of Congress. The latter received a severe stab in the throat from a knife.

An Enormous Moose.—Mr. Ephraim Washburn, now lumbering on the Seboois river, Me., came upon a moose track on Saturday, the 25th ult., which he followed till night, and then returned to camp. On the next day he started again in pursuit, and came up with the moose about 10 o'clock. After a chase of two hours he succeeded in killing him. He weighed, after being dressed, 700 pounds.

A bill for the preservation of fish in the waters of New York State has passed the Legislature of that Commonwealth. The preservation is to be by the new method of pisciculture, which must be practiced by all persons who obtain a livelihood by the capture of fish.

Artesian Wells.—In San Jose, an artesian well has been sunk with a six inch auger, and pure soft water found at a depth of 80 feet, which runs with a force sufficient to turn a mill.

The Dental Association of Cincinnati have offered a premium of $100 for the best essay on Dental Surgery.

A Case of Chloroform.—It is mentioned in the papers that a tiger recently had his diseased nails extracted while under the influence of a powerful dose of chloroform. A wretched punster of our acquaintance, on being told of it, remarked that this was certainly the most extraordinary case of *clawreform* he had ever heard of!

Individual Liability.—The Stockholders of all Railroad Companies organized in Ohio since the adoption of the new Constitution of that State, a few years ago, are individually liable to an amount equal to their stock.

Horse Racing.—The "Great State Stake," for $20,000, "play or pay," which is to come off on the Metairie Course, at New Orleans, on the 1st day of April next, is exciting much interest at the south. It is expected to be the greatest race which has ever taken place in the country, in the number of horses, the amount of money at stake, and the probable number of spectators who will be present. Horses of all ages may run, but limited to one from each state; four mile heats; $5,000 subscriptions; each horse starting to receive $1,000 out of the stakes, provided he is not distanced; and the winner to receive the remainder; each state subscribing is to be represented by three responsible gentlemen, residents of that state, a majority of whom shall name the horse to run for that state. These are the terms of the race.

Dickens Drawn on the Jury.—Charles Dickens has just had a public compliment paid to him by Lord Campbell, Chief Justice of England. They were trying cases in the Court of Queen's Bench, and Charles Dickens was called on the list of special jurors. When he did not answer to his name, Lord Campbell said—"If this illustrious author were still engaged in the great chancery suit in 'Bleak House,' I could have excused his absence; but as 'Jarndyce and Jarndyce' is ended, I confess I should have been glad to have had Mr. Dickens here, in order that he might see how we get on at common law." The result was a fine of £20, to be paid by Mr. Dickens for non-attendance.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania.—The Democratic State Convention renominated Mr. Bigler for Governor on the first ballot. The vote stood—Bigler 109, Thos. S. Bell 5.

Hon. J. S. Black, the present Judge of the Supreme Court, was renominated by acclamation.

The Convention then balloted for a candidate for Canal Commissioner. The first ballot was as follows:—Henry S. Mott, of Pike County, 56; George Scott, of Columbia, 29; scattering, 37. Second ballot—Mott 66; Scott 29; scattering 28. Henry S. Mott was accordingly declared the nominee.

The committee on resolutions was then announced by the Chair, and the Convention took a recess until 6 o'clock, when a series of resolves were reported and adopted. A motion was made to introduce resolutions opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, but it was choked off, and the Convention adjourned *sine die.*

Standing Upon Their Bargain.—The County Court of Monroe County, Mo., has decided that the law of that State prohibiting free colored persons or mulattoes from coming into the State, is unconstitutional, and a violation of the solemn compact entered into by Missouri, in order to be admitted as a State of the American Confederacy.

The Vote in the Senate.—Senators Everett and Clayton, of Del., would have voted against the Nebraska Bill if they had been present, and Mr. Pearce, of Md., for it. Mr. Clayton spoke warmly in favor of the bill, especially as repealing the Missouri Compromise, but gave some reason connected with the speech of Mr. Norris, of N. H., why he would have voted against it.

Massachusetts.—The House of Representatives rejected the bill to repeal the liquor law, by a vote of 190 against 60.

Judge Shaw, of the Supreme Court, has decided that the sections of the Liquor Bill, authorizing the seizure and destruction of liquor, are unconstitutional. This takes the vitality from the bill.

The municipal election in Salem on Tuesday week, resulted in a complete overturn of the established order of things. The "Citizens' ticket," supported by the organization of Native Americans called the "Know Nothings," carried the day. The whole vote for Mayor was 1,828. Asahel Huntington, the regularly nominated candidate, received 484; George L. Newcomb, whose name was borne on the "Citizens' ticket," had 1,344. Mr. Newcomb was elected by a plurality of 860.

Rate of Interest in New Jersey.—A law has passed the Legislature of New Jersey, and received the sanction of the Governor, permitting the taking of 7 per cent. interest in the counties of Essex, Hudson, and the city of Paterson. In the other counties of the State, the minimum rate will remain at 6 per cent.

New York.—The Prohibitory Liquor bill has passed a third reading in the Senate, by a vote of 17 to 10.

Somerset in Detroit, Michigan.—Detroit, which usually gives 800 majority for the Democrats, recently gave 1,000 majority for the Whigs. The Whig candidate for Mayor, was opposed to the Nebraska bill, and the Democratic in favor of it.

Maine.—The vote on the Anti-Nebraska resolutions in the Legislature of Maine were as follows: In the House, ayes 96, nays 6. In the Senate ayes 24, nays 1.

Wisconsin.—Anti-Nebraska bill resolutions have passed the House by following vote: Ayes 55, nays 19. Of those voting aye, 24 are Democrats, 8 Independent Democrats, and 23 Whigs.

Michigan.—The Supreme Court of Michigan has finally decided that the Prohibitory Liquor Law of the State is constitutional, thus reversing the decision of the Wayne County Court.

Maryland.—The Maryland Legislature has adjourned finally, after having rejected all the liquor bills that were before it.

Ohio Senator.—The Ohio Legislature, on the 4th inst., elected George E. Pugh, Senator in Congress in place of the Hon. S. P. Chase, whose term of service expires on the 4th of March, 1855. Mr. Pugh received 80 out of 111 votes cast.

An account from Washington states that Mr. Pugh, who is now in that city, is opposed to the Nebraska Bill, and totally repudiates the whole policy in which it originates. He is in favor of the sacred maintenance of the Missouri Compromise, and regards that a "final settlement in principle and substance of the exciting question to which it refers."

Senator Toucey.—We are informed that Senator Toucey was hung in effigy, in Main Street, New London, on Monday night, by the people of that city who were incensed at his vote for the Nebraska Bill. Over the head of the effigy was a placard, with the words "Toucey the Traitor."—*Hartford Courant.*

The New York Clergy.—A memorial of the Clergy of the city of New York against the Nebraska Bill, has been signed by 151 names of the various denominations of Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Reformed Dutch, Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran and Unitarian Clergymen, embracing the most eminent, conservative, and moderate of the Clergy. Among the names we see those of Rev. Messrs. Wainright, Tyng, Bedell, Anthon, Skinner, Cheever, Storrs, Parker, Cuyler, Bellows, Magoon, Marsh, &c., &c.

Anti-Nebraska Meetings.—A meeting recently was held at Concord, N. H., without distinction of party. It was addressed by Asa Fowler, late law-partner of President Pierce, and by John P. Hale.

A large meeting of all parties recently was held in Cincinnati, and addressed by Judge Walker, Bellamy Storer, Chase, &c. Twenty delegates were appointed to the State Convention, to be held at Columbus on the 22nd instant.

A meeting recently was held at New Haven, and addressed by various leading gentlemen of that city—among others by the distinguished Professor Silliman. He said:—

His life, he said, was commenced in the midst of the American Revolution, and he remembered, as an observer, the capital events of American history since that epoch. He never before appeared on the political stage, but considered the present no party question; he never had much fear from party feelings, but now he had fear. I am particularly glad (he continued) to see to night the ordinary distinctions on minor topics thrown aside. The treachery now, (as in the Missouri Compromise,) is the deed of northern men. We should discountenance every northern man who leans to southern slavery. Without any personal hostility, I have seen, with the deepest regret, that Connecticut has been disgraced by one of her Senators. A man from the north who supports this nefarious bill is a traitor to his country. (Applause.) As the head of a numerous family, I view this measure with the saddest anxiety. What are we to do? All our first efforts here are peaceable—they are made at the ballot-box; when the time comes to finish the career of men who have betrayed your interest let it be finished forever. Let our only party be a party for liberty. Repeal will come by-and-bye; but if not, what then? Heaven only knows! But this is to be resisted at all events. Dissolution of the Union always seemed to me wild talk; but the Union will be dissolved if this thing be done, and they will do it. I feel in all kindness to the south—but, should the necessity arise, I feel like my friend, Dr. Taylor, that I could take my part in the contest. (Loud applause.)

A Curious Present.—Some hundred ladies, of Stark County, Ohio, have presented Senator Douglas with a curious kind of a patchwork—a number of three-cent pieces, sewed between two transparent sheets of gauze. The number of pieces of silver is "thirty."

Emancipation in Austria.—The Augsburg Gazette announces that the Emperor of Austria has definitely signed the decree consummating the emancipation of the preasantry in Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, Servia, the Banat, and the Waiwodina, from all statute or service labor hitherto paid to the nobleman or original owner of the soil. The decree prescribes that the peasant shall receive a farm, with the necessary buildings on it, as his own property. The worth of it is valued, leaving the peasant to pay it on easy terms, which are settled by a special commission formed to mediate in the matter between the nobles and peasantry. Incomplete as this emancipation may be, it assures independence to the people, severs all the ties between the master and peasant, and redeems the latter from the extortions and rights of arbitrary ejection hitherto exercised by the former. The value of the homestead once paid, the peasant is free and wholly independent master of his land, time and labor.

Verdict of Not Guilty.—In the case of the heirs of Samuel Newell, (who was killed by the accident on the Boston and Maine Railroad, at the time of the accident by which the son of General Pierce lost his life,) against the Boston and Maine Railroad, which has been on trial at Salem, the jury having returned a verdict for the defendants. The defence was that at least ordinary care was used by the corporation and that the accident was caused by a defect in one of their cars, of which they could have no knowledge and which no forethought could have guarded against.—*Boston Journal.*

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 203—Adults 80 and children 123.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 11.

Ashes—We noticed a steady demand for home consumption, with sales of 2,000 bbls Pot Ashes at $5,93½a6 per 100 lbs, and 50 bbls Pearl Ashes at $6,77. The receipts are heavier.

The stock in the Inspection Office of Messrs. Lester, Palmer & Co., this morning, was as follows:

		Pots.	Pearls.	Total.
First sort	Bbls	508	34	542
Second		38	27	65
Third		10	2	12
Condemned		14	1	15
		570	64	634

Cotton—The market is dull and ⅛c lower since Monday. The sales yesterday were only 416 bales, including 381 for home use, and 35 on speculation.

Flour, &c.—The Flour market is without much animation, there is scarcely any export demand, and only a very limited inquiry for home consumption. Sales of 2,000 bbls at $7,87½a8 for common to straight State, and mixed to fancy Michigan. Canadian Flour is dull and nominally the same. Southern Flour is in good supply, and the market is scarcely so firm. Sales of 1,200 bbls at $7,87½a8,12½ for inferior to good brands. Rye Flour is plenty and dull at $5,37½ for fine. Corn Meal continues dull at $3,87½ for Jersey. In addition to the above, there were also sales of 8,000 bushels prime Southern yellow at 87c.

Grain—There is rather more doing in Wheat, and the market is scarcely so firm. Sales of 3,000 bushels prime white Southern at $1,97½, and 3,000 prime red Jersey at $1,80. Rye is lower. Sales of 1,200 bushels at $1,19 for good North River, delivered. The Corn market is dull. There is not much distilling inquiry, and only a very moderate demand for export. Sales of 14,000 bushels at 85a86c for inferior to good shipping parcels. Oats plenty and dull at 50a53c for State and Western.

Provisions—The Pork market continues heavy, with only moderate sales at $15,50 for Mess, and $13,25 for Prime. The transactions in Beef continue to a fair extent at $9a11,50 for Country Mess; $14 for repacked Chicago, and $16 for Country and City Prime. For Prime Mess there is a fair demand at $21a23. Beef Hams remain as last noticed, with a moderate demand. The transactions in Cut Meats are to a moderate extent at [illegible] for Hams, and [illegible] for Shoulders. Only a moderate business doing in Lard at 9¾a10¼. Butter and Cheese without change to notice.

Whiskey—The market is firmer, with a fair demand. Sales of 200 bbls at 27½c for Jersey, and 28c for E. and D. Ohio.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots Of DEXTER & BROTHER, *Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.* Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.* Of MILTON BOULLEMET, *Mobile, Ala.* Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.* Of W. & H. TAYLOR, *Baltimore, Md.* Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.* Of S. W. PEASE, *28 West Sixth St., and 80 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Philadelphia, March 11, 1854.

Remarks—There has been a moderate amount of business doing during the past week, but on Thursday wharf operations were suspended, in consequence of the rain. Cotton has been in fair request and prices have slightly improved. Breadstuffs were exceedingly dull early in the week, but since the receipt of the Alp's and the Atlantic's advices, prices of all descriptions have been firmer, and there has been more inquiry. Bark is generally held above the views of buyers. Coal has been in good request, and supplies will soon commence coming forward by canal. In Coffee, Sugar and Molasses there has been more activity, and prices are well maintained. Fish are rather higher. In Hides there has been nothing doing, and there is no stock here to operate in. The Iron market is firm, and there is a good demand for future delivery.—Lead is scarce. In Naval Stores and Oils there has been a steady business doing, without change in prices. Provisions have been very quiet. The supplies are increasing. Rice is lower. Salt is dull. Cloverseed has again declined. In Tobacco no change. Wool is quiet. Freights are firmer.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been light. The market was excessively dull and inactive early in the week, and prices are in favor of buyers, but since the receipt of Alp's, Atlantic's and Asia's advices, there has been rather more firmness. The demand has been limited, however, both for export and home consumption. Sales of 6,000 bbls standard and good brands for shipment at $7,69a7,75 per bbl, early in the week, and since at $7,87a8, but principally at the latter quotations. There has been a steady demand for the supply of the trade at $7,87½ up to 8,50 for common and fancy brands. Rye Flour is dull and lower. 300 bbls sold at $5,50. Corn Meal has been inactive. Sales of 500 bbls at $3,75.

Inspections of Flour for the week ending the 9th instant:

Barrels of Superfine Flour		16,319
Do	Fine	56
Do	Rye	408
Do	Middlings	70
Do	Corn Meal	5,407
Do	Puncheons, Corn Meal	152
Do	Condemned	270
Total		22,717

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have been small this week, and the demand has been moderate. Sales of 22a25,000 bushels of fair and prime red at $1,75a1,80, and white, part to arrive, at $1,85a1,90 per bushel, mostly at our highest quotations. Rye is lower; sales at 95c. Corn has declined 3c per bushel, and there has been a good demand. Sales of 23,000 bushels, mostly Southern yellow, at 75a80 cents, in store and afloat. Oats are unchanged, 8a9,000 bushels Southern sold at 44a46c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork is limited, and prices are 25c per bbl lower. Sales of 300 bbls Mess at $16,25, on time. There is but little offering, and but little demand for it. City packed Mess Beef is held firmly at $17 per bbl, owing to the prevailing high prices of cattle. Bacon has met a limited inquiry, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 200 hhds of Hams in salt and pickle at 8½a9½c; Sides 7½c, and Shoulders at 6 cts per lb, on time. Smoked Hams range from 10 to 13c; Sides 8½c, and Shoulders at 6c. Lard is steady at the decline noticed last week; small sales of bbls at 10½c, and kegs at 11½a11¾ cts per lb, on time. A lot of Grease sold at 9a9½ cts. Prices of Butter range from 13 to 28c per lb for solid packed and rolls. Cheese is unchanged.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been an active business doing both among the jobbing and commission houses, and prices are firm for most descriptions of goods.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is generally held above the views of buyers, and no sales have been reported.

BEESWAX—Is steady. Small sales of good yellow at 27½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—There is a steady demand for all descriptions, and prices remain without change.

COAL—There is a fair demand for shipment, but the scarcity of suitable vessels and the high rates to the Eastward have a tendency to restrict operations. Supplies will soon commence coming forward by canal.

COFFEE—There has been a good demand, and prices are well maintained; sales of 3a4,000 bags at 11¼a11½c per lb for Rio, 12a12½c for Laguayra, and 10½c for St. Domingo, all on time.

COPPER—The sales of both English and Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal have been limited at our last quotations.

COTTON—Supplies are coming forward more freely. There has been a good demand, and prices have advanced fully ¼c per lb. The sales comprise 2,400 bales at 9a12c for Upland, and 10a12½c for New Orleans, all on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been to a moderate extent, without change in prices. Among them we notice some Soda Ash at 2½a3 cts; Sal Soda at 2c; a cargo of St. Domingo Logwood and an import of Brimstone, on private terms.

FEATHERS—The demand is limited. Small sales of Western at 45a50c per lb, cash.

FISH—Prices of Mackerel have slightly improved. Small sales from store at $18 per bbl for large No 1, $16 for No 2, and $10,50 for No 3. Small Fish sell at proportionate rates. Codfish sell at $3,75, and Herring at $4,25a4,50. 1,000 boxes Scaled Herring sold at 55c.

FRUIT—An import of 4,490 boxes Palermo Oranges and Lemons, and a cargo of Malaga Raisins have partly been disposed of on terms not made public. Dried Apples are scarce. Small sales at 5½a6½ cts per lb. Dried Peaches are dull. Sales at $1,50 a2,50 per bushel for unpared quarters and halves, and $4a4,50 for unpared.

GINSENG—No transactions have been reported.

GUANO—There is a good demand for Peruvian at $50 per ton, cash.

HEMP—The market is very quiet, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—An import of Barcelona and one of Laguayra have arrived since our last notice, but no sales have been reported.

HOPS—Are in limited request at 45a50c per lb for new Eastern and Western, and 33a36c for old.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, and further sales of Manila have been made at 75a80c per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—There has been a good demand for Pig Metal for future delivery, but generally at prices below the views of holders. Sales of 1,000 tons No 2 Anthracite, for Spring delivery, at $35; 500 tons No 3 at $34, and some No 2, for immediate delivery, at $36, all on 6 months credit. No sales of Scotch Pig reported. A small lot of Blooms brought $95 per ton, 6 mos. There is a fair inquiry for Manufactured Iron from store at full rates.

LEAD—The market is nearly bare of both foreign and domestic. An import of 7a800 pigs Spanish sold on private terms.

LEATHER—The stock of both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather continues nearly exhausted, and prices have an upward tendency.

LUMBER—There has been little doing, and the only sales reported are some small lots of Laths at $2,25 per M. Supplies will soon commence arriving by canal, and there will be more activity.

MOLASSES—There has been a steady demand, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 600 bbls New Orleans at 28a30c, all on time, including some to arrive at the former rate, and some Cuba Muscovado at 26c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—There has been a moderate inquiry for Spirits of Turpentine, and prices are rather firmer. Sales of 200 bbls in lots at 68a69 cts per gallon, cash, and 70a71 cts, on time. Sales of Rosin at $1,87a3,50. Tar at $3,25a3,50, and Pitch at $2,50 per bbl.

OILS—There is a fair inquiry for Fish Oils from store, and Winter Sperm is firm at the advance noted in our last report, viz.: $1,50 to 1,60 per gallon. In Lard Oil no change. Linseed Oil is in limited request. Small sales at 76c in both casks and bbls.

PLASTER—No arrivals, and no sales this week.

RICE—Is dull and prices have again declined.—Sales of 3a400 casks at 4a4¼ per lb, on time.

SUGAR—There has been a fair demand, and prices are steadily maintained; sales of 1,000 bbls Cuba and New Orleans at 4½a5½c, on time, the latter rate for Clarified, and some Brazil on private terms. The market closed rather dull, with prices rather in favor of buyers.

SALT—About 5,000 sacks mostly Liverpool coarse were disposed of on private terms.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is dull, and prices have again declined; sales of 200 bushels at $5,75a6 per 64 lbs. Timothy is scarce; small sales at $2,75a3,25 per bushel. The market continues bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted.

SPICES—The only sale reported is a small lot of Pimento at 14c per lb, cash.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are in steady demand at former rates. N E Rum sells in lots at 38a39c. Whiskey is dull and lower. Prices have ruled very irregulary. Sales of 650 bbls at 27a29c, and hhds at 26a27c.

TALLOW—There is a fair demand for Rendered at our last quotations.

TEAS—The demand is increasing for all descriptions, and prices are firm.

TOBACCO—There has been rather more inquiry for both Leaf and Manufactured for the supply of the trade, but prices are unchanged.

WINES are held firmly, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—The market has been very quiet since our last notice, and the sales only comprise 50a60,000 lbs at 33 up to 60c per lb, 6 mos. The manufacturers purchase only for the supply of their immediate wants.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are steady at 4s 9d a5s per bbl for Flour, 17d per bushel for Grain, and 50a60s per ton for Bacon. 24,000 bushels Grain were taken on private terms. To California, the Golden West is loading at 60a65c per foot. Colliers are rather more abundant. We quote to Boston at $3,50 per ton, and to New York $1,35. Vessels are wanted for the West Indies.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS. No. 36 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	106½	107	P Township	34	36
" '62	116½	116½	Girard	13½	13¾
" '67	122	122½	Western	70½	71
" '68	122	122½	Manuf&Mech	27	28
" '65	110½	—	Bk of Com	60	71
July interest off			Camden N J	65	68
Phila 6s	94½	96	Germantown	63	65
" 5s	93½	96	Trest Bk Co	31	—
" 6s Gas	94½	95	Pitt'g Bk	51¼	52
County 5s	94	94½	M & M Pitts	50	60
Penna 6s	100	—	Exchange, Pitts	55	—
" 5s	89½	90	Com, Cin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Louis, Ky	110½	111
Tennessee 6s	98½	99	Kentucky Bk	110	111
Illinois 6s	—	—	Northern	114	115
Cincinnati 6s	98½	99	Union, Tenn	89½	90
Texas T Notes	34	40	Plant's, Tenn	89½	90
" Bds 8s	30	—	Vicksburg	14	14½
Schuyl N 6s	80½	81½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	99	99½	N O Gas Lt	120	125
" 1st Loan	96	—	Schuyl Nav	26½	27
" Mort 6s	100	100½	" pref'd do	33½	33½
C & D C'l 6s	90½	91	Lehigh Nav	69	70
C & Am R Bds	90	90½	C & Del Cal	100	105
Bea Mdw R 6s	90	90½	Morris Cl	16½	16½
Susquh Cl 6s	70½	71	Penn&Ohio Cl	20	[illegible]
Norrist'n R 6s	96	—	Union Cl	14½	15
Morris R 6s	93½	95	Camd&Am R	139	151
Wil R 6s	91	91½	Penna R	48½	48¾
Read R 6s	85	85½	Bea Mdw R	43	45
" Mort 6s	89	90	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Shares	3½	3¾	North Am Cl	—	14
N Amer Bk	146	148	Susquh Cl	12½	13
Penna Bank	134	134½	Norristown R	60½	61
Philadelphia	130½	132	Harrisburg R	55	55½
Far & Mec	75	75½	Reading Road	39½	39½
Commercial	63	63½	Wilmington R	39½	40
N Liberty	60	—	Minehill R	68	69
Mechanics	32½	32¾	N Liberty Gas	23	25
Southwark	79	—	N W Min Co	—	26
Kensington	70	71	L'g Island RR	16½	16½

ALMANAC.

March, 1854.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
18 Saturday,	6 3	5 57	2 30	
19 Sunday,	6 2	5 58	3 45	
20 Monday,	6 0	6 0	4 40	
21 Tuesday,	5 59	6 1	5 40	D. H. M.
22 Wedn'day,	5 58	6 3	6 41	First 6 1 56
23 Thursday,	5 56	6 4	7 43	Full 14 12 6
24 Friday,	5 55	6 5	8 43	Last 21 12 53
25 Saturday,	5 54	6 6	9 30	New 28 11 45

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph Hazzard, to Miss Mary A. Smith, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D., William T. Wilcox, to Susan Gillespie, daughter of the late Geo. Ralston.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. John McElmoyl, to Miss Maria Gourley, both of Gloucester, N. J.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, Stephen Fuller, Esq. of Dixon, Illinois, to Elizabeth B. Coolidge, of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Charles Thompson, to Miss Anna Lauer.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Brainerd, C. C. Benton, M. D., to Sarah A. daughter of Col. John West, all of this city.

On 4th-day, 8th of 3d mo. 1854, at the U. States Hotel, Philadelphia, by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Mayor Gilpin, Edwin James, to Sidney Chalfant, both of Chester county.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. N. Harkness, to Miss Martha Linton, all of this city.

On the 1st Jan. last, by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr Thomas Whalley, to Miss Christiann Burk, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. T. Ward, Mr. David A. Roberts, of Germantown, to Miss Lizzie, daughter of Geo. Fox, of this city.

On the 5th Jan. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. Francis A. Yanfra, to Miss Mary A. Schand, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. G. A. Reichert, Mr. Francis Mellan, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, both of this city.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. John W. Arthur, Mr. Charles K. Barrett, formerly of Frederick Township, Montgomery county, to Miss Elizabeth Weigand, of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. W. H. Bence, Dr. J. R. Rowand, to Miss Caroline A. Frost, daughter of Prof John Frost.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Darling, Mr. John S. Adams, of Camden, N. J. to Mrs. Mary T. Hyatt, of Philadelphia.

On the 8th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, Tabitha T. Tagg, of Philadelphia, to Joseph H. Munsy, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

At Willow Grove, Pa. on the 7th instant, by the Rev. S. Clark, Mr. William Gullager, to Miss Kate Gordon, daughter of John Christopher, Esq of the former place.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday morning, 7th inst. Mrs. Arabella McMullan, aged 66 years.

On the 8th inst. George Stinsman, aged 58.

On the 8th instant, Lillie Augusta, daughter of Jacob and Charlotte M. Monk, aged 2 years.

On the 8th inst. George Noble, aged 40 years.

On the 7th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas and Fanny Love, aged 3 years and 5 months.

On the 8th inst. Louisa, daughter of Henry and Mary Hallworth, aged 3 years.

On the 7th inst. John W. Smith, aged 18 years.

On the 8th inst. Michael McGarrity, aged 26.

On the 8th inst. Joseph Alexander, son of J. W. and Elizabeth Farles, aged 6 years.

On the 8th inst. Elizabeth, daughter of John and Elizabeth Stewart, aged 9 months.

On the 8th inst. George B. son of John and Hannah Delaney, aged 13 months.

On the 8th instant, Bridget, daughter of Patrick Keenan, aged 5 years.

On the 8th inst. Sarah Jane, daughter of Alex. and Margaret Starrett, aged 6 years and 7 months.

On the 6th inst. Lewis, son of Joseph and Sarah Phillips, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 6th inst. James Morrow, son of Wm. and Jane Bunting, aged 21 months.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Margaret V. Riley, aged 35 years.

On the 6th inst. James McCall, aged 42 years.

On the 7th inst. Samuel, son of Saml. and Elizabeth Hervey, aged 3 years.

On the 6th inst. John McQuigan, aged 50 years.

On the 5th inst. George W. Duffy, aged 53.

On the 5th inst. Mr. George Watts, aged 46.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. Eliza A. wife of John Wiegand, Jr. aged 26 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. Catharine Marshall, aged 62 years.

On the 5th inst. Joseph Keen, Jr. late of Chicago, aged 31 years.

On the 5th inst. Edward L. Thawley, aged 41.

On the 6th inst. in Richmond, Catharine McMahon.

On the 6th inst. Sarah Staught.

On the 5th inst. Margaret, daughter of John and Elizabeth Brickner, aged 4 years.

On the 6th inst. Abigail, wife of John D. Eaton, aged 29 years.

On the 3d inst. Margaret, widow of the late R. Manson, aged 73 years.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, *No. 30½ South Third Street.*

Philadelphia, March 18, 1854.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S Bank notes	18 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Honesdale	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Erie	1 dis
All other solv'nt Bks	par
Relief notes	½a1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Medford, Sal'm, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princeton, Bord'to'n Bkg Co	par
Public Stock Bank, Belvidere,	25 dis
Plainfield	closed
State Bk Morris	do
Coml Bk Perth Amboy	do
Peoples Bk Patterson	do
N Hope Del Bridge Co	do
Yardleyville do	10 dis
New Brunswick	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris co	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	½ dis
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent Banks	par
Under 5's	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore Banks	½ dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis
Cecil co	½ dis
Frederick co	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Salisbury, Havre de Grace, Far & Millers	failed
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City Banks	par a ½ dis
Solvent co Bks	½ dis
James Bk	25 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
Far Bk Onondaga	25 dis
Bk of Owego	redeemed
Mer. & M. Bk City Oswego	25 dis
MAINE.	
Mercan Bk Bangor	1½ dis
All other solv'nt Bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent Bks	½ dis

VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent Banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Bk N Ams Seymour	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Phoenix B'k, Westerly, stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	1½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & brch's	½ dis
Far Bk & brch's	½ dis
Valley Bk & brch's	½ dis
Ex Bk & brch's	½ dis
Wheeling	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
Bk St Mary's	55 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Country Banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All Banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
All solvent Banks	1 dis
Small notes	1 dis
Bk Massillon	failed
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bk of Illinois	30 dis
State Bk do	70 dis
Good Free Bks	1a3 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent Banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
East Tennessee	3 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Gov't Stock Bk	1½ dis
All solvent Banks	2 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All Banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
TEXAS.	
Commercial & Agricultural Bk, Galveston	10 per ct

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For delicate and forcible delineation of character, this work is hardly excelled.—*Boston Journal.*

The Lamplighter will shed many a ray around firesides and in hearts, where now it may be there is much of darkness and despair.—*Daily Bee, Boston.*

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The Lamplighter teaches important truths which cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of all—and no one can study its instructive and fascinating pages without being made better by its kindly influences. Its author has evidently a highly *cultivated* and *refined*, as well as an *original* and *imaginative* mind, and writes with the ease, the *classical correctness of diction*, and that choice selection of terms which indicate the *good English scholar*. In this respect the Lamplighter is *much superior to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, whose inelegancies meet us at every turn.—*Boston Daily Atlas.*

It is one of the most *affecting* and *interesting tales that has ever been issued from an American press.*—*Daily Tribune, Providence, R. I.*

This book develops a variety of characters, some of them as deeply affecting as the best sketches of Dickens. Little Gerty, Blind Emily, the good Lamplighter himself, Willie Sullivan and others, are drawn by no unskilful hand. We will not however forestall the reader's pleasure by a sketch of the story. It is a book which will be generally read, and we are sure it will not fail to give great pleasure to its readers.—*Evening Transcript, Boston.*

The author of The Lamplighter, whoever he or she may be, has struck a note which will find a response in the public heart. It is a book which is destined to become a great favorite with the reading public.—*Daily Herald, Newburyport.*

We predict for this book a *great sale.* It is written in that easy and graceful style which cannot fail to suit the most fastidious taste.—*Olive Branch, Boston.*

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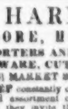

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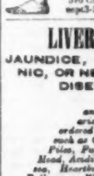

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MORE HOME TESTIMONY.

Philadelphia, March 1, 1853.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir:—For the past two years I have been severely afflicted with Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and Piles, suffering constantly the pains and inconveniences attendant upon such complaints; without energy, being scarcely able to attend to any business, I used a great deal of medicine, without any apparent change, until I used your "Hoofland's German Bitters." They have entirely cured me. I am now entirely free from pain and ache of any kind, and feel like a new man, in every respect, and unhesitatingly recommend your Bitters to all invalids.

Yours, respectfully,
JOHN R. COREY, No. 12 Lagrange Place.

Philadelphia, January 13, 1853.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have used your "Hoofland's German Bitters" in my family for the last four years, for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, and am pleased to acknowledge that we have received the greatest benefit from its use. I have recommended it to a great many afflicted with similar diseases, with the same good result.

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Selected Poetry.

TYRE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The wild and windy morning is lit with lurid fire;
The thundering surf of ocean beats on the rocks of Tyre—
Beats on the fallen columns and round the headland roars,
And hurls its foamy volume along the hollow shores,
And calls with hungry clamor, that speaks its long desire:
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"

Within her cunning harbor, choked with invading sand,
No galleys bring their freightage, the spoils of every land,
And like a prostrate forest, when autumn gales have blown,
Her colonnades of granite lie shattered and o'erthrown;
And from the reef the pharos no longer flings its fire,
To beckon home from Tarshish the lordly ships of Tyre.

Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty on the waves—
Thou that thyself exalted, till kings became thy slaves?
Thou that didst speak to nations, and saw thy will obeyed—
Whose favor made them joyful, whose anger sore afraid—
Who laid'st thy deep foundations, and thought them strong and sure,
And boasted midst the waters: shall I not aye endure?

Where is the wealth of ages, that heaped thy princely mart?
The pomp of purple trappings; the gems of Syrian art;
The silken goats of Kedar; Sabæa's spicy store;
The tributes of the islands thy squadrons homeward bore,
When in thy gates triumphant, they entered from the sea
With sounds of horn and sackbut, of harp and psaltery?

Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! the glory is laid waste:
There is no habitation; the mansions are defaced.
No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty sails;
No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow in Shenir's vales,
And Bashan's oaks that boasted a thousand years of sun,
Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.

Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy harp and sing:
Call the rebellious islands to own their ancient king;
Bare to the spray thy bosom, and with thy hair unbound,
Sit on the piles of ruin, thou throneless and discrowned!
There mix thy voice of wailing with the thunders of the sea,
And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou remembered be!

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature still laments
The pomp and power departed, the lost magnificence:
The hills were proud to see thee, and they are sadder now;
The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears a troubled brow,
And evermore the surges chant forth their vain desire:
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"

Graham's Magazine.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

GOTHAM SCRIBBLINGS.
No. 5.
Barnum's Poultry Show.

Defend my ears! Did you suppose Noah had to put up with such a cackling and crowing as this, in his ark? I trust ear-trumpets are cheap, for I stand a chance of becoming as deaf as a husband when his wife asks him for money.

I have always hated a rooster; whether from his perch, before daylight, he shrilly, spitefully, and unnecessarily, recalled me from rosy dreams to stupid realities, or when strolling at the head of his hang-dog looking seraglio of hens, he stood poised on one foot, gazing back at the meek procession with an air that said, as plain as towering crests and tall feathers could say it—"Stir a foot if you dare, till I give you the signal!"—at which demonstration I looked instinctively about for a big stone, to take the nonsense out of him!

Save us, what a crowd! There are more onions here than patchouli, more worsted wrappers than Brummel neck-ties, and more brogans than patent leather. Most of the visitors gaze at the perches through barn yard spectacles. For myself I don't care an egg shell, whether that old "Shanghai" knew who her grandfather was or not, or whether those "Dorkings" were ever imprudent enough to let their young affections rove from their native roost; but I do believe that Yankee eyes were made to be used, and the first observation mine take, is, that those gentlemen fowls seem to have reversed the order of things here in New York, being very superior in point of beauty to the feminines. Of course they know it. See them strut! There never was a masculine yet whom you could enlighten on such a point.

Now, were I a hen, (which, thank the parish register, I am not,) I would cross my claws, and succumb to that tall Polander, with his crested helmet of black and white feathers; he is on the right side of the fence, too; crows for both black and white, and shows his colors like a brave free-soiler. Yes, were I a hen, I'd certainly share his demonstrative perch.

Oh, you pretty little "carrier doves!" I could find a use for you. Do you ever tap-tap at the wrong window, you little snow-flakes? Have you learned the secret of soaring above the heads of your enemies? Are you impregnable to bribes, in the shape of feed?

There's an Eagle, fierce as a Hospodar. Bird of Jove! that you should stay caged in the tantalizing vicinity of those fat little bantams! Try the strength of your pinions, grim old fellow; call no man jailor; turn your back on Barnum, and stare the sun out of countenance!

Observe with what aristocratic nonchalance those salmon-colored pigeons sit their perch! See that ruffle of feathers about their dignified Elizabethean throats. I am not at all sure that I should have intruded into their regal presence, without being heralded by a court page.

Do you call those two moving bales of wool, sheep? Hurrah for "Ayreshire" farming! Fleece six inches deep, and the animals not half grown; comfortable looking January-defiers, may your shearing be mercifully postponed till the dog-days. Pigs, too? petite white and frisky; $200 *a pair!* p-h-e-w! and such pretty little gaiter boots to be had in Broadway! Disgusting little porkers, don't wink your pink eyes at my Jewish resolution. Puppies for sale? long eared and short-eared, shaggy and shaven, bob-tailed—cur-tailed—and to be re-tailed! Spaniel terrier and embryo Newfoundland. Ho! ye unappropriated spinsters with a superfluity of long evenings—ye forlorn bachelors weary of solitude and boot jacks, listen to these yelping applicants for your yearning affections, and "down with the dust."

"Nelly for sale, at $20." Poor little antelope! The gods send your soft, dark eyes an appreciative purchaser. I look into their human-like depths, and invoke for you the velvety, flower-bestrewn lawn, the silver lake, in which your graceful limbs are mirrored as you stoop to drink, the leafy shade of fret-work leaves in the panting noon-tide heat, and the watchful eye and caressing hand of some bright young creature, to whom the earth is one glad anthem, and whose sweet young life (like yours) is innocent and pure.

Avaunt pretentious peacocks, flaunting your gaudy plumage before our sated eyes. See that beautiful "Golden Pheasant," on whose plump little body, clad in royal crimson, the sun-light lingers so lovingly. See the silky fall of those fleecy golden feathers about his arching neck. Glorious pheasant! do you know that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever?" Make your home with me, and feast my pen-weary eyes. Sit before me when the sunlight of happiness is clouded in, and the grey leaden clouds of sorrow overcast my sky; perch upon my finger; lay your soft neck to my cheek; bring me visions of a happier shore where love is written on the rainbow's arch, heard in the silver-tripping stream, seen in the blossom-laden bough and bended blade, quivering under the weight of dewy gems, hymned by the quiet stars, whose ever-moving harmony is unmarred by the discord of envy, hate, or soul blasting uncharitableness. Beautiful pheasant, come, bring thoughts of beauty and peace to me!

—Loving Jenny Lind smiles upon us from yonder window! Would that we might hear her little little Swedish chicken-peep! Not a semi-quaver would the mother-bird, for the homage of the Old World or New. The artless clapping of little Otto's joyous hands, drowns all the singing plaudits, waked across the ocean. A Dead Sea apple is fame, dear Jenny, to a true woman's heart. Happier to have hung thy laurel wreath on Otto's little cradle.

FANNY FERN.

Selected Articles.

RANDOM NOTES ON BEARDS.

It has been calculated by a curious investigator, Withof, that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one line and a half in the week. This will give a length of six inches and a half in the course of a year, and for a man of eighty years of age, twenty-seven feet, which have fallen before the edge of the razor. Such an amount of growth appears in nowise remarkable, when we learn from Eble, that, in the Prince's Court at Eidam, there is a full-length painting of a carpenter, whose beard was nine feet long, so that when engaged at work he was obliged to carry it in a bag.

The hairs of different regions of the body of the same individual present some degree of variety of dimensions. In the following table, the diameter of the hair of the head is given in the first line as a standard of comparison:

	Max. Black.
Head	1-300 of an inch.
Beard	1-[illegible] "
Whisker	1-250 "
Eyebrows	1-[illegible] "
Eyelashes	1-300 "

The ancient Romans suffered their beards to grow till about the year of the city 454, when one P. Ticinius Menas brought barbers from Sicily, and first introduced the custom of shaving at Rome, which continued to the time of Hadrian, who, to cover some excrescences on his chin, revived the custom of letting the beard grow; but that of shaving was soon after resumed.

The day on which the young men first began to shave was held as a holiday, according to Juvenal, and presents were sent to them by their friends. The first growth of the beard was consecrated to some god,—thus, Nero consecrated his, in a golden box set with pearls, to Jupiter Capitolinus.

In grief and mourning the Romans allowed the beard to grow; sometimes they tore it, and covered it with dust and ashes. The Greeks, on the contrary, in grief shaved their beard. Among the Jews, it was reckoned ignominious to shave a person's beard.

Augustus Cæsar used sometimes to clip his beard, and sometimes to shave it. Some used to pull the hairs from the root with an instrument somewhat similar to our nippers or small pincers; others, to burn them out with the flame of nut-shells, as the tyrant Dionysius did, with walnut-shells. Some used a certain ointment as a depilatory.

Alexander the Great thought that the beards of the soldiery afforded convenient handles for the enemy to lay hold of, preparatory to cutting off their heads; and, with a view of depriving them of this advantage, he ordered the whole of his army to be closely shaven.

The fashion of wearing long beards became prevalent during the reign of Henry I.; it was severely reprobated by the clergy. Some of the moralists compared the men of their day to "filthy goats." During the absence of Cœur de Lion, his English subjects shaved their faces. William Fitz-Osbert, or Long-Beard, the great demagogue of that day, re-introduced, among the people who claimed to be of Saxon origin, the fashion of long beards. In John's reign, beards and mustaches were worn or not as fancy dictated.

During the reign of Edward II., beards were sometimes worn by persons in years, by great officers of state, and by Knights Templars. That the practice was not general, is shown by the following anecdote:—Peter Auger, valet to the king, when setting out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, obtained letters of safe conduct from his majesty, because, having vowed not to shave his beard, he was afraid he should be taken for a Knight Templar, and consequently insulted; the cruel persecution and suppression of that renowned order having commenced at this period.

Edward III. is represented upon his tomb at Westminster with a beard which would have graced a philosopher.

When Chaucer lived, the beard was forked; and the mustache, in all knightly effigies, is long, and drooping on each side of the mouth over the *camail*.

Beards were not much worn in the reign of Henry V. Mustaches, also, were only partially worn. The general character, indeed, of the whole of the fifteenth century is a closely shorn chin.

Stowe, in his Annals—in his account of the reign of Henry VIII., under 1535—says:—"The 8th of May the King commanded all about his court to poll their beards; and, to give them example, he caused his own head to be polled, and from henceforth his beard to be knotted, and no more shaven."

The reader will easily call to recollection the portraits of Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, Cardinal Pole, and Bishop Gardiner, all ornamented with flowing beards, in the reign of the first Mary.

The commentators on Shakspeare show that, in the reign of Elizabeth, beards of different cut were appropriated to various characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the judge another, the bishop differed from both. Malone has quoted an old ballad, inserted in a Miscellany, entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, in which some of these forms are described and appropriated.

The beard now gradually declined; and the court of Charles I. was the last in which even a small one was cherished. After the restoration of Charles II., mustaches or whiskers continued, but the rest of the face was shaven; and in a short time the process of shaving the entire face became universal.

A famous epigram was made by the Scots who visited London in 1327—when David, son of Robert Bruce, was married to Joan, the sister of King Edward—and stuck upon the church-door of St. Peter, Stangate. It ran as follows:—

"Long beards heartlesse,
Painted hoods witlesse,
Gray coats gracelesse,
Make England thriftlesse."

D'Israeli the elder quotes an author who, in his "Elements of Education," printed in 1640, says:—"I have a favorable opinion of that young gentleman who is curious in fine mustaches. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them, is no time lost; for the more he contemplates his mustaches the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by, masculine and courageous notions."

When the Emperor Charles V. ascended the throne of Spain he had no beard. It was not to be expected that the obsequious parasites who always surround a monarch could presume to look more virile than their master. Immediately all the courtiers appeared beardless, with the exception of such few grave old men as had outgrown the fashion, and who had determined to die bearded, as they had lived. Many people saw this revolution with the deepest sorrow and greatest alarm, and thought that every manly virtue would be banished with the beard. It became at the time a common saying—"We have no longer souls since we have lost our beards."

Until the year 1705, the Russians had been famous for their length of beard. But, at that time, Peter the Great sent forth his command, that not only the army, but all ranks of citizens, from the nobles to the serfs, should shave their beards. A certain time was given, that people might get over the first throes of their repugnance, after which every man who chose to retain his beard was to pay a tax of one hundred roubles. The priests and the serfs were put on a lower footing, and allowed to retain theirs upon payment of a copeck every time they passed the gate of a city.

Great discontent arose from this law; but all people thought it wiser to cut off their beards than to run the risk of incensing a man who would make no scruple of cutting off their heads. For many years a very considerable revenue was collected from this source. The collectors gave, in receipt for its payment, a copper coin, struck expressly for the purpose, and called "the bearded." On one side it bore the figure of a nose, mouth and mustache, with a long bushy beard, surmounted by the words, "Money received," the whole encircled by a wreath, and stamped with the black eagle of Russia. On the reverse, it bore the date of the year. Every man who chose to wear a beard was obliged to produce this receipt on his entry into a town. Those who were refractory, and refused to pay the tax, were thrown into prison.

During a temporary triumph gained by the Dutch soldiers over the citizens of Louvain, in October, 1830, it became a standing joke against the patriots that they shaved their faces clean immediately; and the wits of the Dutch army asserted that they had gathered mustaches enough from the denuded lips of the Belgians to stuff mattresses for all the sick and wounded in their hospitals.

In the German newspapers of August, 1838, appeared an ordinance, signed by the King of Bavaria, forbidding civilians, on any pretence whatever, to wear mustaches, and commanding the police, and other authorities, to arrest, and cause to be shaved, the offending parties. "Strange to say," adds *Le Droit*, the journal from which this account is taken, "mustaches disappeared immediately, like leaves from the trees in autumn; everybody made haste to obey the royal order, and not one person was arrested."

"Human felicity," says Dr. Franklin, "is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune, that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day. Thus, if you teach a poor young man to shave himself, and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to the happiness of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas. This sum may be soon spent—the regret only remaining of having foolishly consumed it; but, in the other case, he escapes the frequent vexation of waiting for barbers, and of their sometimes dirty fingers, offensive breaths, and dull razors; he shaves when most convenient to him, and enjoys daily the pleasure of its being done with a good instrument."

A modern medical writer says:—"Aside from its utility in a medical point of view, we are of opinion that a luxuriant and flowing beard adds to the grace and dignity of a man. As a fair and smooth face gives to the female that delicacy and feminine tenderness which is so appropriate to her sphere, so does the beard give to the male the manly dignity and sternness of aspect which is so well adapted to him who is to brave the tempests of a rough world. We are aware of the delicate ground on which we tread when attempting to interfere with any prevailing mode, and we expect that every weazen-faced and sandy-hearted individual will endeavor to ridicule our benevolent efforts; but we shall persevere in our endeavors to introduce a more close imitation, *physically*, as well as *morally*, of the wise and holy patriarchs of old."

After due consideration—so necessary to the vast importance of the subject—we have come to the same decision as P. Gentien Hervet, Regent of the College at Orleans, who, in the year 1536, printed three discourses on the beard. In the first of these, *De Radenda Barba*, he makes it appear that we are bound to shave the beard; in the second, *De Alenda Barba*, he proves we ought to let the beard grow; and in the third, *De vel Radenda vel Alenda Barba*, he considers that it is lawful either to shave or cultivate the beard at pleasure!

A TEST OF KINDNESS.

The following incident is so beautiful and touching, that it should be read in every household in the country. It developes the true active principle of kindness. How many an erring mortal, making his first step in crime, might be redeemed by the exercise of this sublime trait in the character of the kind-hearted Quaker:

William Savery, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade, and was known by all as "one who walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, whom I shall call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the country newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of Hides on the fifth of this month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said: "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied, "then perhaps thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said: "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

He turned his back towards her and did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice: "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down hill everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you! but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret still lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he eat and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words: "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." John entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest and steady man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

THE PERSIAN DOCTOR AND THE GLASS BOTTLE.—A few years ago, at Ispahan, one of the principal cities of Persia, some Englishmen performed a series of experiments with the electric machine. Every one was delighted with the novel apparatus, except one renowned doctor and lecturer of the college, who, envious of the popularity gained by this display of superior science, contended publicly, that the effects produced were moral, not physical—that it was the mummery practised by the strangers, and the state of nervous agitation they excited, which produced an ideal shock. He went so far as to express his conviction, that a man of true firmness of mind would stand unmoved by all the electricians could produce out of their glass bottle, as he scoffingly termed the machine. He was invited to the experiment, and declared his readiness to attend the next exhibition. The day appointed soon arrived—"Red Stockings", as the Persian philosopher was called, from his usually wearing scarlet hose—went boldly up to the electric machine, took hold of the chain with both hands, planted his feet firmly, shut his teeth, and called forth all his resolution to resist the shock. It was given, and the unbeliever dropped on the floor as if he had been shot. There was a momentary alarm among the bye-standers; but on poor "Red Stockings's" almost instant recovery, and the experimenter explaining that the effect had been increased by the determination to resist it, all gave way to one hearty burst of laughter. The good natured philosopher took no offence; but he muttered something about the reaction of the feelings after being overstrained. He, however, admitted that there was more in the glass bottle than he had anticipated.

A CURIOUS PASSPORT.—Peter Henry Bruce, in his curious memoirs, gives the form of a passport which, in the reign of Peter the Great, always before the coffin of a Russian was closed, was put between the fingers of the corpse:—"We, N. N., do certify by these presents, that the bearer hereof hath always lived among us as became a good Christian, professing the Greek religion; and although he may have committed some sins, he hath confessed the same; whereupon he hath received absolution, and taken the communion for the remission of sins; That he hath honored God and his saints; that he hath not neglected his prayers; and hath fasted on the hours and days appointed by the Church; That he hath always behaved himself towards me, his Confessor, in such a manner that I have no reason to complain of him, or to refuse him the absolution of his sins. In witness whereof, I have given him these testimonials, to the end that St. Peter, upon sight of them, may not deny him the opening of the gate to eternal bliss!"—*Southey's Doctor.*

City Scenes.

POLICEMAN.—"Now, mum! What's the matter?"
INJURED FEMALE.—"If you please, mister—I want to give my wretch of a 'usband in charge. He's always a knocking of me down and a stampin' on me!"

Wit and Humor.

MATRIMONIAL SCENE.—There are some funny scenes in this world. We annex one: "My dear, this nonsense must stop! A thousand dollars for a party don't pay." "Pay or not, we *must* have one. What will the Dazzles say if we come off meanly?" "I don't care what the Dazzles say; I am determined to be the victim of flummery no longer. What did you do last week? Paid a hundred dollars for a gold edged coal-scuttle!" "And what if I did, I got it below the market-price. Mrs. Gadder paid $120 for one greatly its inferior." "I don't care one cent for Mrs. Gadder, nor for Mrs. Gadder's coal-scuttle. I say no more flummery must come in this house. If it does, I will throw it out of the window." "And if you do, I will go into the yard and toss it back again! Undertake that, Mr. Firkins, and you'll discover that you have a woman for a wife." "You are a wasteful, heedless termagant, madam." "And you, sir, are a brute of a husband. Dear me! here comes that old drawl, Mrs. Silk. Pray be decent for a moment. [*Enter Mrs. Silk.*] Happy to see you, Mrs. Silk. I was just saying to Alfred how delightful it would be if some old acquaintance would only drop in and spend a morning with us. By-the-way, Mrs. S., which do you think the most becoming—a shawl or a talma? I insist on a shawl, but Alfred, the dear soul, insists that I shall have a talma. To this I object that talmas are expensive, and will soon become unfashionable; but in spite of all this, his fondness continues, and he still insists that it shall be a talma, and nothing else. Now, as a kind, good friend, I ask you, Mrs. Silk, what would you advise?" "Why, I should certainly side with your husband, and say a talma, of course." "Well, dearest, since Mrs. S. joins you, I suppose I must yield. Go to Beck's and choose anything you may deem becoming. But be back early to dinner. Hours are ages, love, when you're not here." "I will, my sweet." Firkins rises, tips his beaver to Mrs. Silk, and imprints a kiss on his wife's cheek, but with such force that the mark it makes looks very much like a bite. Mrs. S. gives a little shriek, but excuses herself by saying that she thought she saw a spider. The flummery question was resumed again that afternoon, and with such warmth that Mr. Firkins was forced to lock Mrs. F. in the bedroom.—*N. Y. Monthly Magazine.*

MILITARY REWARDS IN CHINA.—The Chinese heroes who are now cutting off each other's tails and mutilating each other's limbs, appear to realise a far larger quantity of kicks than halfpence by their warlike achievements. Even a successful general seems to make but a sorry business of it, for the renowned Hiang-Yung, after taking a bridge, and a few other important positions, was rewarded for his heroic exploits by "permission to wear a yellow riding jacket." The poor fellow seems to have been regularly jockied by his Imperial master. Military rewards are evidently cheap in China, for "peacocks' feathers," "strike-lights," and "penknives," are enumerated as the articles of which the Emperor is most lavish to his successful soldiers. We wonder what our Wellington would have said to a bunch of cocks' tails after Torres Vedras, by way of having so many feathers in his cap; or a box of lucifers as a light recognition of his services at Waterloo. There must be a true relish for military glory among the Chinese generals, if they are sufficiently "pleased by a feather" to risk their lives in the hope of obtaining a bit of a peacock's tail on which to plume themselves, and are prepared to carry on "war to the knife," with a penknife in prospect by way of acknowledgment. If a more civilized commander were, after a brilliant achievement, to be offered a penknife, he would probably use it to "cut his stick," and leave the service for ever.—*Punch.*

EPITAPH ON A MAN KILLED ON A RAILROAD.—The following is an epitaph written upon the grave stone of a man who was killed upon a railway track:

"Here are deposited the bones
(the flesh being torn off)
of an unknown man,
who being deaf, blind, and lame,
neglected to obey the customary signals, and
was run over as a punishment for his
[illegible]
The engineer promptly stopped the engine
after it had cut the body in two,
and with the most exemplary humanity
conveyed the remains to an adjacent
woodshed,
where all means of resuscitation were
tried, but, alas!
the vital spark had fled!
For the humanity they displayed
the engineer and signal men were presented
by the company with a service of plate
GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE!"

ONE OF THE JURYMEN.—They have some queer jurymen in Iowa. A few days since, an old toper died rather suddenly. The coroner, in consequence, held an inquest—listened to the testimony of a physician—and was about rendering a verdict "water on the brain," when Mr. Slocum Peppipolis "riz" to object. "Mr. Coroner, I have known the deceased for ten moral years, and I know he has never seed a sober moment in all that time. To say that such a man can die with 'water on the brain,' is, therefore, blamed nonsense. It can't be did! 'Cause why? He never took any into his system. The true verdict, Mr. Coroner, should be 'gin, rum or brandy on the brain,' but as I cannot get such a verdict, I am willing to split the difference—compromise—and bring in a verdict as follows: 'Died from the effects of brandy and water on the brain.'" The compromise was agreed to, and the above verdict is a part and parcel of the recorded doings of Iowa.

A SHREWD CRITIC.—A clerical friend, who is "settled" away down East, tells us that he is very much amused at the shrewdness of a certain parishioner of his, who is very fond of reading his Bible, "without note or comment," and *guessing* out any obscurities which he may encounter. He came to his pastor, one day, and asked him what, in his opinion, was the reason why the Jews who went out to meet Christ as He was riding into Jerusalem, seated on an ass's colt, took branches of palm-trees in their hands. He was told that they intended to honor the Saviour, etc. "Honor Him!" said he; "that's all humbug! I don't believe a word of it! Wasn't they a-thirsting for His blood? A plaguey sight of honor they meant to do Him. No! no! I tell you them Jews was awful cunnin' critters, and they wanted to break His neck; and so they took them branches *to skeer the colt!*" Our correspondent commends this interpretation to the attention of all Biblical commentators.—*Knickerbocker.*

THE LAST EXCUSE.—We have heard of a number of silly pretexts put forth at various times by public singers for breaking their professional engagements, but we question whether the whole range of fiction could supply so neat an invention as that recently offered by a distinguished vocalist, who excused himself for appearing on a certain night, owing to his stomach having *lost its tone.*

A GOOD ONE.—A gay and witty lady of Memphis, Tenn., who was going up to Louisville, on one of the fashionable and much puffed steamboats of the Mississippi, was troubled, as the other passengers were, by cockroaches and other entomological specimens that pervaded every part of the boat. Happening to meet with the Captain, who was rather a proud personage, the following conversation ensued:

"Captain, I thought you commanded a steamboat."

"So I do, madam, and a finer does not run."

"I beg your pardon: but I think you ought to call yourself the captain of a *buggy*, rather than a steamboat"—accompanying the remark with a certain expression, which explained very clearly the meaning of the allusion.

CELESTIAL STABLES.—Elder P——, who whilom preached in a certain town of this "ked'ntry," was so notorious for his queer phrases and very odd comparisons, that it finally behove the "deacons" to remonstrate with him. The elder admitted the justice of the charge brought against him; promised to amend his speech henceforward; and hoped that his failings, grievous though they were, would not be the cause of any diminution in their brotherly regard for him; "For, brethren," said he, "we always have hitched horses so far, and I hope we may hitch horses hereafter in the stables of eternal glory!"

Miscellaneous.

LAST HOURS OF MR. CALHOUN.

[Mr. Scoville, the private secretary of Mr. Calhoun, has recently published his recollections of a scene in the last hours of the dying statesman. Mr. Scoville says:]

His country, the South, and its future, was all to him. He did not care about his own future. It was a small matter in his eyes, as the following fact will show. For two days before he died, and when it was generally known in the city that he could not live, many visitors called at the house. His physician, Dr. Hull, insisted, for his own comfort, that he should see as few as possible. Mr. Calhoun acquiesced, and added, "Mr. Scoville knows who I will see and who not." I, of course went to the front door whenever the servants announced a visitor to him, and answered the requests of those who wished to see him. On one occasion, (the day before he died,) I found the visitor to be the Rev. Mr. Butler. I told him Mr. Calhoun was very ill—too ill to see any one.

"That is the very reason why he should see me. Will you have the goodness to announce me, and tell him that I do wish to converse with him, as a minister of God, in reference to his situation?"

I hesitated an instant, and then remembering that Mrs. Calhoun was a communicant in the Episcopal Church, of which Mr. Butler was a pastor, I concluded that if I wished to stand well in her future regard I had better forego my determination of sending off Mr. Butler, and so I said, "Wait a moment," and I left him standing at the front door, while I returned to the bedside of Mr. Calhoun. God bless his glorious soul! I see him now as I saw him then, his head propped up by pillows—his pale, emaciated, but stern and commanding eyes piercing as an eagle's, and fixed upon me as I entered the room. He knew I had been to see some one who had called.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Mr. Butler, sir—"

"Why do you not bring him at once? It is his right, as my colleague."

"It is not Senator Butler, sir."

"Butler?—I don't know any other. Who is he?"

"It is the Chaplain of the Senate, sir—the Rev. Mr. Butler."

"What does he want?"

"He says that he has heard you are very low, and considers it his duty to come and talk to you about serious matters."

"Send him off about his business. To come to talk to me his nonsense at such a time as this!"

I went to the door and informed the chaplain that Mr. Calhoun was too ill to see him.

"You certainly must be mistaken. Does he know it's me?"

I cut the matter short with a decided "Yes, sir, he does; and he says he don't want to see you, and I won't disturb him by going in again with your name." The Rev. Mr. Butler left, and when I returned to the room the impudence of the call was still in his mind. His eyes were closed, but I heard broken sentences, such as "To call on me for such a purpose!" "Young man not grown." "Subject I have thought of all my life."

AN UNLUCKY SALUTATION.—Before the French Revolution, the abbes were privileged persons in the fashionable world; a kind of general gossips in politics, literature, and court-scandal. At the tables of the principal noblemen there would always be a vacant place left for any abbe who might drop in, and the first who arrived took it. About dinner-time the abbes might be seen, neatly dressed, picking their way from one dry stone to another, along the dirty streets of Paris, ringing or rapping at the great porte-cochères of the lordly hotels, and inquiring of the porters,

"*Is there a place at table?*"

If answered in the negative, away they would hurry, in hopes of better luck at the next place of call.

An abbe of this springing order was seated one day, in the bloody time of the Revolution, at the table of a nobleman, where there was a large company. In the midst of the repast a cart drove by, carrying a number of persons to the guillotine. All the company ran to the windows to see if they had any friends among the victims.

The abbe being a short man, tried by standing on tip-toe, to peep over the shoulders of those before him, but in vain; so he ran down to the porte-cochère. As the cart went by, one of the prisoners who knew the abbe bowed to him. The abbe returned the salutation.

"What!" cried some of the mob, "you are his friend! You are of the same way of thinking! Here, citizens, here is *another* traitor! Away with him!"

The poor abbe was hoisted into the cart in spite of his protestations, and hurried off to the guillotine!

In the meantime, the noble company up stairs, having satisfied their curiosity, resumed their seats at table. One chair, however, remained vacant; and after a while the question began to be asked:

"Where is Monsieur, the abbe?" "What has become of the abbe?"

Alas! by this time the poor abbe was headless!

The facts here recorded were given to an ancient American, by SAMUEL ROGERS, the distinguished English poet.

☞ If we may believe the census, every fifth person in the United States owns a horse; and every tenth a dog.

AT REST.

With folded hands the lady lies
In flowing robes of white,
A gilded lamp beside her couch,
A bunch of lilies bright.

With such a light above her head,
A little year ago,
She walked adown the shadowy vale,
Where the blood red roses grow!

A shape, a shadow joined her there,
To pluck the royal flower,
But stole the lily from her breast,
Which was her only dower.

That gone, all went; her false love fled,
And then her peace of heart;
The hard world frowned, her friends grew cold,
She hid in tears apart;

And now she lies upon her couch,
Amid the dying light,
Nor wakes to hear the little voice
That moans throughout the night!

Putnam's Magazine.

HOW TO TREAT THE HAIR.—Madame Voiart, in her "Encyclopoedie des Dames," is extremely hostile to the use of *papillottes*, or curl-papers, for curling the hair, "as imprisoning the hair is hurtful to the proper vegetation of the ringlets, which ought to decorate the forehead and temples." Moreover, nothing is so unseemly as the head of a young lady hedge-hogged over with *papillottes*. The greater number, however, of those with whom nature has given fine, silky hair are condemned, particularly on gala days, to wear this ridiculous coronal a great part of the day. When these paper shackles, which take away half of the adornment, are of a tint harmonizing with the color of the hair, it is a little less ungraceful; but paper of this kind is not always at hand; and even if it were, what disagreeable marks *papillottes* always leave on the forehead, by the pressure against the pillow.

Madame Voiart recommends black pins instead of curl-papers; but if ladies must curl their hair, let them use the softest paper or silk for the purpose. Twisting, plaiting, and curling are all injurious; but as fashion is imperious, ladies, on retiring to rest at night, should have the hair arranged very loosely. But Dr Cazenave, of the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris, gives some clear instructions on the management of the hair. He says:

"Pass a fine-tooth comb, at regular intervals every twenty-four hours, through the hair, in order to keep it from matting or entangling; separate the hair carefully and repeatedly, so as to allow the air to pass through them for several minutes; use a brush that will serve the double purpose of cleansing the scalp and gently stimulating the hair-bulbs. Before going to bed, it will be desirable to part the hair evenly, so as to avoid false folds, or what is commonly called turning against the grain, which might even cause the hairs to break. Such are the usual and ordinary requirements as to the management of the hair. There is, on the other hand, a class of persons who carry to excess the dressing and adornment of the hair, especially those who are gifted with hair of the finest quality. Thus, for example, females who are in the habit, during the ordinary operations of the toilette, of dragging and twisting the hair, so as almost to draw the skin with it: the effect of which is, in the first instance, to break the hairs and fatigue the scalp, and finally to alter the bulb itself.

"The fine-tooth comb is also freely used, especially when the hair is divided—a part that the most particular attentions seems to be bestowed upon. These separations, and the back of the neck, whence the hair is drawn, in females, toward the crown of the head, are the parts which show signs of the decay or falling off of the hair."

It seems, therefore, that the most healthy mode of dressing the hair of females, especially young ones, is to let the hair be as loose as possible, or arranged in large bands, so as to allow the hair to pass through them.

We may here mention that it is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their roots, by pulling them tight; tends to deprive them of their requisite supply of nutriment, and checks their growth. The hair of girls should only be nipped, and allowed to curl freely. When they are about eleven or twelve, the hair should be twisted into a coil, not too tight, nor tied at the end with thin thread, but with a piece of ribbon.

The practice of cutting the hair of children, especially girls, is wrong; the hair should not be *thinned*, but merely shortened.

THE LUXURIOUSNESS OF POMPEII.—The Rev. Mr. Thompson thus speaks of Pompeii:

The portable articles found on the premises, that served to identify each house, have all been removed to the Museum at Naples; as also the finer frescoes and mosaics. Enough of these remain, however, to show the luxuriousness and the lascivious taste of the inhabitants. Here is a living commentary upon the concluding verses of the first chapter of Paul's epistle to the Romans. The shocking memorials of human depravity here found, and now collected in the secret chamber of the Museo Borbonico, at Naples, are no longer to be seen on any terms—the Pope, when in exile at Naples, having prohibited their exhibition as contrary to good morals. But every memorial of Pompeii shows it to have been a city of lust, a second Sodom. The man of letters, who should select such subjects for the frescoes of his walls, as are to be found in the house of Sallust, would be scouted from our modern society.

Yet wonderful was the perfection of art as here exhibited; amazing was the wealth of a city adorned with such temples, theatres, and other public edifices, as yet are to be found in their old places and proportions, along these silent streets; vast, too, was the wealth of private citizens, who dwelt in these houses, whose floors are composed of rich mosaic, whose walls are adorned with elaborate frescoes, whose courts are surrounded with marble pillars, and beautiful with marble vases and fountains. In the garden of one of these houses recently exhumed, the statuary has been left precisely as found—pretty little groups surround the fountain, whose very pipes can be distinctly traced from the reservoir above.

There is nothing new under the sun; not even our patent methods of heating houses, and of warming water for baths. This was done at Pompeii by means of flues of tileing carried around the rooms within the walls, and having apertures for the escape of heat from the furnace below. Walker, Chilson, &c., have invaded the patent of some luckless dealer in furnaces at Pompeii, who was buried at last in ashes and cinders. We don't know so much, after all, in America, in the nineteenth century. Take away the gospel, and we know, in comparison with these ancient lords, little of the arts and elegancies of life.

The streets of Pompeii are rectangular, and were better paved and probably better regulated than the streets of New York. The houses were much better built. The cement made two thousand years ago is like a rock to-day. There were no Twenty-first Street contractors here. How wonderful is the preservation of these walls—in ashes to be sure, but in themselves proof against decay. How perfect the mouldings, the capitals! How distinct and how delicate the paintings on the walls and ceilings! How admirable the arrangement of the houses and gardens! How beautiful—but we must not linger at Pompeii. Its gloom is the more oppressive for the sunlight that shines upon its desolation.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—It has been evident, I suppose, to every one who has had much intercourse with his soldiers, that they entertained no affection for the late Duke of Wellington. The unbending sternness of character, the severity with which he enforced discipline in the Peninsula, and the strict regard to justice and the public purse with which he awarded pensions at home, acting upon an ill-informed and not over scrupulous mind, created a feeling amongst them that he was not the soldier's friend. This unhappy impression obtained to such a degree, that his name was seldom mentioned by them with respect. "Ah!" said one to me, "he was not like Lord Hill; Lord Hill was a Christian, and had a feeling for his soldiers; but nobody likes Wellington." "Well," said another, "he's got great honors and great riches, but it's all through the bravery of his troops, and now he does not care if they starve. He tried to bring a bill into Parliament to lessen our pensions, but the Duke of Richmond said, 'Let us begin at the top of the tree, if we begin at all to diminish pensions;' but Wellington did not like to have his own pension lessened." "Why, bless your heart!" said another, "he would hang his men up like dogs, if they only took a penny loaf out of a baker's shop, when they were on a hard march and almost starving." Such remarks were common during his lifetime, but when the news got abroad that he was dead, they were more common still. As a faithful chronicler, I am bound to report them, though I by no means sympathize with them. They are interesting, as showing the perversity of human nature. The man who fought for his country from motives of duty, died unlamented by his soldiery, while the man who fought from mere personal aggrandizement, from motives of vain glory, was almost deified by the army after death.—*Garwood's Million-Peopled City.*

For the Young.

LIGHT.

Q. What is *light?*

A. Rapid undulations of a fluid called ether, made sensible to the eye by striking on the optic nerve.

Q. How *fast* does *light travel?*

A. Light travels so fast, that it would go eight times round the earth while a person counts "one."

Q. What is *ether?*

A. A very subtle fluid, which pervades and surrounds every thing we see.

N. B. This theory of *light* is not altogether satisfactory, but has been retained as the most plausible hitherto projected.

Q. How can *undulations* of *ether* produce *light?*

A. As *sound* is produced by *undulations* of *air striking* on the *ear*, so *light* is produced by undulations of ether striking on the *eye*.

Q. How does *combustion* make *undulations* of *light?*

A. The atoms of *matter* (set in motion by heat) *striking against* this ether, produce undulations in it; as a *stone* thrown into a *stream* produces undulations in the *water*.

Q. Does *all* light travel equally fast?

A. Yes; the light of the sun—the light of a candle—or the light from houses, trees, and fields.

Q. Where does the *light of houses, trees,* and *fields,* come from?

A. The light of the sun (or of some lamp or candle) is *reflected* from their *surfaces*.

Q. Why are *some surfaces brilliant* (like glass and steel,) and *others dull,* like lead?

A. Those surfaces which *reflect the most light,* are the most *brilliant;* and those which *absorb* light are *dull.*

Q. What is meant by *reflecting light?*

A. Throwing the rays of light back again from the surface on which they fall.

Q. What is meant by *absorbing light?*

A. Retaining the rays of light on the surface on which they fall; in consequence of which, their presence is not made sensible by reflection.

Q. Why can a *thousand* persons *see* the *same object* at the same time?

A. Because it throws off from its surface an infinite number of rays in all directions; and one person sees *one* portion of these rays, and another person *another*.

Q. Why is the *eye pained* by a *sudden* light?

A. Because the nerve of the eye is *hardened with rays* before the pupil has had time to contract.

Q. Why does it give us *pain* if a *candle* be brought suddenly towards our *bed* at night-time?

A. Because the *pupil* of the eye *dilates* very much in the dark, in order to *admit* more rays. When, therefore, a candle is brought suddenly before us the enlarged pupils *overload* the optic nerves with *rays*, which causes pain.

Q. Why can we *bear* the candle light after a few moments?

A. Because the pupils *contract again* almost instantly; and adjust themselves to the quantity of light which falls upon them.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 1, 31, 2, 2, 5, 7, is a county in New Jersey.
My 2, 9, 13, 13, 5, 37, is a county in Virginia.
My 3, 10, 5, 16, 5, 37, is a county in North Carolina.
My 4, 35, 6, 33, 36, 37, 5, is county in Kentucky.
My 5, 37, 38, 28, 35, 19, is a county in Georgia.
My 6, 10, 5, denotes wrath.
My 7, 9, 19, is a kind of feast.
My 8, 34, 10, creates discord.
My 9, 15, 14, 4, is something very small.
My 10, 34, 19, is a troublesome animal.
My 11, 35, 23, is used in all schools.
My 12, 15, 16, will come.
My 13, 17, 15, benefits all.
My 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, is a river in India.
My 15, 17, 37, 37, is something powerless.
My 16, 38, 15, 17, 29, 5, is river in Europe.
My 17, 37, 20, 4, 5, 2, is a county in New York.
My 18, 21, 18, 31, 7, is a woman's name.
My 19, 24, 38, 5, 2, is a river in Italy.
My 20, 5, 2, 21, 20, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 21, 2, 34, 37, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 22, 3, 34, 10, 24, is worn by ladies.
My 23, 31, 7, 5, is a county in Illinois.
My 24, 7, 28, 24, 31, is a division of Asia.
My 25, 34, 21, 23, 3, 7, is a town in China.
My 26, 1, 3, 7, 34, is a river in Europe.
My 27, 6, 37, 5, is a river in Africa.
My 28, 10, 6, 2[illegible], is a lake in North America.
My 29, 24, 3, 7, 2[illegible], is a county in Arkansas.
My 30, 34, 27, 5, 33, is a county in New Jersey.
My 31, [illegible], 5, 10, is a river in Germany.
My 32, 5, 5, 26, 37, 5, is something used by tailors.
My 33, 31, 6, 7, 5, is one of the United States.
My 34, 33, 3, 4, 2[illegible], is a county in Mississippi.
My 35, 31, 6, 15, is very useful to farmers.
My 36, 2[illegible], 28, is a small insect.
My 37, 5, 7, 31, is a river in Asia.
My 38, 34, 22, is done by all things living.
My whole is an old and good proverb.

Franklin Mills, Ohio. CHARLES E. BUCK.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 23, 7, 20, 15, is a remarkable river on the Eastern Continent.
My 2, 8, 11, 22, 1, 19, 6, 12, 1, 10, 13, 9, is a great Republic.
My 4, 19, 4, 2, 9, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 27, 8, 17, 4, is one of the great divisions of the globe.
My 13, 25, 7, 23, 8, is a river in Vermont.
My 11, 1, 8, 25, 14, 9, 9, 15, 21, is one of the United States.
My 7, 24, 24, 4, is one of the United States.
My 24, 14, 1, 7, 18, 4, is a county in New York.
My 27, 8, 25, is a cape in Mass.
My 16, 4, 17, 25, 21, is one of the United States.
My 11, 8, 13, 1, 27, 25, 1, is one of the United States.
My 3, 17, 8, 1, 6, 25, 10, 4, is one of the territories.
My 1, 14, 8, 3, is a volcano in Europe.
My 26, 23, 15, 11, 9, 7, 4, 25, 27, is one of the United States.
My 7, 20, 20, 17, 8, 22, 11, 6, is one of the United States.
My 9, 20, 4, 7, 25, is one of the countries of Europe.
My 10, 15, 14, 11, 9, is a county in New York.
My 3, 4, 19, 7, 6, 23, 25, is a county in New York.
My 26, 14, 11, 8, 27, 3, is a county in New York.
My whole is the name and location of a flourishing institution in Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania. B. N. A.

CHARADE.

Curtail me once, I am a youth;
Behead me once, a snake;
Complete, I'm often used in truth,
When certain steps you take. J. R.

PROBLEM.

A gentleman distributed a certain number of dollars among four poor women in the following manner:—to the first he gave half the number of dollars he had plus $½; to the second, half the remainder plus $½; in the same manner he gave to the third and fourth, and found he had but $1 remaining. How many dollars had he at first, and how much did he give to each woman?

Q. A.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a cold the best exciter for the nose? Ans.—Because the former usually sets the latter running.

☞ Why should a "deed" not be dated in a glen? Ans.—Because it would be "in-valley-dated."

☞ AN OLD JOKE.—Why should elderly people never indulge in joking? Ans.—Because it's bad in-age.

☞ What is a scarecrow? Ans.—Merely a "Kaw"-tion.

☞ What happens when crows [illegible] in their bills? Ans.—"Kaws" [illegible] K. D. T.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
Omar Pasha, the Commander of the Turks.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

CHARADE.—Hornpipe.

PROBLEM.—1, 3, 9, 27—40 pounds.

LIKE THE ANGELS.—"Why! you would have me like the angels;" exclaimed a young girl with whom a friend had been talking.

Truly we would have woman like the angels. And why not? Is it any harm to be like an angel? We read that they are very beautiful—full of love, truth, purity, compassionate, sinless. Are these forbidding traits? Angels slander not each other. They have no circles in their glorious home where characters are picked to pieces. Angels never wreath the face with smiles when envy is gnawing the very heart-strings in twain. Angels never rejoice over the downfall of another. Angels lure not with the eye, and then coldly cast off with the lip. Angels suffer not passion to paint the brow dark with discontent and hatred.

Would you not wish, eventually, to become an angel? Or does this thought never enter with the multitude that cross the mind's threshold? Why not prepare, then, for this high destination? Why not discipline the sublime thoughts, and become beautiful in good deeds? Cultivate your affections, be pure in thought, gentle in spirit. Banish forever deception, evil speaking, inordinate love of pleasures! Why not become, as near as may be, angels on earth? Ah! young ladies, believe us when we tell you there is no harm in striving to be like the angels.

☞ The Cincinnati Enquirer tells an anecdote of a pious old gentleman, who told his wayward sons not to go, under any circumstances, a fishing on the Sabbath; but if they did, *by all means to bring home the fish.*

SOUNDS OF THE BELL.—That bells can convey articulate sounds to those who have the gift of interpreting their language, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, knew by fortunate experience. So did a certain Father Confessor in the Netherlands, whom a buxom widow consulted upon the perilous question, whether she should marry a second husband, or continue in widowed blessedness. The prudent priest deemed it too delicate a point for him to decide; so he directed her to attend to the bells of her church when next they chimed—(they were but three in number)—and bring him word what she thought they said. He exhorted her to pray in the meantime earnestly for grace to understand them rightly, and in the sense that might be most for her welfare here and hereafter, as he on his part would pray for her. She listened with mouth and ears the first time that the bells struck up; and the more she listened, the more plainly they said, "take a spouse! take a spouse!" "Aye, daughter!" said the confessor, when she returned to him with the report; "if the bells have said so, so say I; and not I alone, but the Apostle also, and the spirit who through that apostle hath told us when it is best for us to marry!"

☞ "Sonny, do you know your letters?" "Yes, sir, two of 'em." "Possible! what are they?" "Let 'er go and let 'er rip!" "Smart boy; go to the tub and wet you hair;—a brain of such fertility can't be kept too moist."

Agricultural.

POULTRY RAISING.

At a recent meeting of the Concord (N. H.) Farmers' Club, the question being, "Is the raising of poultry profitable?" Mr. James P. Brown said he had entertained the opinion that the raising of poultry could not be made profitable among the farmers. His sons, however, having a different opinion, a year ago he proposed to sell them all his poultry, and purchase of them what eggs and chickens he wanted for the family, upon the condition that they were to keep an accurate account of expenses, and make a true return to him at the end of the year.

Before coming to the meeting he had called upon them for a return up to this time, the period including nine months, and the following is their statement:

Had on hand, March 1st, 1852, 26 fowls, valued at		$10,00
Cost of keeping, consisting of corn, meal, potatoes and meat,	19,65	$29,65
Received for 32 spring chickens sold,	28,03	
For eggs up to December 1st,	19,31	
Have now 82 fowls, worth 33 cents each,	27,33	$74,67
Expenses,		29,65
Profit in nine months,		$45,02

He had seen from day to day how the fowls had been taken care of, and after reading this statement, had changed his opinion, and now believes that poultry may be profitably raised by bestowing upon it the same attention that is given to other farm stock when well taken care of. These fowls were plentifully supplied with such food as is accessible to all who usually keep them—corn, oats, potatoes, and occasionally fresh meat, such as the plucks of sheep, or the flesh of young calves, many of which are killed at the age of three or four days by those who are selling milk.

Mr. Jacob B. Farmer said, a few years ago he thought he knew something about fowls, but recently had almost come to the conclusion that his knowledge was not to be relied on. He had often found as much clear profit from a single hen through the winter as from a cow. Had frequently got $1,50 per bushel for the grain fed to them, and had received as high as $2,40 a bushel. They should be kept, he said, in a dry, warm place. During the last year his fowls had been diseased, and he had received no profit from them whatever. When he had made a profit, it was from the native breed.

Mr. C. W. Goodnow, said he had been thinking of Mr. Brown's profits on a single hen, and that they would be about 500 per cent. on the investment. He thought Mr. B's opportunities for keeping fowls very advantageous; his own advantages were not so good, but he thought they afforded a fairer opportunity to get at the actual profits than when they were running on the farm. He had only an acre or two of garden, and was obliged to keep his fowls within somewhat narrower limits than the farmer does his. By careful experiment, he had ascertained that each hen requires *one bushel and a third* of grain each year, which he thought would not be at a less average cost than $1,33 *a year;* then how shall he find his profits? Would she afford him twelve dozen eggs a *year?* if so, she would pay cost, but nothing more; in all his experiments, which had been many, he had not been able to derive a profit from them, beyond the keeping of some eight or twelve, which number would provide mostly for themselves while the ground is open.

Mr. Simon Brown related some experiences in which he had realized larger profits from the investments made in his poultry, than from any other item on his farm.

Mr. J. Reynolds said he knew a lad who five years ago began to keep poultry. He bought five or six hens, raised chickens, and sold chickens and eggs. He fed largely upon fresh fish. He now has a flock of some fifty hens! has purchased a cow, repaired his little barn, clothed himself, assisted his mother more or less, and is now, from the sale of his milk, and the produce of his poultry, quite a thriving young man, accumulating a very pretty capital.

GUANO.—The following is a summary of the recent documents laid before Congress by the Executive, respecting the monopoly of Guano:

"Mr. Marcy, under date of August 30th says: "It is of great importance to the development of our leading American interests, that the Peruvian Government should be prevailed on to abandon this monopoly at as early a day as possible.

"It is estimated that the deposites of Guano in Peru, cannot amount to less than fifty millions of tons, and that the exportation of it in 1852 to all parts of the world, did not exceed two hundred thousand tons, of which only about forty seven thousand tons were exported to the United States. Under a judicious regulation of the Government of Peru, it is probable in a few years the consumption in this country alone would more than equal that of all the world at the present time. If it could be offered at our ports at $35 per ton, it would become an article of general use in every section of the country, and contribute in a wonderful degree to the prosperity of our citizens. It is quoted in Baltimore and Richmond at $50 or $55 per ton. It is thought by competent judges that its transportation to our sea board, on the Atlantic, could be effected, if there were equality in trade, at $15 per ton, but $20 is the basis of the settlement with Peru."

Mr. Clay, our Minister, replies in November, that during his residence in Peru, his serious attention has been turned to the subject, and that he has neglected no opportunity to impress on the Peruvian Government the importance of furnishing Guano to the agriculturists of the United States, at a price lower than those for which it is now sold, and that its agents shall keep on hand a quantity sufficient to supply the increasing demands of the community. The fact is, as the Peruvian Government relies entirely on the amount produced by the sale of Guano in the United States and Great Britain to pay the interest on her national debt, it is a delicate subject to touch on and offer suggestions. The diplomatic agent who represents to its Government the necessity of the reduction of the prices at which it is now sold, risks being met at the threshold by an intimation that the possessor of an article of trade has the undoubted right to dispose of it as he may think proper. He assures the Secretary he shall spare no exertions, and shall avail himself of every occasion to obtain and secure to the farmers and planters of the United States a requisite supply of Guano, at prices corresponding with their means.

Mr. Marcy replies to him as follows, under date of the 3rd of December last:

"Although I have heretofore addressed you lengthily on the subject, I may repeat, there is constantly increasing solicitude among our farmers to obtain, at reasonable rate, an adequate supply of Guano. This article, if free traffic in it were permitted, would produce benign results. It would supply, annually, additional millions of bushels of cereal grain to our garners, with but little additional labor. We think Peru ought to abrogate, as soon as possible, in accordance with the assurances given by Mr. Tirado to this Government, in 1850, the contract with the London merchants; and afterwards sell the Guano at the Islands for a uniform price to all purchasers. She could certainly derive a larger revenue from it in this manner than she does at present. Can she not be induced to offer sufficient pecuniary considerations to the present monopolists to obtain their assent to terminate her contracts with them? Such suggestion to the Minister of Foreign Affairs you can make with entire propriety."

The documents were laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.

NEW INVENTION.—Mr. E. H. Green of Baltimore has invented a new wagon axle and box. The invention consists in an entirely new mode of constructing the arms of carriage axles, which not only reduces their cost, but increases their durability, we might say *ad infinitum*. The model adopted is that which is well and favorably known as the "English Mail Coach Patent," the safest and best contrivance for screwing the wheels to the axles perhaps ever designed; but it is expensive and troublesome. In Mr. Green's axle all the advantages of this celebrated patent are retained, but so combined and arranged as to afford the greatest desirable facility for oiling, cleaning, examination or repairs. Mr. Green forms his axle by plain hammering into a taper octagonal or eight-square form, and this he covers with a cast metal sleeve, the surface of which is finely turned to the proper form, and is secured by a nut on the point of the arm, which nut is in no way affected by the motion of the wheel, and therefore can never be removed, till required. Now it will readily be perceived that when these sleeves are worn on one side, all we have to do is simply to turn them on the axle, and thus present a new, unworn face, this we may do three or four times, and when totally worn out, we can take a fresh start with a new cover, and do all this without ever removing the axle from the carriage.

A VALUABLE TABLE.—The following table will be found very valuable to many of our readers:

A box 24 inches by 16 inches square, and 28 inches deep, will contain a barrel, (5 bushels.)

A box 24 inches by 16 inches square, and 14 inches deep, will contain half a barrel.

A box 26 inches by 15-2 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one bushel.

A box 12 inches by 11-2 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a bushel.

A box 8 inches by 8-4 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one peck.

A box 8 inches by 8 inches square, and 4-2 inches deep, will contain one gallon.

A box 7 inches by 8 inches square, and 4-8 inches deep, will contain a half gallon.

A box 4 inches by 4 inches square, and 4-2 inches deep, will contain one quart.

FEATHERLESS FOWLS.—Three years ago this coming spring, I had three chickens covered with down, instead of feathers, and have had more or less each succeeding year. The color of the females is black, but the males are light blue. They invariably have a crown of down upon the head, and noisier fowls I never heard. They cannot fly much and are not very hardy. They were produced from eggs of the common variety. They afford my visiting friends much pleasure.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Olio.

A FAREWELL.

FOR A SWEDISH AIR

Look in my face, dear,
Openly and free;
Hold out your hand, dear,
Have no fear of me!
Thus as friends old loves should part,
Each one with a quiet heart—
Oh, my Mary—my lost Mary,
Say farewell—and go!

Never to meet more,
While day follows day;
Never to kiss more,
Till our lips are clay.
Angry hearts grieve loud awhile;
Broken hearts are dumb—or smile
Oh, my Mary—my lost Mary,
Say farewell—and go!

FOR COQUETTES.—There is an eastern tale of a magician who discovered by his incantations that the Philosopher's stone lay on the bank of a certain river, but was unable to determine its locality more definitely. He therefore proceeded along the bank with a piece of iron, to which he applied successively all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change in the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he hit upon the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand. But alas! he had become so accustomed to the "touch and go" movement, that the real stone was involuntarily thrown into the river after the others, and lost to him forever. I think this story well allegorizes the fate of the coquette. She has tried and discarded so many hearts, that at length she throws away the right one from pure force of habit.

AN APPLE TREE IN THE MOUTH.—About eighteen months ago, a young man in eating an apple, got one of the "pips" fixed in a decayed tooth, which occasioned him great pain. It was totally unable to be extracted. At length the "pip," by dint of pushing, was driven down below the tooth into the gum, and no more pain was felt. Six weeks ago, however, a swelling was perceived in the gum, and ultimately an abscess was formed, medical men examined it, and found that the pippin had begun to germinate! The young man was in the habit of keeping cotton in his tooth, and this is supposed to have hastened the vegetation.

EQUALITY.—"What do you think of equality?" said Mons. the Comte d'Escaytac de Lauture to an Arab chief one day. "Do you believe that all men are equal?" "Without doubt," replied the inhabitant of the desert, "all men are equal as the fingers of the hand." Showing the Comte his slim, nervous hand, he continued: "Behold!" said he, "look at these five fingers; their origin is common; they cannot be parted without grave wounds; but one of them is long, the others shorter. If all were alike I could neither touch, nor strike, nor grasp. Be sure it is with men as with the fingers of the hand."

ODD PROOF OF POLITENESS.—The following circumstance illustrates what Mrs. Trollope might be disposed to call "American Manners:" "A man one day came to do business with my father, and, as was the custom among many in that region, kept his head covered during his stay. Soon after leaving the house, he remarked to some one that he had always heard that General M—— was very much of a gentleman, but he didn't think so, 'For,' said he, 'I sat in his parlor half an hour or more, with my hat on, and he never once asked me to take it off!'"

MATRIMONY.—Every school boy knows a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half a dozen blooming responsibilities, and their mother, will make a stronger and higher flight than the bachelor, who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

☞ When a returned Ambassador introduced to King James a Spanish noble of mean intellect, but covered with jewelry, Jamie exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, and ye mind me o' Solomon's importation—gold, peacocks and apes."

For Housekeepers.

ENGLISH RECEIPTS.

SPONGE-CAKE.—Beat some eggs as light as possible. Eggs for sponge or almond-cakes require more beating than for any other purpose. Beat the sugar, by degrees, into the eggs. Beat very hard, and continue to beat some time after the sugar is all in. No sort of sugar but loaf will make light sponge-cake. Stir in, gradually, spice and essence of lemon; then, by degrees, put in the flour—a little at a time—stirring round the mixture very slowly with a knife. If the flour is stirred in too hard, the cake will be tough. It must be done lightly and gently, so that the top of the mixture will be covered with bubbles. As soon as the flour is in, begin to bake it, as setting will injure it. Put it in small tins, well buttered, or in one large tin pan. The thinner the pans, the better for sponge-cake. Fill the small tins about half full. Grate loaf sugar over the top of each before you set them in the oven. Sponge cake requires a very quick oven, particularly at the bottom. It should be baked as fast as possible, or it will be tough and heavy, however light it may have been before it went into the oven. It is, of all cakes, the most liable to be spoiled in baking. When taken out of the tins, the cake should be spread on a sieve to cool. If baked in one large cake, it should be iced. A large cake, of twelve eggs, should be baked at least an hour in a quick oven. For small cakes, ten minutes is generally sufficient. If they get very much out of shape in baking, it is a sign that the oven is too slow.

COMMON GLAZINGS FOR TARTS AND PASTRY.—It improves the appearance of pastry to have it glazed, and as it is not expensive, we do not see any reason why it should not always be done. Use a small badger's-hair brush, or the end of a feather, and brush either of the following lightly over the paste:—1, sugar and water; 2, the yolk and white of an egg beat up with water; 3, the white of an egg, and sugar sifted over afterwards; 4, the yolk of an egg and melted butter.